MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

OCTOBER 2012 * #353 * $4 US/CANADA

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TOP 10

For what it's worth, here are some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

MARIAM BASTANI

- NO STATIK-Everywhere You Aren't Looking-LP
- PARALISIS INFANTIL-EP / INOCENTES-EP
- FUTURO-EP / POLISKITZO-EP
- ORDEN MUNDIAL-LP / TRUNCHEONS-EP
- FUTURO-EP / MARY CHRIST-EP
- REPLICA-flexi / SUDOR-Cruce De Cables-EP
- FILTHY GAZE OF EUROPE-45 / RAT COLUMNS-LP
- NITAD–Rastlös Och Vild-CD / HORROR VACUI-EP
- BRAIN TUMORS / GRIMACE / SYNTHETIC ID-live
- ANCIENT FILTH / HYSTERICS / AMERICAN SPLITS-live

WILL BLOMQUIST – NEW TOP TEN!!!

- GHASTLY SPATS-We're Breaking Through...-EP
- FUTURO-Sair De Mim-EP
- REPLICA-flexi+live
- WATER TORTURE-Shellfire!-EP
- NO STATIK-Everywhere You Aren't Looking-LP
- TRUNCHEONS-Stuck on the Block-EP
- HOAX-Discipline-EP
- KNOTS-Action/Heartbreaker-45
- COMMUNION OF THIEVES-demo+live
- RAPE REVENGE / STRESSXRELIEF / DNF-live

MITCH CARDWELL

- KNOTS-Action/Heartbreaker-45
- LOST SOUNDS-Lost Lost-LP+EP
- BIZARROS-Complete Collection 1976-1980-2xLP
- TESTORS-Time is Mine/Together-45
- MOUTHBREATHERS-Die Alone/Validation-45
- BING SELFISH-Selfish Works-EP
- PENETRATORS-Rock'n'RollFace/Teenage...-45
- THE NUBS-Dogs/I Don't Need You (Cause...-45
- MOTO-Bolt!-LP
- MONOSHOCK-live

ROBERT COLLINS

- COMPULSIVE ASS WIPERS-live
- GRIMACE / HYSTERICS / NO BABIES / DNF-live
- CONTRAST ATTITUDE-Black or White-EP
- RAT COLUMNS-Sceptre Hole-LP
- REPLICA-flexi
- SIAMESE TWINS-In a Box/Stutter-45
- FORWARD-all reissues
- DRAPETOMANIA-El Mundo Te Komera-EP
- DIPERS-Shit House-EP
- ANTIMOB-demo / STOIC VIOLENCE-demo

LAYLA GIBBON

- POTTY MOUTH-Sun Damage-LP
- SUDOR-EP / REPLICA-flexi
- PORCHARITAS-Get Wasted with the...-EP
- RAT COLUMNS-Sceptre Hole-LP
- MARY CHRIST-Too Many Questions-EP
- TESTORS-45 / ORDEN MUNDIAL-LP
- WEIRD TV / HYSTERICS / NEEDLES-live
- INDEX / AMERICAN SPLITS / GRIMACE-live
- MORDECAI-EP / SIAMESE TWINS-EP
- LOST SOUNDS-LP + EP / PENETRATORS-EP

DAN GOETZ

- NO STATIK-Everywhere You Aren't Looking-LP
- DREAM DECAY-Fern-LP
- REALITY CRISIS-LP / ORDEN MUNDIAL-LP
- GHASTLY SPATS-We're Breaking Through...-EP
- REPLICA-flexi
- MARY CHRIST-Too Many Questions-EP + live
- STRESSORS-Psychotic Break-EP
- PENETRATORS-Rock'n'RollFace/Teenage...-45
- FAILURE FACE-Discography 1993-1996-LP
- NEON MANIACS-Holdin' on the Help Line-EP

GREG HARVESTER

- NO STATIK-Everywhere You Aren't Looking-LP
- REPLICA-flexi
- LOST SOUNDS-Lost Lost-LP+EP
- POTTY MOUTH-Sun Damage-LP
- DRAPETOMANIA-El Mundo Te Komera-EP
- SUDOR-Cruce De Cables-EP
- SWAMP APE-demo
- POLISKITZO-Dulce del Systema-EP
- SOUNDS FROM THE CESSPOOL-demo
- FUTURE VIRGINS/ZIPPERS TO NOWHERE-live

KENNY KAOS

On Vaykay...

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

CAROLYN KEDDY

TESTORS-Time is Mine/Together-45
CLAW TOE-LP
PENETRATORS-Rock'n'RollFace/Teenage...-45
LOST SOUNDS-Lost Lost-LP+EP
BORN LOOSE-Move Along-EP
THE EVIL EYES-Honey Please-EP
FILTHY GAZE OF EUROPE-Domestic Accidents/...-45
KNOTS-Action/Heartbreaker-45
BIZARROS-Complete Collection 1976-1980-2xLP
FUTURO-Sair De Mim-EP

SAM LEFEBVRE

TESTORS-Time is Mine/Together-45
RAT COLUMNS-Sceptre Hole-LP
FILTHY GAZE OF EUROPE-Domestic Accidents/...-45
LOST SOUNDS-Lost Lost-LP+EP
THE NUBS-Dogs/I Don't Need You (Cause...-45
BIZARROS-Complete Collection 1976-1980-2xLP
BLUE CROSS-I Am Death-LP
MOTO-Bolt!-LP
POST TEENS-The Heat-45
HOAX-Discipline-EP

RAY LUJAN

BIZARROS-2xLP / BLACK WINE-LP
D.O.A.-We All Come in Peace-CD / FUTURO-EP
THE HOLY MESS-Cande Ru Lad Degas-CD
KALTE LUST-LP / MASKER INTRUDER-CD
MOTO-both LPs / MUTANT GENES-EP
POINT OF VIEW-CD / POST TEENS-EP
SCHOOL DAMAGE-CD / SUICIDE NOTES-45
WHIFF-Left at Princess/Warm-45
ENGLISH SINGLES-live
CITY DELUXE-live / THE MANTLES-live

KEVIN MANION

KALTE LUST-Somewhere Outside the Circle-LP
REALITY CRISIS-Not Bound by the Past...-LP
PARALISIS INFANTIL-EP / INOCENTES-EP
FUTURO-EP / POLISKITZO-EP
ORDEN MUNDIAL-LP
SUPER FRISKY-For...Buddy-LP
NO STATIK-Everywhere You Aren't Looking-LP
HORROR VACUI-Can you still see Reality?-EP
BIZARROS-Complete Collection 1976-1980-2xLP
FAILURE FACE-Discography 1993-1996-LP

LYDIA PHELPS

LOST SOUNDS-Lost Lost-LP+EP
FUTURO-Sair De Mim-EP
INOCENTES-Miséria e Fome-EP
PARALISIS INFANTIL-Demo '87-EP
HORROR VACUI-Can you still see Reality?-EP
KNOTS-Action/Heartbreaker-45
PUTAS MIERDAS-Extinción-EP
POST TEENS-The Heat-45
ORDEN MUNDIAL-LP
V/A-Destroy Music, Start your Own Band-LP

FRED SCHRUNK

REPLICA-flexi
NO STATIK-Everywhere You Aren't Looking-LP
FUTURO-Sair De Mim-EP
SIAMESE TWINS-In a Box/Stutter-45
BLACK WINE-Hollow Earth-LP
MARY CHRIST-Too Many Questions-EP
BLACK FEET-Back on This Road-EP
SUDOR-Cruce De Cables-EP
ORDEN MUNDIAL-LP
RAT COLUMNS-Sceptre Hole-LP

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

SUDOR-Cruce De Cables-EP
ORDEN MUNDIAL-LP
NO STATIK-Everywhere You Aren't Looking-LP
REPLICA-flexi
STRESSORS-Psychotic Break-EP
TRUNCHEONS-Stuck on the Block-EP
SEX BUNKER-Elephant Skull-EP
HOAX-Discipline-EP
CONTRAST ATTITUDE-Black or White-EP
CONFINES-Some Sick Joke-EP

ZINE TOP TEN

Artcore #29
Rumpshaker #6
Punk Life Zine #50
Stitches in my Head #3
The Fury #19
Seven Inches to Freedom #10
EqualizingXDistort Vol.12, Issue 3
Rot #4
Greatest City in the World #3
Distortion Faith #1

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#186/November '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/January '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/February '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/August '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/October '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/November '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/March '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/August '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/September '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/October '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/November '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/December '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/February '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/March '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/August '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/September '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/October '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/November '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/December '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/January '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/February '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen & Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston & Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, & more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/ Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans & Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantes, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, Hpp, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.:'80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cokskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise Records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History pt 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Unlearn, Deaf Club Oral History, Final part of the Czech Punk History.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R, Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor. Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIs, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Bloodkrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary Part 1, Means to an End Fest Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matress Zine.

#345/Febuary '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report pt 2, The Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Barchen Und Die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spikey Jacket, Kromosom tour of Japan, Globsters, Night Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester zine, Iron Hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#348/May '12. Seein' Red, Disorder, Lebakko, Da vs. Wax Idols, Anitmob, Leprosy, Acid Baby Jesus, Crimson Scarlet, Nasa Space Universe, Apache Dropout, Konton Crasher, Negazione, Defy.

#349/June '12. Omegas Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Only Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scece Report.

#350/July '12. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyle, Chris Boarts Larsen, Maria da Piedade Morais.

#351/August '12. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's worst & best, the Tim Yo covers & the story behind Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Jyan y Diëgo, Banran.

#352/September '12. Stagnation, Luta Armada, Vaarallinen, Frozen Teens, Brain Slug, Noisecore Roundtable #2, Kohosh, Kvoteringen, Gritos de Resistencia, Alabaster Choad, Dipers, Murder in the Front Row, Support NYC.

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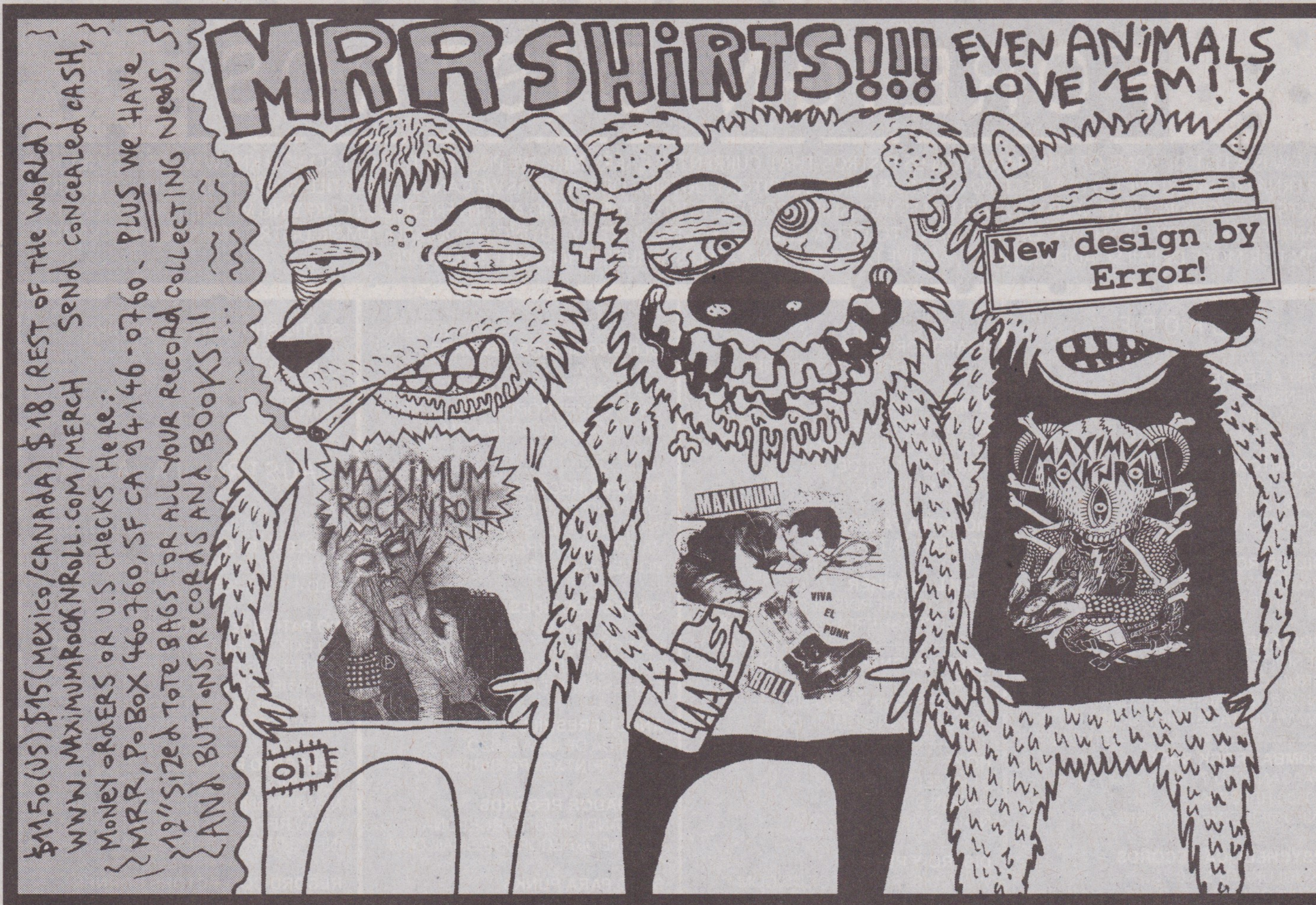
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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear MRR—

I just read the 30th anniversary issue of the zine and I heavily agree with most of the shitworkers about what is being done right and also what is being done wrong with the zine in general. I have this itching need to say something though after having been a contributor, reviewer, shitworker and avid reader for the last fifteen years, so here it is. It seems to me that the current incarnation of the zine is paying a very heavy tribute to the past, in articles, layout, photography and overall content. I love the history of punk, it's where we come from. The fact is that *MRR* is a magazine which should be about where we are going. I like the blast from the past excerpts and interviews, but maybe that would be more at home on the *MRR* blog, unless of course they are shedding new light on old bands such as some of the writings of Lance Hahn etc.

I feel that it is *MRR*'s duty to keep people up to date with what happening now in the DIY scene. It is the last zine people can turn to for a wide-angle coverage of the worlds punk movement and should remain so. I feel that the focus should be about getting better interviews with new bands that actually have a little controversy, depth and opposing opinions—or at the very least some entertainment value. Either this still exists or punks have just become really boring and standard in their politics and ideals.

One way to do this would be to try to find some interesting interviewers who are skilled in coaxing a good story and are skilled as writers. I'm all for submissions also, but maybe when an editor reads something that isn't up to snuff then do some follow up. Also covering bands that aren't just from large cities. I feel like punk is now relegated to the largest city in any given state or region. There are, however, bands everywhere and I would like the ones who are relevant to get coverage in these pages.

Photography in the zine has also featured many amazing historical photos from the archives, but I think those would be best suited for a book (correct me if I'm wrong, but hasn't there been ongoing work towards that?), and again the blog. I just think keeping the magazine relevant means moving forward and moving forward means that we need to throw away the old clichés of the past of how a punk is supposed to think, look, or act, and update everything for the modern times. These are some of the hardest times anyone including punks have faced and *MRR* should be a guide for a new generation facing new problems and solutions.

The thing I hear a lot these days is that the internet has killed printed matter, but the fact is that is because we haven't challenged pop culture enough through the changes that have taken place. The new generation of punks should be the target audience and not the old time stalwarts like me. I'm a lot more interested in what they would have you cover in these pages anyways.

The magazine has seemed to have lost somewhat of a political edge as well with it's columnists, news, interviews and reviews, etc… I would like to see that change so that people can debate things going on in the world and in the scene without fear of ridicule or alienation. I don't mean to focus on the negative because overall I am very happy that the zine has kept the banner flying and really remained a solid rock in an otherwise changing world. I just think *MRR* would be best served making headway forward.

Thanks goes out to everyone running the magazine and doing daily shitwork, you all deserve a lot of credit!

Cheers,
—Will Kinser

Hey Will—

Thanks for the letter. I am glad that you write this because it seems like the method we have been using to pick content is working better than we thought... And realistically, reaching the right people...

There are a few things I think you should know about the current method of picking MRR *content that you may not be privy to, or just not notice. First, when we pick content we have the following criteria: At least one new unknown band, at least one band with women in it, at least one band with POC, at least one international and at least one domestic. We also include one old band, but no more than two pieces about the past. We also try to mix genres as much as possible, being conscious to not cover only one type of punk too heavily. These categories sometimes intersect, but we hold to them. I would like to point out the last ten covers as examples. Only one has solely featured an old band, otherwise if we ever put an old band on the cover, the spot is shared with at least one new band. Take a closer look, I bet you never noticed that... See if you can spot the other commonalities… Also, we have incorporated many more artists from all over the world into the mix for cover art and for art in the mag. Although the presence of these "representative" groups is prevalent (this is an international punk zine afterall), meeting this self-imposed and purposeful criteria isn't as easy as it sounds…*

What I am getting at is that you are wrong.

We do not focus on old material, actually, we run up to two pieces having to do with bands that are inactive and rarely do we run more than one. What we do do is run special reports involving old scenes and historical pieces written by punks for punks, not excerpts from the recent slew of "academic punk books." That stuff is garbage.

I think what you may fail to realize is we run pieces about old punk and histories of punks from primarily outside the US, because people look for themselves in punk and even though international scenes of the past from places that are not the US or Europe have become "hot," punks have always been all over the world. The language barrier is something that I personally have been trying to break down in the almost three years here and it's finally bearing fruit. For the last year, I have been building an arsenal of translators for MRR *and in the last six months, we have been asking punks who submit translated pieces to send the material in its original language as well, so that we can try to post it on the blog! We have run old material that was never available in English before. It's a slice of history that we never had access to before! It's a fucking time capsule, son! It is important to punk in general that people know about other punk histories, particularly in places where a common language is not shared. How else are we gonna relate? Google translate? Fuck that, it starts with the music and the desire to understand and appreciate punk in all places...*

Now, in conjunction with what I have just told you, the idea that MRR *has lost its political edge is another area where I would have to disagree. Although some may argue that punk is not overtly politicized in this country or Western Europe, it sure as hell politicized every where else. You and I live in first world places with first world punks scene where most punks* choose *to be involved in the political or activist realm, while most of the world has a very different relationship to political involvement. Luckily, we do have exposure to international punk scenes by virtue of traveling punks, touring and in many cases, our families. Running an NYC hardcore band along side a Venezuelan punk history is a contrast that* should *make punks think—it's disappointing if you think otherwise. Also, we have been working hard on the news section, trying to get punks to report about the political situations in their town. It seems to be working... (check out the "The Revolution begins at Home" article in the November 2011 issue #342, the special report about Greece in the January 2012 issue #344, the Aceh Indonesia punks article in the February 2012 issue #345, the Oklahoma abortion legislation report and "sparks for the Signal Fires: Reflections from an Oakland Partisan" in the May 2012 issue #348, the Support New York article in the last issue #352: all of which were written by punks reporting from their home town…).*

I have to defend the columnists in this realm as well. I don't know what you mean by political? Because the way I see it, there is a lot here infused with politics, some times overt, sometimes not, but always present (except George Tabb...hahaha…). Again, some people are inadvertently "political" by virtue of their sexuality, gender, culture and ethnicity—while they may not talk about their clandestine political activity, upon reading they are very much aware and *active. You don't have to take my word for it, but I would never ask a columnist to share something they are not prepared to share, though many have gone out* *of their comfort zone and even to the point of their possible detriment to talk about issues that affect their lives in direct ways. Many punks, columnists, readers and more have gone out on a limb in search of their voice being heard or some sort of community response to larger, inherently politicized issues, but this does not guarantee a response from the punk world. A few months ago an HIV positive punk wrote a letter with no response. He decided to come out and reveal his identity as a step towards perhaps helping other punks in the same situation. This was difficult for him, but he took the plunge, wrote another letter and still no response. I see that as a failure of the punk scene, not of anyone else… We are open to provide the venue, but it's up to punks to respond.*

I do agree that quality of the interviews vary, that is something we try to correct by telling people to "do it again," but the world is not clamoring to submit interviews and finding punks who want to do *things is becoming harder. I always ask: When is the last time you or the punks around you submitted something? One contribution a year from any punk reading this would help represent a scene and people that you claim we do not, but do people do it? This is contribution based, I repeat: contribution based, all DIY, no one gets paid...I can't help but think about the fall of Sound Idea in Florida... When it was around, people took it for granted, when it was gone everyone had a nostalgic attachment to it, but no one helped to make it survive. Punk is becoming some sort of novelty and it's sickening, but in this world of immediacy, the craft of a good interview is being lost. The readers care...But what are they doing about it? In this world where message boards are king, I have yet to see enough action. You want action, I want action! I know you do too! You can make a difference.*

Anyway, I appreciate the letter and I hope you notice what I have told you. Also, punk is what you make it—this mag is only as good as the readers and punks worldwide. You want something in here, send it to us.

—Mariam

Dear MRR—

Hi again and thank you for the acknowledgement on my last couple of letters to *MRR* about this year's ballot in November in order to try to change the Three Strikes Law. I hope it will pass in our favor. I want to thank you for your vote and for encouraging others to vote. Also, thank you for being willing to print my letter in *MRR* and the news piece on the vote to change the Three Strikes Law. I wanted to thank all of you for everything you stand for, against government oppression and for fighting for human rights. Thank you again, the spirit of the streets remains strong and true in my heart and I'm gonna keep on struggling to get back home. I won't give up the fight. Up the Punx!

—Love Dave

David Valencia #AB9903
Corcoran State Prison 3C01-204L
PO Box 3471
Corcoran, CA 93212
http://www.cdcr.ca.gov/Facilities_Locator/SATF.html

Dear Mariam and Lydia—

Thank you so much for giving me the V.I.P. tour of *MRR* today, it was an experience I shall never forget! Also here's a shout-out to Nick's zine, *Shit Your Pants and Do the Death Dance*. It's pure artistic genius! Before I left, you were kind enough to give me the two latest issues of *MRR*, the 30th Anniversary issue and the photo issue. On our way back to where we were staying, I was skimming through the 30th Anniversary issue and found something that made my life.

I forgot to mention that a few months ago I submitted my band's, Don't Freak Out the Bearded Dragon, demo to get reviewed. In a middle-aged women's clothing store in the mall on Powell St., I shouted, "*There's my band's demo review!*" It was written by Greg and referred to a band we covered as "Warped Tour dxxxhebags" and us as "two kids who long to be rock stars." I was so happy I was bouncing off the walls, ecstatic just because we got reviewed in the first place! Because bad publicity is still publicity and bad publicity is by far more punk rock than good publicity! I called my aunt and cousin immediately to tell them, but not my band-mate, because I don't really want her to see that just yet. She may feel a bit differently.

Thank you for handing me my band review personally and for giving me an experience I'll never forget (in a good way!)! Nice meeting y'all and hope to talk in the future! Punk for life!

—Noah Taylor

Hey Noah! Thanks for coming over and checking the place out! I hope your parents weren't to freaked out. I noticed your Mom smacked her forehead when you said you wanted to listen to the Penis Envy *Crass Album. Hopefully this visit let helped them understand how constructive punk can be. You are welcome back anytime. Also, I hope you and Nick continue to be penpals and I hope to see your zine if you still plan on doing one! About your review, sometimes the reviews are harsh, but it is subjective, so keep playing! When I look back on my first band, I am really proud of it, no matter what people may have thought or think! Up the Punks!*

—Mariam

Hi everyone—

I was in high school when I bought my first issue of *MRR* at a little record store in the suburb of Seattle where I lived. I still remember, it was issue #26 (I actually tracked down the issue number from poring over Google Images results—I knew I'd recognize the cover and I knew that the Instigators were listed on the front, so I finally unearthed a picture of it ad was like "Ohfukyeah! that's it!" I didn't realize it was such an early issue. Fuck, I wish I still had it and all of the copies of the issues I bought back then) and it was just about the coolest fucking thing I had ever read up to that point. By far it was the best publication covering any type of music I had ever read, and really still is my favorite.

I always liked *MRR* more than *Flipside* or any other punk 'zine back then. Maybe it was just the newsprint that rubbed off on my fingers when I flipped the pages, I dunno. It just seemed wholly authentic, and some other 'zines just seemed like a poor cousins to mainstream "slick" music mags. But I still remember being in after school detention and devouring every page of *MRR*...and it was like the proverbial light bulb went on over my head. I was like, "whoa. Fuckin' whoa." I mean, just finding out that punk was something bigger and more global than I had ever imagined was priceless. It didn't just seem like something me and a few of my friends and the other kids we'd see at shows were into alone. I mean, sure we all knew about bands from other parts of the world...but it was just different from reading something in the Scene Reports, or a letter to *MRR* from some punk half a world away. Not to use such a hackneyed term as community, but the sense of it was there in those pages. And it remained there through all the years I read *Maximum Rocknroll*, I mean it used to be a big fucking deal for me when I was doing the homeless gutterpunk routine to be able to sit and read the latest issue of *MRR* at Left Bank Books or Bulldog News in Seattle in between panhandling for malt liquor money.

Much of my early political outlook and critical thinking skills came not only from M.D.C. and Subvert lyric sheets or Crass album inserts, but from the way politics were articulated in *Maximum Rocknroll*. I mean, I sure the fuck wasn't getting that from school in the '80s thus a big part of why I quit. And I don't mean to sound like my worldview was completely formed by punk lyrics and 'zines, they just played a substantial part in my early understanding of larger issues. Plus just the way *MRR* was it was like a total discussion starter. My friends and I would read stuff and then talk or argue about it when not too busy getting drunk and stage diving or skateboarding. Nowadays I'm too aged and all for stage diving and drinking myself stupid, and if I got on a skateboard I'm quite sure I'd summarily bust my ass...but so many of the ideas I was exposed to in my early years of punk and through reading *MRR* over the years, are just as timely and pertinent now as they ever were. I don't think Tim Yo's influence can really be overstated. I mean, he started a publication that has been of some real importance to a lot of people, and that I truly believe has had an impact on political discourse even outside of punkdom. Obviously, you don't have something that's been around this long and hasn't had any effect outside a subcultural milieu.

Then I moved out here to the other side of the country, and it was still a big deal to get my hands on copies of *MRR*. In fact, it was through an old *Book Your Own Fucking Life* guide back in '95 or '96 that I was able to get in touch with one of my closest friends back out in Washington via the DIY label that put out some of his bands music. I used to order bitchin' stuff from Blacklist a few years prior to that because I saw them listed in your 'zine, and I was always getting cool 7" records from bands that ran ads in *MRR* by enclosing a "well concealed" three or four dollars in an envelope and popping it in the mailbox. Well, except once when I sent money to Pushead for a Bacteria Sour 7" and nothing ever came. That was pretty bogus.

At any rate, I used to be real bad with the heroin for a while and was all about being the cliché junkie punk bass player in a string of abysmal bands out here. Then, due to my dope habit I wound up in prison back in '98 for eight years on a robbery beef. While I was locked up I ordered *MRR* regularly every month with the money I saved up in there cleaning showers for nineteen cents an hour. I also did a 'zine while in there, and some of the few moments of happiness I had in that eight years were when your reviewers gave each issue some decent reviews. I mean, they weren't all like "well this is ok for a prison 'zine." Plus you guys published a few of my letters, which really was just as cool cause the letters section of *MRR* has always been one of my favorite parts. Well, the letters and Mykel Board's columns. And I became a huge fan of Arwen Curry's writing, but that was mostly because of Ration though I always enjoyed her columns. She always seemed to know the perfect place for the exact word that fit just right in everything she wrote.

So, yeah, I know I'm yammering and I promise I'll shut up soon. Here's the thing—I've been following maximumrocknroll.com since I got out of prison and bought my first computer in '06. I'm completely spazztic over *MRR* radio, and I've read some real cool shit on the website/blog. But, of course, I want to get back to reading the print zine. Trouble is I had to block Paypal from accessing my bank account due to some problems a few years ago with unauthorized use of my Paypal account. Fuckers got me for like 800 bucks, it was a big fat bag of sucknitude. However, I can buy stuff off the internet directly with my bank card—and of course I can always do it old school and send you out a money order or check or whatever. But, I don't usually have enough cash these days to buy a whole year subscription at once (the recent special you ran I was about to take advantage of, but it was for online orders and the paypal thing fucked me up) so I'd be purchasing per issue. Which then, I mean I'd have to go buy a book of stamps and some envelopes and pay for a money order and then the invariable wait on the mail system and everything—or if I sent a check, there would be the wait for it to clear...it's just like, ugh.

But I noticed that you accept credit cards for donations. Is there any way you could do that for purchasing the 'zine too? I mean, I'll totally send a money order if it comes down to it—or even "well concealed" cash or a check. But it would just be easier for me to use my stupid bank card, and I wouldn't be kicking myself three months down the road for just never getting around to going to the drug store and getting that damn money order.

So there, kind of a short question wrapped up in an overlong email. Give the shitworkers my best regards, and let them know I'd send them an Old Forge style pizza from the joint where I work but it won't fit in my disc drive.

Take it easy,
—Dave

Hey Dave! Thanks so much for the kind words! I am glad that MRR *is still on your radar and you are still reading it! To answer your question, we don't accept credit card payments because we can't afford the merchant cost for processing. The reason we can accept credit card payments for donation is because we have a non-profit sponsor that covers the cost for credit card processing for donation. I hope that explains it! But you can pay with your credit card via the Paypal option on the website with out using a Paypal account, check it out!*
—Mariam

[redacted]

Dear MRR—

Yep, 30 years later and punk is still here. It's hard to really understand how much punk has changed and how much punk has stayed the same. Fortunately, *Maximum Rocknroll* still has the type and the pictures to prove there was life before 2012.

As an "aged" punk rocker out of Minnesota, it is hard to look at the punk scene today and say it is either better or worse. In the end, that question doesn't really matter though. What does matter are the punk bands that keep coming up. If ever there was a testimony of how strong the music was, and is, that's it!

But there is something that too often goes without saying—the punkers themselves. You know the ones who not only go to the shows, but buy the music and whose very look cannot be mistaken for anything other than punk. Punkers were and are the lifeblood of the music. The punk scene I helped come to life didn't have shows to see a show every night. There were long stretches of just hanging out, waiting, trying to survive. So while punk bands (mine included), are clearly one reason why *Maximum Rocknroll* and punk rock in general has survived, it was and still is the people who live the life that made and continue to make punk the heaviest, purest form of rock and roll.

Yep, the bands are great and without them there would be no clear punk rock sound. But at the end of the day, not only in San Francisco, but all over the world, the people who go to the shows, buy the music, and put it right in the face of the general public everyday are who have kept punk going all these years. Like the man said, "Without People you're nothing," (J. Strummer) and he was right. Without all those people who got shit for "looking different," without all those people who got in fights for listening to punk, without all those people who put themselves on the line without any hope of ever being in a band or making any money from punk, there would never have been punk in 2012.

The fact that so many people in the past 30 years have been so committed to punk and what it stands for that the fights and hard living didn't stop them from doing what they believed in says it all about what punk really is—freedom. Not the "let's show the man" by smoking weed, getting drunk and laid (although those are damn good reasons). The hippies showed how fucked that was. And it doesn't even have anything to do with a particular screed or ideology. I have yet to meet any two punks who share a reified political ideology. And while the term "Anarchist" always gets thrown around when the topic of punk comes up, it is still the best term to describe punks.

Having made it to 50—well beyond the 25 I thought I would end at—I can say without hesitation that those who have power and the social institutions to support them, do not like people who don't follow. And what an individual follows doesn't matter. Social institutions need individuals to be categorized; it's easier to control people when they are following the same script.

Punks don't follow a script. Never have. That could be a good reason why institutions, like big record labels, cops, schools and even TV / movies etc. whose efforts over the years to portray punks and clownish, ignorant kids just hasn't had the desired effect of ending punk. That's because you can't kill an idea. And all an idea needs to survive are people who are not afraid to think. It does get a bit tiresome to see all of the pseudo punk fashions now being sold at major retailers. Or the half baked let pretend "post punk" bands making a living off a manufactured image of punk, when they are in effect being nothing more than stooges for companies that see money can be made off rebellion (nothing new here...).

Companies are not stupid though. They want the look and feel without all that extra baggage like having the audience actually doing something radical, like think for themselves. How can you get everyone to buy the same product over and over if everyone thinks differently about it!

So, as a punk who survived all these years and still tries to make a difference, here's a shout out to *Maximum Rocknroll*, and the bands, but most importantly, to all the punks who keep coming up!

Regards
—Bryan

Hey Bryan! Thanks for the rad letter and thanks for appreciating what we do and the legacy of this mag! I personally thank you for your observations on punk past and present with the level of appreciation and understanding—framing the chaos with out judging it, celebrating the wild mutation that makes punk what it is and driving in the point that DIY is an integral part of all of this. You are living proof of punk longevity, not as much because of your chronological age, but that your ideas have grown with punk. Your mindset is where I hope to be as a 50 year old punk. That is some real shit! Thanks for this letter and thanks for the support of the mag over all these years. I have only been coordinator for about three years, but the idea that punks like you will help MRR *survive for another 30 years pushes me to do this job every day.*
—Mariam

[redacted]

Dear MRR—

Let me start by wishing the magazine and all the "shitworkers" and contributors a happy 30th anniversary! I have been a fairly regular reader ever since I picked up a copy of issue #16 at Bill's records in Dallas, Texas in 1984! Time has really flown by. I only ever talked with Tim Yo over the phone, but he was always a friendly, approachable guy who was also a supporter of my labels over the years and I still miss him.

Some of my favorite issues over the years were the ones that showcased old flyer art or rare records. I always liked the "In the Scumpit" articles and the international interviews. *MRR* was about the *only* way that a young punk could have learned about bands like Wretched from Italy or Vulpess from Spain in a pre-internet world. I kind of miss that. I used to follow all of these bands through the pages of *MRR* and when I meet young punks today, they know more about them than I do thanks to the internet. What used to be tough has now been made easy. I guess that's progress for you.

I miss how punks used to connect in-person or through "snail" mail. Today seems so voyeuristic when it comes to e-mails, tweets, facebook, blogs, etc. Where is the human interface? You can be Darklord101 or KingPunk2000 on the internet and spout off about...whatever, but who are you really? It's too easy for pricks to hide and make their sniveling comments like the people on Terminal Boredom. *MRR* columnists are always upfront with their thoughts and ideas and never hide or shirk from receiving alternate views or criticism through discourse in the pages of the magazine. That is one of the strengths of *MRR*.

I like to think that *MRR* provides a viable link to the scene as it continues to morph and be relevant. Over the last 30 years we have seen many factionalized scenes spring out of the nucleus that was simply "Punk" and *MRR* has done a commendable job at being inclusive (although your reporting on Southern California could be beefed up a bit). My hat is off to you all and I wish you another happy 30 years to come!

Cheers,
Greg from Artifix records

From everyone at MRR, *thanks Greg! The man is right, somebody send us a SoCal scene report damnit!*
—Mariam

"YEAH...I SHOULD PROBABLY...
...BRUSH MY TEETH..."

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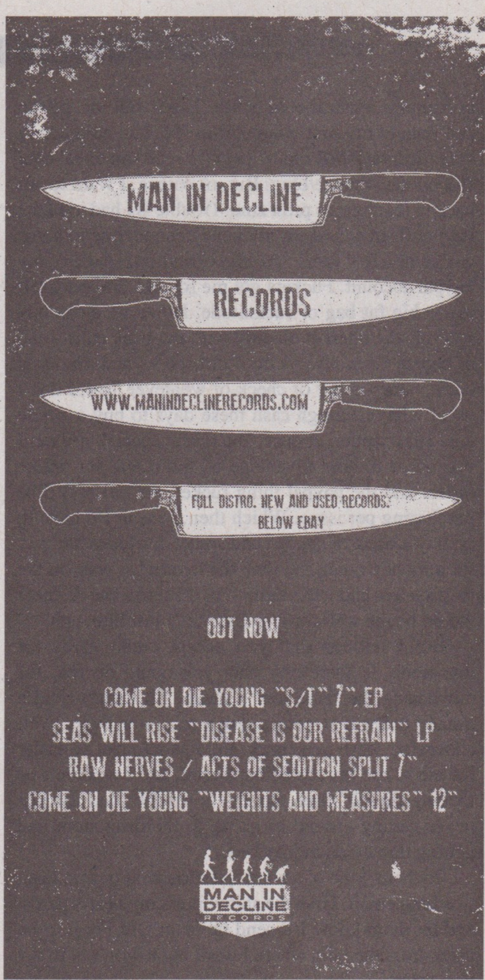

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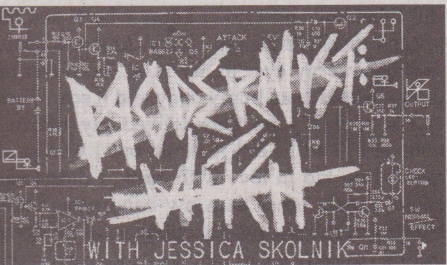

Self-branding isn't a product of the Internet age, but it is certainly amplified by two major aspects of Internet interaction—social networking and the increase in availability of information and access to platforms with which to share this information.

I mean, I'm just as guilty of this as anyone else. I post my columns to Tumblr and Facebook because I don't get much feedback and I'm curious, always wanting to enter a dialogue. I definitely wonder sometimes about whether it's appropriate to share certain aspects of my personality in certain venues, how other people perceive me and my creative work, but ultimately I am more than a little grossed out by the process of marketing my work. I feel a twinge of weirdness every time I post a show we're playing, even though I want people to know about it and come. Am I just yelling *me me me me me* into the void? Are we all?

That we feel that we need to amplify our voices somehow to make ourselves heard over the enormous amount of information out there, that we are encouraged by the format of social media to present ourselves as a cohesive and digestible whole, when we are by human nature complicated, messy and often seemingly contradictory. Charges of hypocrisy are serious and sometimes important, but frighteningly easy to level when we only have a two-dimensional view of one another. Much has been made of the soundbite world, the fact that media attention is always on to the Next Big Thing in search of pageviews and units moved, the fact that information—particularly vulnerable information about ourselves and our thoughts, observations, desires and criticisms—is often presented without context. This is not a phenomenon that is going away and it always needs to be discussed.

I find comedy that addresses the self-branding and self-aggrandizement forces us to engage, to some extent, in order to make ourselves heard to be particularly relevant (see: Tom Scharpling, whom I've given dap to before in this column). Parody of that "I'm so important you need to listen to meeeee!" voice always cracks me up (even as it's often incredibly uncomfortable to witness).

It's unfortunate, but the bands that receive the most attention are often those that have viable brands—and the same runs true for activist causes. It's often not the content of the message or the emotional response to art that gets an activist effort or a band noticed—it's the packaging. While I find aesthetics seductive, I am also incredibly wary of why some efforts get more press and notice than others. Sometimes the answer is complicated, especially when it comes to activist work—it makes sense to bang the drum louder for a certain cause as a struggle increases in difficulty, and comparing causes that share goals is often a zero-sum game. But I think questioning why one thing is suddenly very visible is a worthwhile endeavor, even if the answers you come up with are (even partially) ones you agree with (a band has put out a record you love, activists are doing something you support, etc.—of course there's never just one reason for something to get attention).

Speaking of shilling for a thing I'm doing, I really want to put together a comprehensive history of women in punk and post-punk from the perspective that many of these women have been left out of the conventional narrative of the development of these movements—the conventional narrative goes something like "Women were involved in punk at the beginning, then hardcore happened and they all disappeared, then riot grrrl happened and they were around for a while and then they disappeared again, now there's a riot grrrl revival." We all know the reality is that us women (and by 'women' here I do not just mean white cis women of means) have been around the whole time, we've just been less visible (there it is again!) at various moments.

The thing about visibility is that it isn't just a marketing tool. Those who are visible get included in common narratives. Those who are visible are relatable to others participating in the culture; when you look at the people making art that gets attention and you don't see your perspective represented, it can be an unbelievably demoralizing thing ("Why am I here contributing if nobody values anything I have to say or give,") especially when it's paired with classic minimization (not all punk women are riot grrrls and not all of our work can be compared just because we're all women who are making it—do you compare a male-fronted thrash band to a male-fronted indie rock band?). It's insulting to lump us all together and we are perfectly capable of contributing without needing our hands held in any way, shape or form. The fact that I still need to articulate this, because it's still something I encounter regularly enough to be a real pain in my ass after over fifteen years of playing music and being involved in punk, is irritating enough. I keep talking about it not because I particularly like talking about it, but because it hasn't yet ceased to be an issue.

If anyone is interested in helping out with the book, drop me a line at modernistwitch@gmail.com. I've got some really cool people on board, but I would like as many perspectives and contributions as possible.

And I do not give a crap about your personal brand. All I care about is the work you put in. That goes for my life in general—those with the coolest projections are sometimes the most disappointing, because all that work and energy has gone into self-branding and self-aggrandizement instead of critical engagement and creative work. I care about what you bring to the table, not your aesthetic as you're sitting there (though if I like that aesthetic I might compliment it just as I compliment your work, because the power of a good compliment can't be underestimated).

With love and critical thought,
Jessica

VIKTOR
VARGYAI
AWKWARD
RAGING

Hopefully this will be my last column ever… written from my old room. I lived in this flat for 20 years. I changed to another room when my brother moved out right on my eighteenth birthday after a minutes-long date with a girl I had the biggest crush on. She kissed me in the middle of town. We met, made out, she handed me a letter saying Happy Birthday, kissed my forehead as a farewell, then left. I went home and felt like even if I hated that room then, life is kind of alright. It is. Or was. And maybe it still will be.

I hated this flat at first, then not only accepted it but also began to love it. This was the room where I just was. Where I was myself. Where I did everything. Came up with bands, lyrics, songs, zines, tours, shows, columns, letters, emails. Made out, loved, cried after break ups, made hour-long calls. Here slept a few dozen friends and many bands and that was the place where I had a breakfast with Al Burian and a cute techno band while we were listening to CRISCO THUNDER, eating bruschetta.

This is where I learned about the whole world, but also where I brought the whole world and this is where it opened up for me—where I could always return and it would make me feel better even if I never left. We are all born into a wrong place if we care too much about our whereabouts. But after all, we just live in rooms and that's all we ever change. If you feel stuck it's you and not that place where you are. You can't escape planet earth.

Now my records are boxed up and so are my books. All of my clothes are washed and ready to be put into several plastic bags. I feel like I will miss my mother though, because she was a great person to me. And I would be so glad if I could tell her—and she could understand—the kind of things I did and in which she my silent partner, always trusting and supporting me and setting me free to do whatever was my thing—except when I came home with a bloody face or puked next to my bed. To tell her also how I achieved almost everything I ever wanted and now I'm just striving to maintain those things without selling my soul. One of the reasons because I had to leave was because I could no longer hide some of my feelings from my parents; I just didn't want them to see me like this, because I wanted to hide myself and also find myself in better shape.

The thing is I'm so far from feeling alright. There's nothing glorious, spiritual or meaningful in depression. It just makes you sad, tired and weighed down, so if you can, you'd better avoid it. I don't even know if I'm depressed because I still take baths before going out and I still eat food to be alive, although both activities seem more pointless day by day. But for some reason I like to smell my own skin because it calms me down. Even at a show, two friends of mine started sniffing me once and I laughed… so baths might save me, and I want to be saved so I have to carry on.

Yesterday on my way home from a show I blasted my headphones to the *In A Car* EP from the MEAT PUPPETS. And it felt good. Fuck it, I gave in: I need a tote bag but will only wear one if there's one with the design of this EP's cover. Music might save me. Listening to music already did—finding myself all swept up in it and just the pure liking of punk music.

Sometimes I wonder how much it matters if you know the person whose whining you have to listen to. I try to believe there is a way everything sounds interesting. I mean, I could love songs that are about things that really don't matter that much to me, but still every time they make me feel that this is the only thing that exists. I even have stupid tattoos from songs that I have no idea what their lines mean.

I'm telling you this because I was wondering about it as I jammed my friends' solo album, which is another one of the things that is also saving me at the moment. It's great, and sometimes when I'm really drunk I start to sneeze to it, due to trying to keep a balance between a total breakdown in tears or being happy that I'm not alone, even with my problems and my instant loneliness rushes. But this solo record is just too true. When you realize it's everything and everyone and so it goes. Sometimes there are just words what would be meaningless out of context but knowing the person and their background, they are just even better for me, while maybe for others it's still nothing. But in reality it's everything. And I would feel pissed if I had missed this album.

This is how for some people everything I do is just stupid rambling, but for others it's hopefully something more. When I started writing for *MRR* and I sent out the columns to my friends here, they responded to me saying how cool it was that everything I wrote about is something we had already discussed, or how cool it was that I secretly referred to them. Maybe being an outsider made me endorse insider things, but in the end we are all just humans making and telling our stories. It's all about desires, requirements and communication.

Yesterday when I left my old room with the last round of stuff, while waiting at the bus stop I almost cried. I just didn't know what I felt or what I should have done with these vague emotions. Heading to our new flat I ran into my new flatmate who asked me what was wrong. I felt beaten. He said I looked sad. And I just got amazed how much this person knows me, while I tried to hide all my feelings. I failed in communication, but he succeeded in being a friend. I'm scared and heartbroken, not just moving and leaving the old family nest. I'm afraid nothing will change because this is just how I am.

But I also recall something someone told me once: there is nothing I can't do. And it's true for all of us. So I recall many things and I realize this more. It's funny how most of the times I feel fucked up, people from different parts of my life without knowing anything about my condition just find me to cheer me up. Getting emails and nice words. Or recalling the moment when Mariam ran her hands over my cheek and told me I have an interesting brain. Or Francesca home taping me the second SON SKULL LP in seconds after I blamed the internet for not leaking the album, and mailing it to me from the other part of the world. Or having paranoid dreams and skull fuck thoughts for a whole night, then waking up and receiving an email from Perennial telling me they wanna send me records to review. Or my friends just being my friends. My favorite secret terrorist editing this every month.

For a reason this time I'm noticing everyone around me and thus feeling guilt for not always being the person they liked. Like not answering those lovely mails and just being flakey. Not finishing overdue things. Losing contact with people who I would really love to talk to, sometimes they're even just staring right in front of me. And sometimes I fall for these weakened moments thinking there might be some glory in sorrow and pining. But there isn't. There's glory in sitting in front of a bar and talking with a person I shared bands with for eight years about doing yoga now and being punk forever. That Greek smile and Szeged hug. Everybody everywhere. Band members, collaborators, partners in crime. People I swam with once. Always just too many who just like me, sometimes go home and feel alone, but somehow they know this is not the end of the world, even if it is 2012.

I have to be working on something that will always make me feel better. I always got together with girls and otherwise felt great when I did something. When I was putting sweat into something I liked and was proud of. It gave me self-esteem and I was just a healthy person. 'Cause who likes someone who is just wondering around in his self-generated tragedy? What scares me is sometimes I know I'm not a terrible loser but still I feel low and I don't know why. It just hits me and there is a weight on my chest and confusion behind my eyes in my skull. I can feel my thoughts and fears in my body and it scares me.

For such a long time I lived my life in a bubble. I liked to call it punk, but I was just a messed up kid in love with punk. I didn't care about people other than my bandmates and a handful of friends, mostly outsiders of the scene. But this doesn't mean that now I love everyone, it means that back then I wasn't even talking to anyone else other than just six people in the whole world. Although I never thought that I'm better than anyone else, I just didn't care about the rest. They say if you like something do it with all your heart and then someone will find you. I have found myself. And I got lonely only when I finished these things. I wanted people to find me, but now I blame myself for being too blind to not see how many of them did. Thus while pining in the dark and thinking hard on what went wrong, I should just think about what is still right and make efforts to turn everything around for the better. I was never lucky; I just didn't give a fuck about failing 'cause you know, "ever try, ever fail, try again, fail again, fail better."

Thank whatever for Michael Gira and fuck the haters!

Vargyai.viktor@gmail.com
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MRR: Do you get a
George Tabb sez
Take my life, please!

"You want some cheese?" I ask P.J. a few years back, as I stand in My Future Ex-Wife's mom's kitchen in Phoenix, Arizona.

P.J. looks up at me with his little Yorkshire terrier eyes, then licks his lips.

"I'm not sure what kind it is," I explain to my dog, "but it tastes pretty good."

"I think it's Gouda," explains My Future Ex-Wife, from the other room, "either that, or Havarti."

"I don't give a fuck what it is," I whisper to P.J., "just as long as it tastes good. The same goes for wine. Who cares if it's a fancy Merlot, or Mad-Dog 20/20. Just as long as it fucks you up."

P.J. just looks at me like I'm nuts. And licks his lips again. I cut a small piece off of this huge hunk of greenish-yellow cheese, and hand it to P.J. It is swallowed before he even bites it.

“Want some more?” I ask him, as his nubby tail wags back and forth.

More lip licks. I give him some more of the Gouda. Or Havarti. Or whatever the fuck it is. He sucks it down quick.

“Don't give him too much cheese, George,” My Future Ex-Wife says from the other room, “we want him to eat his dry food too!”

P.J. looks at me and whines. He wants more.

“No more,” I tell him, “you have to eat your regular food as well. The stuff that tastes like bitter Graham Crackers wrapped in sandpaper.”

P.J. whines, which I translate as, “Why the fuck have you tasted my food?”.

“Because I was drunk one night,” I explain to my dog, “and there was nothing else to eat. Well, maybe it was more than once. Whatever. I purchased it. So it's mine, too!”

“Who is George talking too?” asks My Future Ex-Wife's mom, Maria, as she walks down the spiral staircase in the middle of her house.

“Just the dog. He always talks to him,” explains My Future Ex-Wife.

“Well tell him to ask the dog where my bra is,” Maria says.

I spy Maria's 34 D-Cup bra in a pile with P.J.'s toys. My Future Ex-Wife's mom has big hooters.

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“Are we almost there?” I ask from the backseat of Maria's new shiny black Volkswagen bug.

“Almost,” says My Future Ex-Wife with P.J. in her lap as we go over a bump and my head bangs hard against the ceiling.

I really don't like Maria's bug. There is no room to lay down and sleep, which is what I like to do in the back of cars.

“Is his mouth always that wet?” asks Maria as she looks at P.J.

“What do you mean ‘wet’?” I ask as we hit another bump and my head bangs real hard into the ceiling. The car is fine for Maria. Because she's like 5'3". It would also be good for circus clowns.

“It is all wet,” says My Future Ex-Wife, surprised, as she touches P.J.'s mouth.

“It's probably nothing,” I say.

Two hours later, P.J.'s mouth is not only wet, it's a damn waterfall. Drool is pouring out of him so fast we have to use towels to keep him dry.

“I think he needs to go to the vet.” I say.

“Why?” Asks My Future Ex-Wife.

“Because at this rate,” I explain, “there will be nothing left of our six and a half pound dog in a matter of hours.”

“Do you think he's really sick?” My Future Ex-Wife asks.

I just nod my head. Drooling is not a good thing. I didn't want to alarm My Future Ex-Wife. Or her mom. But it's the first sign of rabies. That thing Cujo had. I could just imagine all of us locked inside Maria's little black VW bug, with P.J. outside, drooling on the windows and growling.

“Stay here,” I'd say to Maria and My Future Ex-Wife, “I'll make a run for the house.”

“Be careful,” My Future Ex-Wife would say, as P.J. our Yorkshire Terrier would look at us with crazed eyes and his menacing one quarter inch fangs dripping with foam.

“Okay,” I'd say, “Once I get past the six-and-a-half-pound monster, I call the police and they'll rescue you. I just need the house keys, Maria.”

“Um,” Maria would stammer, “I'm not sure where they are.”

My Future Ex-Wife's mom always loses stuff. They found her cell phone at the bank a few days earlier.

“Well?” asks My Future Ex-Wife, snapping me out of my thoughts.

“Yeah,” I say, “he's really sick, let's get him to the vet.”

“I'm not sure what's wrong with him,” says Dr. Bracken at the Arcadia Animal Clinic, which is two blocks from My Future Ex-Wife's Mom's.

“Well, I hear that little dogs can die from dehydration,” I tell the kindly vet. He has a nice boyish face and a way with animals. When he first picked up P.J., he held him like a baby.

“They can,” he explains, “and your dog is salivating a lot. Give him lots of water, and let's see if this doesn't go away by tomorrow.”

“But what could it be?” I ask the vet.

“I dunno,” he says, perplexed. “It could be an irritant, a bite, or something worse. These little fellows like to stick their noses into everything. Terriers. That's what they do. Let's just hope it's nothing really serious.”

My heart fell down my t-shirt, through my ladies stretch jeans and into my Nike-Airs. I wanted to puke.

“Serious? I don't want him to die,” I tell the vet and My Future Ex-Wife.

“Bring him back tomorrow if it doesn't clear up,” says the vet.

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The next morning it didn't clear up. In fact, P.J.'s mouth had gone from a measly waterfall to Niagara Falls. My Future Ex-Wife and I had spent the whole night using up Maria's towels. This was serious.

“He's really sick Mom,” My Future Ex-Wife said to her mom as we prepared to take P.J. back to the vet.

“What does the vet think it is?” asked Maria.

“He doesn't know,” answered My Future Ex-Wife.

“Well,” explained Maria, “when you were little, My Future Ex-Wife, do remember what happened to Coco?”

Coco was My Future Ex-Wife's childhood teacup poodle.

“What?” asked My Future Ex-Wife.

“Well,” she said, “he was sniffing around the kitchen and a scorpion stung him.”

“A what?” I screamed.

“A scorpion,” said Maria, “a big one. Thank God. The smaller they are, the deadlier they are. Anyway, Coco drooled and got really sick. He had to go to the vet and everything.”

“What happened to the scorpion?” asked My Future Ex-Wife.

“Who the fuck cares what happened to the damn desert rat,” I screamed, really in a panic, “what happened to Coco?”

“My Future Ex-Wife's dad beat the scorpion to death with a newspaper,” explained Maria, “and Coco was fine. After he finished swelling up and vomiting for days.”

I felt like dying. I secretly prayed to God to take me, instead of my son. Give me rabies. Let me be stung by a scorpion. Let my son live.

“He's going to the vet, now,” I said, as I put on my coat and headed for Maria's front door, which was locked from the inside with a house key. That currently wasn't there.

“Where's the key?” I asked, with P.J. and his drool in my arms.

“Ummm,” stammered Maria.

“Why don't you let him stay here for the day?” says Dr. Bracken as we stand in a small examining room. P.J. is drooling, as am I.

“I'm afraid to leave him alone,” I say.

“He'll be fine,” says the doctor, smiling, “I'll keep a close eye on him and see what develops.”

“What do you mean?” I yell.

“Calm down,” says My Future Ex-Wife.

“Well,” explains Dr. Bracken, “I just want to test his coordination, eating habits and level of alertness. These are all good indicators of what's wrong with your dog.”

I tell him okay and as My Future Ex-Wife and I leave the room, and the veterinary hospital, we hear P.J. start to cry for us.

“He'll be fine,” I say to My Future Ex-Wife, with a real quiver in my voice.

“Yes,” she says, with a tear in her eye, “he will.”

Later that day we call the vet and find out he hasn't had time to look at P.J. yet. The same goes for two hours later. Around five in the afternoon, we decide we've finally had enough, and head over to The Arcadia Animal Clinic. As we sit in the lobby, waiting for P.J.'s doctor, a woman comes in all upset.

“What's wrong?” asks one of the vet nurses from behind the desk. The woman whispers something to the nurse.

“Ooooh,” says the nurse, I'll get Dr. Bracken right away.”

Dr. Bracken comes out, tells us he'll be with us shortly and talks to the distressed woman.

“What seems to be the problem?” asks the kindly vet.

The woman whispers something.

“I'm sorry, you'll have to speak up just a bit,” says Dr. Bracken.

“My dog. It's my dog. He's in the car. I'm embarrassed to bring him in here. It's this long!” she says, as she holds her hands apart, like she's showing the size of a fish.

“What's this long?” asks the vet, holding his hands out as well.

“His, you know,” says the woman, turning red.

“His penis?” says the vet.”

The woman nods.

“Well, maybe he's excited,” says Dr. Bracken, “it happens to lots of dogs.”

“But I've never seen it this big before,” explains the woman, “It's huge.”

The vet pulls out a Christmas Card he recently received with a picture of a dog with a large erection.

"You see," says Dr. Bracken, "they can get pretty large. Bigger than you'd expect."

The woman sighs and nods her head.

"Bring him inside," says the vet.

"I'm embarrassed," says the woman, "it drags on the ground."

"Do you want me to come out to the car and have a look?" asks kindly Dr. Bracken.

"Yes," says the woman.

They both disappear for quite a long time. Meanwhile, My Future Ex-Wife and I are sitting in the waiting room, reading. My Future Ex-Wife is checking out *People* magazine and "Who is the world's best dressed?" Me? I'm reading a pamphlet about rabies I found on the counter. It says that the first sign is excessive salivation. And it lasts for days. I'm now convinced P.J. is gonna be Cujo in no time. I want to die.

"Where do you think they are?" asks My Future Ex-Wife, as we continue to wait.

"Who?" I ask, thinking about how I'm gonna have to get a shotgun, put it to my poor dogs head, wish him a happy journey and then pull the trigger. He'd stop drooling and growling just long enough to wag his nubby tail once more before he's blown away into oblivion. I'd then have to turn the gun on myself.

"The vet and the woman?" says My Future Ex-Wife.

"She's probably asking him to show her his penis, to compare it to the dogs. To see which is bigger," I say.

"Sssh," says My Future Ex-Wife.

"What?" I say, "He's a vet, if he asks her to take off her pants it's okay. He's used to examining lots of pussies."

The vet nurse glares at me. Her hearing isn't as bad as I'd thought. Finally the vet returns and motions for us to come into an examining room.

"P.J.'s downstairs, he explains, "and he seems to be doing better. The salivating is slowing down a bit."

"What's wrong with him?" I ask, "Does he have rabies? Is he gonna die?"

The vet smiles.

"No," he says, "I don't think so. There hasn't been an active case of rabies around here in about thirty years."

"But the pamphlet on the counter..."

"Ignore that," he says, "I'm not quite sure what's wrong with your terrier, but I'm sure it isn't that."

"What could it be?" asks My Future Ex-Wife, the rational one.

"Well," explains the vet, "my best bet is that he got some kind of irritant in his mouth. That would cause the salivating. But without putting him under, it's hard to get a good look inside."

"And it's dangerous to put dogs under," I say.

"Yes," explains Dr. Bracken, "it is. We don't want to put the little guy through that if we don't have too."

I remember the last time P.J. went under. He woke up to find his balls gone. If he went under again, I'm sure he'd think he'd wake up to find his penis gone. P.J. Wayne Bobbit.

"Anyway, what kind of things are around your mother's house that the dog could get into?" asks the vet.

"There are black widow spiders," I say, having seen some on the porch, "and I hear there are scorpions around."

The vet laughs.

"I doubt it's a scorpion. Or a black widow. There would be other signs. Vomiting. Swelling. All of which would have happened by now," explains the vet.

"Then what could it be?" I ask.

"Well, besides something very small irritating his mouth that we can't see, it could be his liver. This breed of dogs is prone to a rare disorder. The first sign is excessive salivation. But don't worry. If it's that, there is an operation and I know a great surgeon who could go in and fix up P.J.'s liver."

A liver disorder? My dog doesn't even drink.

"Well, when will we know what it is?" asks My Future Ex-Wife.

"Take him home tonight," says Dr. Bracken, "he seems to be drooling less, and by tomorrow, he really should dry up. If he doesn't, here's my pager number. And my home number. Call me."

We thanked the vet, got P.J. and went back to Maria's. We weren't even charged.

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The next morning, we awoke to a dry mouthed dog. We spent the rest of our Phoenix trip trying to figure out what had happened to P.J. The best we could come up with was that he had been rug licking. Something he does at home as well. He uses his little tongue to search for crumbs.

Maria had just purchased a sisal rug from "Crate & Barrel." A sisal rug is like a carpet made out of wood. No shit. It's itchy and you can get splinters. My Future Ex-Wife got one in her hand and she bets that P.J. got one in his tongue by licking the damn thing.

But what do I think? Well, it was a Black Widow. Or a scorpion. Definitely. I also think that from now on, P.J. is no longer allowed to leave town. There may be thieves, muggers, psychos, rapists and killers roaming around here in New York City. But compared to wooden rugs and nature, they ain't shit. New York is for pussies. My kinda town.

Take My Life, Please!

Endnotes:

1. The new Toy Dolls album, *The Album After The Last One* is fucking amazing. Incredible. Perfect. I never really say this about albums...but this one is. My favorite album in probably the last five to ten years. Well, in my top five of the last five to ten! Anyway, if you don't know this English band that does songs like "Nellie The Elephant," you are in for a real treat. Much like bands of the UK of yesteryear like Tenpole Tudor or the Rezillos and later, the Revillos, these guys are good silly fun. Real pub sing-along tunes that are as catchy as they are funny. "Sciatica Sucks" had me rolling around on the kitchen floor with laughter as I first heard it while feeding P.J. and his furfaced brother, Jett. Then there's "Dirty Doreen" which is about an 84-year-old German woman who wants sex ("I'll even put on my stockings") and "Don't Drive Yer Car Up Draycott Avenue." Oh, and "Credit Crunch Christmas", the best holiday song I've heard in years. This album is the shit.

Loud guitars, pick slides and snotty vocals that are hysterical, even if you can't make out what the band is saying! Buy this. On Secret records. Now.

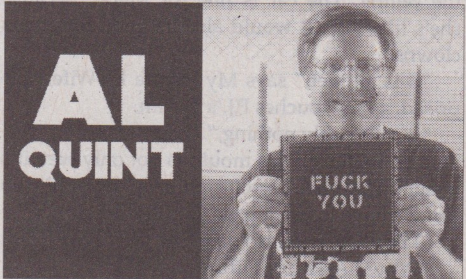
2. Alternative Tentacles just re-released the first two Dicks albums, *These People* and *Kill From The Heart.* While it's nice to hear tunes like "Bourgeois Fascist Pig" and "Off-duty Sailor" again, I dunno, I always thought these guys were a good punk band, but liked the singer's second band, Sister Double Happiness, better. Anyway, great to see A.T. is educating the kids. The new Jello Biafra albums they are releasing are nothing short of amazing. In content and in sound.

3. Someone sent me the new Lamb of God album, *Resolution*. Who are these people and why would I care about them? They're probably dirty hippies.

4. D.O.A. has a new one out called *We Come In Peace*. This may be the best D.O.A. album in two decades. I'm not kidding. They are back to blasting out tunes that sound like they are from *Let's Wreck The Party* and "Hardcore '84." If you haven't heard this band before, this is a great place to start. If you have, then you won't want to miss this.

5. The new Numbskull Freekshow EP *American Wasteland* is good snotty punk rock from the East Coast. Unlike that poppy West Coast puss-sound with that annoying double surf-beat thingy, this band, and their singer Mikey, kick out the punk rock like it is supposed to be played. Hard, Fast and Funny. Also, the bonus cut of "Havana Affair" makes me very, very happy.

6. From the guy who sends me all the neat D.O.A. albums and Meatmen stuff comes the movie on a DVD called "The Disco Exorcist." This is one of the best really low-budget movies I've seen in a long time. Lots of bad dancing and bad sex and worse dialogue. So bad it's funny. But not cheap funny, like "Thankskilling," which I got last year from the same guy, which now is on Netflix! Anyway, if you can rent "The Disco Exorcist," do so! And maybe, hopefully, it'll be on Netflix, too! Oh, the tag line is "Get Down. Get Dead." Classic!



Happy 30th, *MRR*!

I somehow neglected the memo and/or didn't realize that last month's issue marked the 30th anniversary of this venerable publication. I've been reading *MRR* since the first issue and own every one of them except for that one (I have a print-out, at least). I'm not bullshitting or ass-kissing when I say that this zine remains an inspiration and I'd say that even if I hadn't been a columnist for the past seven and a half or so years or a contributor since the '80s, when I'd send in Boston scene reports (remember those?)

and interviews/articles about local bands.

The first few years after college were tumultuous and, while I was stumbling my way through my first post-collegiate jobs, it was also the time that I fully embraced hardcore punk, starting my own zine *Suburban Punk* (later *Suburban Voice*) right around the same time as *MRR*. That's right—it's my own zine's 30th anniversary and, while I haven't published a new print issue since 2003, I've recently posted my 100th blog. Not quite the same, I know, but I still have a sense of pride and accomplishment about it.

Enough self-congratulations. I was thinking about what to write about the anniversary. After taking a quick look at a column from 2007, I realized that I was about to type almost exactly the same thing I did for the 25th anniversary of *MRR* without even seeing that one first. I won't rehash the whole thing, but I did write about taking a job at a bank and mused about bringing my copies to work. I'd peruse it in the lunch room—wondering if I'd be in trouble if one of the bank's officers came in and saw the cover of whatever issue I was reading. How would they react to the cover of issue #6, the infamous "The Dicks: A Commie Faggot Band???!"? Nothing ever happened, but Bob, the bank president (we were all on a first name basis), wasn't too thrilled when I grew my hair out from my buzzcut or got my ear pierced or wore my green army-style jacket with the buttons to work (I took it off once I was there, of course). I didn't have many problems except when I fucked up in the loan department and almost got fired. That was a weird situation, though contrary to my evolving political/ideological beliefs and I finally decided to move on in 1985 and ended up working in a record store. A much better fit, needless to say. Before that, *MRR* provided a respite and helped me connect with people all over the country and overseas with the classified section. I'd also write to scene reporters and bands that piqued my interest. What a great resource in those pre-internet days! And *MRR* was always very supportive of my zine, as well.

I have to mention Tim Yohannan, of course. I didn't always agree with him about everything and he gave me crap about some of the bands I listened to, like the FU'S and AGNOSTIC FRONT and he'd bust my balls about my Mass. accent. But he was great to me—opening his doors and letting me stay at the original *MRR* houses in Berkeley and then on Clipper Street in SF. I've never forgotten that seal-like laugh of his, either, or the famous green tape on the records.

So a hearty, belated congratulations to *Maximum Rocknroll*! You're still inspiring after all this time and remain a valuable resource for finding out about new, as well as older bands, records and much more.

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On With The Show...

First up are three new Boston area releases. On their third 7" EP, BRAIN KILLER maintains the same stun-effect but a few different wrinkles appear. There's the usual feedback-drenched DISCHARGE-inspired assault they're known for and that's as formidable as ever. But it's "Controlled Reality" that's the centerpiece here, with a stutter-step rhythm and an instrumental segment that creates a cacophony of demented chaos. Sheets of guitar noise before going back into the main riff and cascading into the finale of "Desperation". Brain cells will definitely perish when played at the appropriate volume. (Vinyl Rites: PO Box 341, Athens, GA 30603, www.vinylrites.net / Framework: 4 Elm St, Ipswich, MA 01938, www.frameworklabel.com)

DRY HUMP, who like to remind people they're from Lowell and *not* Boston, return with a new four-song 7" on Cowabunga. This disc pushes things into a harder-rocking direction with the floor-pounding "Fist Your Heroes" (a near anthem) and "China White". Same for "Everybody Loves You". "Mein Herr," meanwhile, is in more of a traditional thrash vein. Ryan Straker's piercing guitar lines stand out, adding a distinct element and the lyrics come from dark, sometimes deviant regions. One of this area's best bands right now.

MALE NURSES latest 7" is also on Cowabunga. Two new tracks by this not-exactly-prolific band. The A-side, "Wanna Play Doctor," is a scrappy west coast-style punk song and the B-side, "GI Jock," adds thrash for the first half. The rough production works to their benefit and it's a decent disc but just two songs? Come on, guys! (www.cowabungarecords.com)

I always find it interesting that some hardcore bands (hell, any style of band) get hyped because they're on a certain label or embraced by various elitist hardcore cliques, while other records get overlooked because they're not on certain labels. I hope that doesn't happen with BAD AMERICAN's self released *Pretty/Ugly* album because it's quite good. They fuse aggressive hardcore with brain-damaged elements and turn ugliness into a virtue. This band had a 7" a couple of years ago that I described as sounding pissed off. That hasn't changed with this album. Agitation, agitation, agitation from the opening salvo, a pounding song entitled "Dirty Waters". At other times, they're reminiscent of OUT COLD, such as the back-to-back "Joe Ego" and "Blink," which is preceded by the howling build-up of "Pre-Load". Their theme song "Bad American" takes a page from "Lost" by JERRY'S KIDS. Bruising, bare-knuckled and definitely more ugly than pretty. Check 'em out. (Bad Recordings, 852 N. Clewell St., Bethlehem, PA 18015, badamerican.bigcartel.com)

Out of the ashes of the late, great NOMOS comes CREEM and they've followed up their 2011 7" with a self-titled, seven-song 12". Tough and rockin' hardcore punk all nettled and pissed off sounding, but there's more to it than that. Sure, there's the speedy blaze of "Never End," but they also throw in some No Future records guitar trills for "The Wrong Man" and cover an obscure early '80s punk song, "What The Fuck," by BLACK EASTER. At its heart, though, CREEM bash through their songs with bruising aplomb and pay equal attention to US strains, such as the "City To City" (DYS) tribute for "Lucid." Seven songs to get the foot stomping and head banging. Can't wait to hear more. Great live band, too. (Katorga Works: www.katorgaworks.com)

Another dose of hardcore ugliness comes from BUKKAKE BOYS' overdue 12" debut, after a few 7"s dating back to 2008. Unfettered hardcore rage from these Atlantans. At the outset, a big swell of feedback builds and the terror ensues. These are all fast songs, except for the mind-melt of "Weakness," which closes side one and, after the feedback whizzle-frenzy, abruptly cuts off without a fade. One of the songs is called "Ugly World" and, well, it is an ugly world. I'd imagine that would apply to their home state, with the hot, humid summers and retrograde environment, except for a few small pockets here and there. Maybe I'm off-base, but that's this MassHole's perception, anyway. This isn't a political album, it's more of a universal expression of disillusionment and disenchantment and it really comes through in the nettled-sounding music and harsh vocals. (Sorry State, www.sorrystaterecords.com)

The latest disc by Swedish band NITAD is a total bruiser. It's called *Rastlos Och Vild* and the translation is "Restless and Wild," which was the title of an album by German metal band ACCEPT, but that's where the similarity ends. Not that NITAD were ever exactly a soft rock band but they seem to have increased the aggression, increased the adrenalin, increased the intensity and made things more blown-out sounding. In addition to the thrash/fast trax, they verge into slower, psychotic realms with the opening title track and especially the closer "Tryggheten," a lumbering, clambering instrumental. "Vem Ska Lita Pa?" is pure rampage and "Raggare Is Still A Bunch Of Motherfuckers," a play on an old RUDE KIDS song, is a forceful rocker. Vild, indeed! (Mourningwood, www.mourningwoodrec.com)

LÖGNHALSMOTTAGNINGEN are a duo with one Swedish member and a Brit living in the US. They have a new-ish 7", *Gomorra Sverige*, that was originally released as part of a four 7" box set, *Burning Hell Vol. III*, in 2011 and now has a limited re-press. Rough old-school US hardcore mixed with '77 punk shadings. One of them plays all the instruments, accompanied by vocals that sound like Nikki Sudden from SWELL MAPS with a Swedish accent. In fact, early SWELL MAPS isn't a bad touchpoint, either. A fun, jabbing racket. (Kenrock: www.myspace.com/kenrockrecords)

There's something rather sinister sounding about CLAW TOE. It started as a solo project by Darius from CRIMINAL IQ and has been fleshed out into an honest-to-goodness band. The songs have familiar elements but are imbued with a darkly-enticing freshness. "Another Saturday Night" sure as hell isn't the oldie by Sam Cooke. It's a hard-edged rocker with a post-punk pulse and synth texture percolating through. "The Drug Song" pushes into a clambering, experimental/industrial realm. "Geriatric Stalker" is flat-out creepy, telling a tale of, well, you probably figured it out, riding a mechanized rhythm and buzz-press guitar and seething vocals. "Kamikaze," a cover by the underrated Chicago band FUNCTIONAL BLACKOUTS, pounds its way into your consciousness with a numbing, twisting guitar line. "Panic Attack" wraps things up with a BIG BLACK-ish rhythm and a fired-up nerviness. Moody, brooding and electrifying, embracing various musical shadings and strokes.

(clawtoe.bandcamp.com)

COPS are an Atlanta amalgamation with former CARBONAS Jesse Smith and Greg King and Ryan Bell from BUKKAKE BOYS joining up for some slam-bang, gnashing and catchy punk. Not the standard three chord burn, either. There's a nervous, jumpy quality with slashing guitar and thumping bass/drums playing off each other. Squiggly and wah-wah driven guitar lines are occasionally layered on top of the slash 'n jab, as well. Taut and energetic. (Rob's House, www.robshouserecords.com)

NIGHTBRINGER's new 7" features one blazing original, "Fight Like Hell," on side one and three cover songs of Michigan bands on the flip—a snippet of the AMBOY DUKES' "Journey To The Center Of The Mind," rudely interrupted by takes on the NECROS' "Face Forward" and COLD AS LIFE's "Addiction" (the original of which I'd only heard recently), both given thumping renditions. "Fight Like Hell" is a blitzing, boiling rager. Something of an older Japanese hardcore influence here and played loud and fast. (2715 Radcliffe, Ann Arbor, MI 48104, nightbringerA2@gmail.com)

Finally, a pair of discs from Taang!, one a compilation of rare material from NEGATIVE APPROACH, *Nothing Will Stand In Our Way* and a reissue of BATTALION OF SAINTS's *Second Coming* album, appended by a live set from CBGB's in 1984. The NA collection features various demos, outtakes and live recordings. NA were an absolute holy terror live and while recorded evidence will never completely capture it, you get a pretty good idea. The real find here is the 1981 Clubhouse demo, with good sound quality and raging runthroughs of the by-now familiar material. In fact, it gives the 7" recordings a run for their money, although original drummer Zuheir wasn't as accomplished as OP Moore. Also of note is a live soundboard recording of their 8/1/82 set at NYC's Mudd Club, recorded during the Process of Elimination tour (my first encounter with them would be less than two weeks later). There are also a couple of outtakes from the 7" session—"DABF" and a piss-take cover of the 4 SKINS "Chaos" (those songs also show up other times, as well). Rounded out by two other gigs and very early demos that are more completist items. Some of this stuff has been making the bootleg rounds for years but Jim Diamond has done a great job remastering things. The packaging for this CD is bare-bones, but that's the only quibble. Hard to believe it's been 30 years and NA have inspired countless bands and hardcore fans during those three decades.

The BOS disc suffers from the same skimpy packaging. Reissues such as these should provide perspective, reminiscences, history, etc and someone also needs to fire the quality control department because there's a glitch between "Intercourse" and "Solitary Is Fun". Enough whining. *Second Coming* is a scorcher, riding the ridge of thrash and metallic touches at a time where the term crossover was just coming into existence. A relentless pillage of razor-sharp guitar and speed, along with a good amount of lyrical cynicism. The studio album wraps up with one of the better covers of MOTORHEAD's "Ace of Spades" you'll ever hear. The live set is presented warts and all, with most of the songs from *Second Coming*, a few older ones and a cover of the DAMNED's "New Rose". Pretty good, sloppy in spots and it doesn't really add much to the overall package. (3830 5th Ave., San Diego, CA 92103, www.taang.com)

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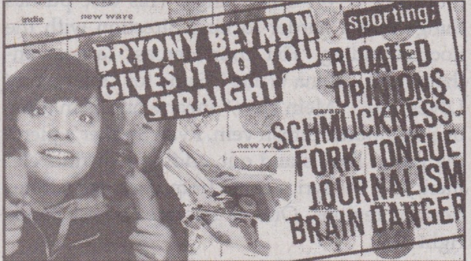
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Women in "KBD" punk – Part 1

I owe it to the girls

I've always been more interested in reclaiming the parts of punk that don't immediately seem accessible, forcing a way in, cracking things apart, rather than letting anyone else colonize based on the "assholes have the best tunes" adage. It's in this spirit that I wanna talk about KBD (Killed by Death) punk and more specifically the women, weirdos and freaks, that made so many of those wild 'n out mayhem tunes without a tour, label or even an audience, DIY trailblazers that don't usually get a major part in what is already a marginal sub-punk history. That three letter acronym is more for the purpose of easy grouping than limiting to the actual content of those comps, but really I mean all and any minor diversionary obnoxious singles of that ilk, in all their anomalous glory, all those lionized anti-social weirdo vibes, wanton violent fantasies, yowls from the basement, unrealized sexual perversion, Saturday afternoon nihilism. Reactionary enough to annoy the squares and bust up parent culture, albeit before the entirety of popular culture caught the corners of that veil of irony and drew it over all our sorry heads.

I had a dual issue at first. Firstly, there was the fact that this once-mysterious end of punk spectrum seemed to be mostly trumpeted by a phalanx of record collector sorts who didn't seem to wanna let me in to this secret world, or at least wanted something, somehow, in exchange for knowledge; so enlightenment was delivered in hard-won snatches, which added an extra layer of suspicion (There's a whole other column's worth of talk about how Google means not suffering old creeps to score old tapes anymore, but the argument holds) and secondly, just through asking the name of a song I loved and feeling a little conflicted to get the response "Raping dead Nuns" or "Tampax in the Cunt." But still.

For example. I remember DJing at a bar a few years ago, one of the three times I've ever done that, and cracking out genre-classic/spoof, Freestone's *Bummer Bitch* and unintentionally awakening a many-headed Kraken of wide-eyed record collectors from the bar, initially angling to see if I had a copy of it (no, fuck off) and then apparently drunk enough not to see why I might not enjoy being penned into a corner as they aim triumphal fist-pumps at the booth, shouting in my face to an awkward climax: "Suck my Dick, Eat my Ass, Lick my Balls." Naw dude.

Of course, the patently ludicrous mentalist vibes of so much of these singles serve to make 'em void of any actual menace, sitting, for me at least, firmly in perverse art prank territory, almost camp in their knowing grimace. Much more so, too, than many contemporary rehashes, all of which seem to lack much of arch humor that so many of these silly project bands which never "did anything" somehow had in spades; probably a reflection of having a lot of time to think and plot in isolation and less time/effort spent on mulling over how their peers would receive it. I think that often the thematic focus on, for example, serial killers, kidnappers and death row, reflects more an incidental subversion of media scaremongering / popular fear of the wanton psychopath during that era than anything else. Likewise, the cartoonish nazisploitation that sometimes comes up in the artwork of these singles seems to link more to the Kings Road reasoning for such "offend yr parents" posturing more than it does any actual right winger tendencies. But who can say, really, so if you're going to tout any of that, as ever, you better be ready to defend yourself from the curious who may not be party to the excuses and context your record collection affords you. Yeah, you better have more up your sleeve than some "hey, its not really sketchy…" limp dick defense, killer as the tune may be.

Caveat: there are other columnists who could much more successfully muse on KBD punk (and the sometimes somewhat artificial boundaries over what that is taken to mean), but I'm more interested in talking songs and stories, teenage tearaways and punxploitation plots, than about pressings and the (admittedly interesting) history of those particular compilations and the rivalry that spawned deeper and deeper pissing/crate-digging contests.

For the next few months I'm just going to pick out some of my favorite less-than-famous punk tunes of this ilk, the ones which involve women/teen girls on a mission to stardom/escapism and find out some interesting tidbits about the people that made them, collating that information in this here column, peppered with some highly subjective interpretations for yer pleasure/pain. Of course, if you're a record collector of a certain caliber (ha) then you probably know all these songs and stories already, so you know, whatever, skip it, but not everyone does and assumed knowledge is gross and usually the preserve of the arched-brow "oh you don't *know* this band?" vom leagues that we should all piss on into eternity.

By the way, if it all seems a little too trite and obvious to feel the need to show a long and international precedent for the outsider impulse in punk made by women, then please remember I am living in a city where people from London's "only punk record store" ask incredulously, having seen Good Throb and Woolf play, "Why don't those lesbians get their own scene?" Good fucking question, bro!

It seems sensible/an easy way in, to start with two legendary bands that were included on Killed by Death compilation Number 5:

Teddy and the Frat Girls – Clubnite

Teddy and the Frat girls (Serial killer reference? Check) were originally called Sheer Smegma, a three-piece all-girl band from Boca Raton, Florida, who released one EP in the form of "Audio Suicide" in 1980, which was then pressed to 12" by Alternative Tentacles shortly after the name change. Firstly, how many bands ever have such a good name, let alone two? T&TFG was put together by Sarah P, aka Fish, who cleaned pools for a living and wrote for Mouth of the Rat, the fanzine that also put out the early Beastie Boys singles and Victim in Pain, as Rat Cage records.

The jams herein are about as far away from those two bands as you can imagine, almost completely a-tonal, rhythmically quite questionable, moreover the sounds of a morally bankrupt adult collaborating with the natural deviance of local youth, including a sixteen-year-old girl singer, to bring out their darkest instincts of puerility. Her son, Dave Parsons aka Dave Ratcage, fourteen at the time, attests to having co-written "I Wanna be a Man" (cod-Germanic accents? Check) a truly dirty and delightfully misandrist paean ("...so I could cum all the time") along with his seven-year old sister, Lona. Dave also drew the lightning bolt cracking open the capitol building for Bad Brains. (Years later, in 2008, Dave, now Donna Lee Parsons, would use the royalties that the Beastie Boys finally settled with him and his mother from Cookie Puss and Polly Wog Stew, to finance gender reassignment surgery in Thailand, but died from colon cancer only three months later.) The signature shriek of Teddy's sixteen-year old singer is unbeatable, and "I Owe it to the Girls" is a slow burner of total teen menace, and then there's the song they're best known for, the one featured on KBD5, is the completely off the hook "Clubnite," with its raging screams ("You made me hornyyyy....I gave you quaaludes...") defies comparison, sadly because so little else sounds like this! Almost every song ends the same way, falling apart with fuzz and screams. Apparently the singer and guitarist (wife of Eat guitarist Eddie O'Brien) ran away to California and sold the rights to the songs to Jello B. (another romantic and arcane concept in fitting with so many of these bands) with no consent from Fish, so she never got her cut for this tiny but essential slice of outlying psychotic punk rage. The Beastie Boys' cut would have been a good amount though, I'd imagine! Interestingly, the cover of the 12" was an incongruous shot of the three women on stage with a piano; turns out they took the shot having snuck into a clubhouse through the pool-cleaning connection!

The Maggots – Let's get, let's get, Tammy Wynette

Another one-single wonder, a classic that's now easily available for all to jam post-reissue. The Maggots were from *MRR*'s home city, the Bernal heights district of San Francisco to be precise, dreamt up in a pre-dog-grooming/artisanal bakery world, when country singers concocted elaborate hoaxes about having been kidnapped in order to protect their abusive shitbag husbands. The teen girl miscreants of the Maggots found the bizarre story so intriguing, they wrote "Let's get..." from the perspective of the fake kidnapper, the sing-song jumpiness at total odds with the darkness of the subject matter.

The band was the brainchild of local blue-haired punk Jane Weems, who not only wrote the song (plus B-side hymn to Sid Vicious 2/2/79), but dreamt up all the insane packaging on the record, stenciled and spray painted with a pet maggot made out of a rubber fishing-fly, housed in its own little cardboard box, courtesy of her label Wriggleteens. The high-schooler singer on this single, Vicki Berndt, would commute at the weekend from San Jose to jam in Jane's basement. Her mother had let Jane paint the front of their house with an amazing Beatles and Elton John mural that remained for many years afterwards and it became known as the "Bernal Heights Beatles house." They made but one live appearance as the Maggots, in a warehouse show south of Market, supporting the Dils. Vicki recalled, "Due to my stage fright I realized after this show that I would not make a good punk rock singer so I retired." A humorous tangent revealed by the internet was in the form of an impassioned plea from Jane Weems, asking Courtney Love (she who always finds a way in to every narrative) to please return Jane's mum's wedding ring, or the money for it, which she had pawned for heroin while crashing with Jane at the very same house, as she has no money to pay her mum's hospital bills. The testimony goes onto recall how Maggots gang member Kim "kicked [Courtney's] ass all over Folsom" for the theft, which is a beautifully circuitous moment given the subject matter of their song.

Next time, Switzerland and Austria get their turn.

FELIX HAVOC
FIN DE SIÈCLE ANGST

One of the contributing factors to the recent waves of social unrest around the world is the spread of rapid communication technology. From the protestors in Tunisia and Egypt, to the rioters in London and Greece, people are using social networks and handheld devices to mobilize and spread information. The Occupy movement and the Arab spring are often cited as being heavily dependent on social networks for spreading information and organizing. So potent is this free flow of information and communication that some countries have even opted to shut off the internet completely, or severely limit access to it.

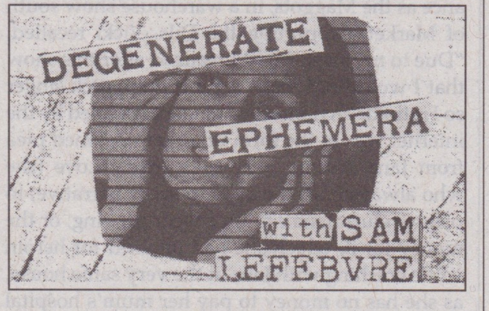
It is not surprising then that secret police and intelligence services are monitoring social and protest movements on communications and social networks. Security consultants have developed computer models that analyze the contents of things Twitter messages and social network posts. They are able to predict, with a fair degree of accuracy, how many people will turn up at a protest, if the protestors will turn violent and the like. They can also model the trajectory of a movement, from an enthusiastic groundswell of grass roots support, to a hollow shell of infighting and burnt out, washed up activists. In this manner, secret police can target repressive measures to different activist groups based on their level of threat to a given regime. And, presumably, secret police informants and infiltrators are worked into every organization with the intent of sowing discontent, stoking personality conflicts and trying to steer the organization from its main objectives. Students of the '60s and early '70s social movements will notice this is just old wine in new bottles, but it does represent a refinement of some rather crude undercover and disinformation work, into are more targeted approach. These kinds of computer models, coupled with surveillance technology and old-fashioned "rifle butts and truncheons" have been pretty effective in limiting the spread, radicalization and effects of social movements in the last few years. When you add the manipulation of the media to the mix, you can see what the activist is up against.

I've been writing for the past few months about the great "Starter Punk" bands I grew up listening to in the early '80s. One of the greatest bands to come from this scene was Stiff Little Fingers. Stiff Little Fingers' first three seven inches are pure punk glory. Many punk bands write about being an alienated teenager who doesn't fit in. But being an alienated teenager in the era of the "troubles" in Northern Ireland meant being caught between rival factions trying to recruit you as muscle for their "games of power." Several of SLF's song lyrics remain my favorites, words to live by that never seem dated or irrelevant. SLF had a simple and straightforward way of cutting through the bullshit and propaganda of political factions and telling it like it was from the perspective of the kids on the street. The true punk stance is a middle finger to all the politicians, cops, media and exploiters on either side of any political or religious struggles. The first single *Suspect Device/Wasted Life* from 1978 is just a pure classic in every way. "Don't believe them, don't believe them, question everything you're told," I'd say 90% of those reading that can hear this punk anthem playing in their head. The 10% who don't need to buy the record or download it right away. "Suspect Device" is a warning to every punk not to trust the authorities, the media and police. "Wasted Life" is a condemnation of both sides in the civil strife in Northern Ireland, how each side exploits the common people for their own ends. You can listen to these over and over and they always tell the truth. SLF's next two singles *Alternative Ulster* and *Straw Dogs* deliver more great punk outrage. The songs are direct and raw and angry, yet catchy and anthemic. Their first LP *Inflammable Material* is pretty killer. While several of the hits from the singles are here ("Suspect Device," in a sped up version, "Wasted Life," "Alternative Ulster"), there're some great new songs as well. "No more of that" is one of my favorites and "White Noise" is one of the best criticisms of racism by a punk band and caused quite a stir at the time for its in-your-face portrayal of prejudice. However, there are some weaker tracks on this LP as well, like a lot of bands I feel were under pressure from a record company to deliver an LP worth of material when they only really had a few singles of truly great songs in the bag. Still, I wouldn't go through life without a copy of this LP and the band's career was far from over. That said, I don't think they ever again reached the intensity of the first few singles. Some say that the move from Northern Ireland to London took the band away from the anger and resentment that fueled their early material. Most feel that London got them too close to the music industry and too far from "the streets." One thing is for sure, after moving to London, and a line-up change or two, their music got a lot less aggressive and started taking on more pop and reggae/ska influences.

The second LP *Nobody's Heroes* has a few weaker tracks, including a lackluster Specials cover. [1] However, it's got some great songs as well, like "Tin Soldiers," "Gotta Getaway" and "At the Edge." The sound is more polished and produced, but the songs and lyrics are still great. If you can't find a copy of this LP at a decent price, all the best songs are on the singles "Gotta Getaway," "Nobody's Hero" and "At the Edge" that is to say, you could live without the LP if you get those three singles, or vice versa. I still find these songs to be catchy and inspiring, though as I said, they lack a certain rawness and urgency that shines through in the early singles which is what I really look for in great punk music. After the second LP, the band went in a more pop/rock direction. I hadn't listened to the third LP *Go For It* since I bought it maybe 20 years ago. Listening to it now, it's not *that* bad, but it's pretty far from the roots and leaning a bit too far towards radio pop for me. I probably won't take this one off the shelf for another 20 years. There's a small stack of singles from this era too, but again, not so great compared to the early work. Also worth picking up is the *Peel Sessions* LP and a more extensive collection of *BBC Radio* sessions was released as a CD. There's also quite a bit of live material, notably the *Hanx* LP which came out between the second and third LPs, which has some of the best songs recorded at the peak of the bands career. Most people seem to know this band from the double LP *All the Best Stiff Little Fingers*, which seems to have been pressed in huge quantities and kept in print throughout the '80s and early '90s, and realistically, if you are on a budget, this is all the material you need. The band continued into the '80s, but I have to admit I stopped following them after the *Go For It* LP. According to the internet, the band still records and tours, although like I said, I haven't checked out any of their material since *Go For It*.

Good news for collectors and even casual listeners of old UK punk is that it's a buyer's market and has been for several years. All but the most obscure UK punk bands had records pressed in the thousands, tens of thousands and even hundreds of thousands. There was a time in the early '90s when people paid $30 for Adverts singles and the like, but those days are over. There is tons of second hand UK punk in used bins all over Europe and a bit of it in the USA. For any old UK punk record, there's dozens of copies on Discogs or Ebay at a fairly cheap price (cheap compared to say a contemporary Japanese, Swedish or American punk record). The low monetary value placed on these records might make them less fetishized by collector types, but it does nothing to diminish their power and impact. Maybe some day this music will come back and demand will catch up to the supply; meanwhile, hit the used bins hard for whatever everyone else *isn't* hyping right now.

[1] I will actually admit to liking the Specials, they were one of those bands in the '80s that everyone seemed to be able to agree on—Punk, Goth, Skin, Rockabilly, New Wave—everybody seemed to be able to listen to and enjoy the Specials (also the Dead Kennedys and the Cramps). I just think the SLF cover falls pretty flat.



Peter Ivers was a Harvard-educated eccentric who chose a career in music following his prestigious graduation. He released a psychedelic album under his own name in the late '60s and honed his harmonica skills to a point that none other than Muddy Waters declared him the "greatest harp player alive." Throughout the '70s, he made a living as a song-writer and screen-writer, amassing critical connections with his flamboyant personality and gathering many writing credits. His friends included John Belushi, Gore Vidal and David Lynch. His best-known composition was requested by David Lynch, for his film *Eraserhead*. "In Heaven Everything Is Fine" has become a cult favorite since its appearance in the film (the Pixies covered it routinely in their live set), although Peter Ivers' name remains relatively unknown.

Following a couple of slick, wavy solo albums, in 1981, Ivers was tapped to host New Wave Theatre, a television program that featured performances from Southern California punk bands. The program was unique for Ivers' unconventional interviews with artists and the alarming video-montages that accompanied performances. In 1983, with his screenwriting career, New Wave Theatre and illustrious Hollywood peer groups reaching critical mass, Ivers was found bludgeoned to death in his loft. Partly due to the swarm of friends who descended on the crime scene, the murder was never solved. In 2008, a biography of Ivers appeared that shed enough light on Ivers' death to warrant the cold case being reopened.

By no means was Peter Ivers a punk. He was an entertainment business careerist who nevertheless retained artistic integrity throughout his success. When Sandy Fury of the Clique pressed Ivers for his definition of "new wave," after a searching pause, he said, "A theatrical presentation of thoughts and ideas." Ivers was obviously enamored with punk and his decision to champion bands like Fear, 45 Grave and Angry Samoans on television at the time was certainly an audacious move. As many figures with backgrounds in art or academia, Ivers zealously latched onto punk and projected a cultural significance upon the scene that many of the most notorious bands couldn't or didn't care to conceive of. Diving into punk some few decades after its eruption has raised the significance of figures like Ivers in my mind. When I was younger, punk's appeal was foremost the savagery and alienation, but my interest has endured partly due to figures like Ivers, or books like *Lipstick Traces*, that project artistic significance onto the music in the greater continuum of art and revolution, even if sterile analysis is sometimes unwarranted and the encroachment of academia makes me nervous.

Label founders, journalists, promoters, film makers, writers—punk's nascent era was littered with experienced music business journeymen like Ivers, whose influence is incalculable but whose legacies are largely overshadowed. Ivers had a unique perception of punk as the next installment of artistic avant-garde, but he used a populist apparatus, network television, to promote it. Musicians who appeared on New Wave Theatre now remember him as a bizarre character that gave them exposure they couldn't imagine. Interestingly, the same scenario today would damage a punk band's credibility in the minds of many. Appearing on corporate sponsored network television, for example, could incur a coverage blackout from *MRR*, for example. Of course, the possibilities for effective, independent, self-promotion are now vastly superior to those in 1982, but it's interesting to remember when a TV appearance could mean something else, and when a Hollywood fixture like Peter Ivers could be a viable champion of DIY punk.

Of particular note regarding New Wave Theater is Ivers' interview style. Surely Ivers was the only person to ask Legal Weapon's Brian Hansen, "A human being is only a bunch of molecules held together by some force beyond our knowledge, how do you get up and live every day?" If he initiated a dialog with "What did you do today," the follow up would naturally be, "So you're basically a consumer like everyone else?" Provocation was one aspect, but not the entire nature of it. He seemed most interested in questioning musicians about non-music subjects for the sake of sheer incongruity. As in the unrelated video-montages spliced into live performances on the show, Ivers seemed to deliberately cultivate an anarchic clash. This clash was even evident in the brief live interviews. His garish get-ups, cheeky tone and sly but vulnerable expressions contrasted starkly with the wily young punks visually. His surprising questions reinforced the sense of an awkward stand-off. It illustrates a valuable note about interviews, though. Obvious topics are rarely the most interesting. For example, a professional skateboarder with a gambling addiction has much more to say about the Taiwanese card room outside Lake Kuwalski than about his signature whip-shove-ghost-slide.

Most of the information here I gathered from Josh Frank's 2008 book, *In Heaven Everything is Fine*. If this column remotely piques readers' interest, I highly suggest the book. If any readers have a collection of New Wave Theatre on any format, please get in touch. I've reached the bottom of the clips online and I know there was a collection circulating at one point.

To offset the stuffy reporting in this column: Fuck buzz bands and the shitty blogs that propel their brief careers. Suss out the hype. Set traps in the midst of dreams.

Write me at *MRR* c/o Sam Lefebvre or at degeneratezine@gmail.com. My old columns and writing for lesser publications are archived at degenerateephemera.blgospot.com.

MUTANT ROCK!
SHIVA ADDANKI

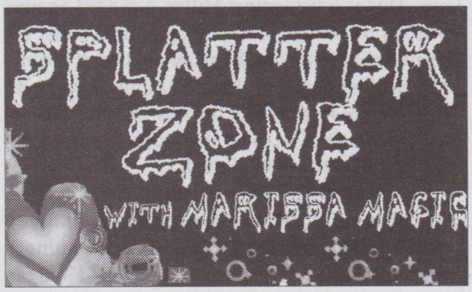
Writhe and spit in a warm home

Frosty Midwestern humanoids Condominium spit up those lines on their 12" last year, titled after that song, "Warm Home." Being one of the most disturbed and genuinely psychotic sounding hardcore bands out there, I found their acknowledgement of the boundaries of punk's "danger" most interesting and the point hit home a little more for it. Punk music often capitalizes on the ethos and pathos of the terror that every human faces, at the glint-flashes of death emanating from the boredom, banality and belittlement suffered daily by all—mutating these sensations that create anxiety, aggression, anger and recklessness into miniature manifestoes and proceeding to take them all too seriously as a means to superimpose a grander sense of purpose over something as asinine as banging on guitars and drums and howling away into a microphone.

Punk music has the infinite appeal of transmitting animalistic emotions with blunt simplicity and an abundance of feeling (when done right), and this is often translated into an absurd construction of proposed threat and danger to society at large. Maybe sitting through the stammering speeches at college orientation has left me compulsively irritated with the idealistic notion that one ought to be filled with the desire to change the world, but for whatever reason, this line of thinking looks uncomfortably fragile. My favorite punk bands deal with the emotions latent in punk on a situational basis or away from the stylings of discourse, reacting on a personal level—Flipper singin' about the way of the world, Big Boys wanna kill some frats, Brown Sugar on being garbage, Crazy Spirit sweating instability waiting for the train, Hammerheads claiming their block, Void being dehumanized, Hoax glaring at homophobic banter, etc… Punk fans glorify the visceral, animalistic reactions that the music naturally creates and ignore the irony in the duality of its function. Music is an art (no matter how much terrified pea-brains hoarding NYHC rarities deny this) and art is creation. Punk serves a relatively constructive purpose in exorcising negative, destructive energy into something other than committing felonies and ascension into repulsive behavior that extends its reach beyond the proverbial warm home.

People project anything from morals to notions of community, danger and greater social change onto something as immoral and absurdist as the transmission of loud and brash sonic energy. When I think back on what appealed to me about punk at its very first exposure above all else, it was not the sighing relief of belonging (this happened later, but the whole process was hindered by relatively isolating surroundings), but the supreme attraction of hearing an abundance of humanity manifested into an electric shock of music—utter recklessness in the face of all that narrows living down to dark confines. Human life is a constant flux of absurdity, and punk music acknowledges this on some latent level. Some part of me wishes more bands would take the cue and build upon its foundations and create something more engaging—as the bands that sound, look and speak in their own alien tongues in our generation do. Fronting danger and intimidation like a bunch of damaged adolescents has serious boundaries to those who do not think like middle schoolers. Although, maybe quality is an anomaly in a sea of mediocrity and pissweak swill, I wonder. Those who have soul, please do take control…

c/o eggmangel@gmail.com.



My friend was telling us that we would probably do well on tour partly because we're all women. We were hanging around at his house screening shirts and making bets about how the shows would go.

"I bet the sound guy will tell us how our amps work."

"I bet we'll be compared to Sonic Youth."

"I bet you'll do well and be taken more seriously because you're all women."

We were driving up the west coast to Portland on the first day. The van was old and could barely inch up and over and through the mountains. Somewhere along the way this semi was trolling along next to us and started honking. We looked over to see the driver holding up a sign that said "meetup?" EEEEEWWWWWWWWW.

We slowed down in an effort to lose the creep. It worked, but it was a fucking bummer because this shithead had an effect on how we went about our day, how we drove, what time we would arrive in Portland. We pulled off and made a stop at a gas station to further the gap from the asshole. Really, how fucked? In public, at anytime anywhere, including the Oregon fucking pass, getting harassed and fucking altering the day, the life. Maybe I won't wear those shorts again or walk down that particular street again or slow down and take a break from driving so we don't have to ride along next to that fucker. We made jokes about Thelma and Louise-ing the guy and then dreamt up a chain of response signs we would flash at him. Hey trucker, bleed out of your dickhole until you die.

In general my band gets a lot of the "angry girl" label. Is it because it's harsh? That we scream a lot? I have yet to be in a band that has never been compared to Bikini Kill, because you know, women in punk must be Bikini Kill. And always, always, always "fierce femme fatales!" "Pissed about patriarchy!" As if this is the only thing to be angry about, as if playing harsh music always equals anger. At best it's lazy journalism, at worst it's belittling, a write off, a way to exert control. The tag of "angry women" rarely means "angry about something real"—really, "angry women" is simply code for "crazy bitch" or "sexual fantasy."

In Missoula we played in a basement of a house that has been around for twenty some odd years or something, but it was the first show they had had in like five years I guess. The band that played before us was wacky with an equally wacky name that I can't recall at the moment. Before the set the drummer finished up breastfeeding her kid and then put on a headset mic and a cone bra that kept slipping off as they played, to which she just said how weird it was that it stayed on better when her boobs were smaller before she got pregnant which was just so fucking cool. After we played, a guy from Minot said that he listened to a lot of noise, but had never seen it.

When being called an angry girl really means crazy bitch, it reinterprets your anger into a delusion or a symptom of PMS. It's not real. And then the repetition. I was telling this guy about how sound-dudes pretty much consistently take the time to tell me how my amp works and he seemed totally confused. "People say that to you?" All the fucking time. So the anger and frustration at this and things of this ilk almost seems like a cliché because it's so constant, like street harassment, like something I've forced myself to tune out because otherwise I would lose my fucking mind. But then there is this whole world of people who don't even realize that it happens all the fucking time. This is the thing: these things are so repetitive and so fucking ridiculous that they feel like old hat. Is this just how it is? Am I delusional or oversensitive for being bothered by it? Am I a crazy bitch for being bothered by it?

Cincinnati felt like a hot shower dotted with fireflies. It was a political prisoner benefit that was full of food not bombs and drunk teenagers.

The first band was like a goth teen girl version of Rollins Band, all the rants and rages played out in crushed black velvet. It was so hot that sweat and condensation dripped off our faces and soaked our hair while we played. The last band had a huge banner of a bat as a backdrop. After the show we hung around and talked to this girl about the weirdness of billion dollar studded jackets being sold by designers and what does it mean to do that yourself and sell it to people as a designer knockoff. Do people just not have strong thumbs?

The other thing that the angry girl tag does is that, if you're not a crazy bitch then you're a sexual fantasy. This has the same function as the crazy bitch conclusion, in that it is a way to make anger OK, to render it harmless. A friend of ours wrote this review of us that ended in "best fantasy!" A rendering of rage into a performance merely meant to set boners aflame—because women only perform in public for reasons of titillation. Right? Right? The impossibility of escaping the male gaze. A reminder that sexualizing women seems to be the only way to compliment a woman. The classic, "she shreds *and* she's hot!" Right?

In Austin, "city of music" or some such bullshit, we had a show at this bar, a legit music venue with an actual stage and a hulking PA. In the majority of our travels we had managed to dodge this situation, for the most part ending up in basements and art galleries. The sound guy started out by telling us how to use our amps and then said if he couldn't get the vocals loud enough we would have to turn down our amps. Nope, shit sounds different when you turn down the amps and we told him that if you couldn't hear the vocals that was fine, in short telling him to fuck off, but not in those exact words. Anyway the PA was so huge and sparkling I couldn't imagine this actually being a problem. Two songs in he turned off the mics and came up to the stage, telling us that he just got word that we were cut off, saying we were too loud.

Are you fucking kidding me?

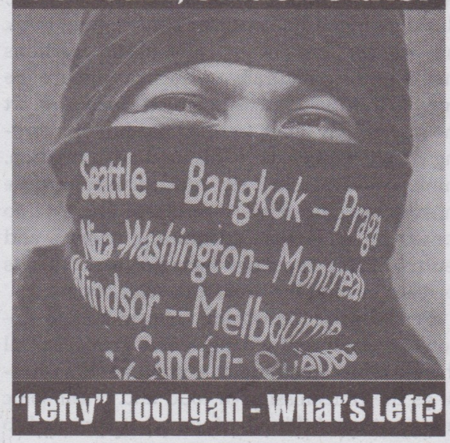
This is a fucking music venue we are standing in, it wasn't like the cops were gonna get called or the PA wasn't loud enough or some such bullshit. This was some ego macho bullshit. This was a power play. This was us expressing that we knew what we were doing and then being told we were wrong. He said that the bartender couldn't hear drink orders.

AHAHAHAHAHA

So this whole idea that "we would be taken more seriously" is only partly true. There is definitely somewhat of a built in audience for girl bands. For me it's important to go see other women playing music, partly because I wanna see what they're doing and partly to be supportive, and obviously I'm not the only person on the fucking planet that does that, thus meaning a built in audience. However, once you take a step outside of that halo of support it's all PMS and dudes asking for a hug.

And my anger is real.

Go Team, Smash State!



"Lefty" Hooligan - What's Left?

I am mildly surprised whenever circumstances conspire to emphasize something that I'm writing in these columns. In this case, it was current events, and the surprise was not pleasant. When neo-nazi Wade Michael Page killed six worshippers and wounded three others at a Sikh temple in Oak Creek, Wisconsin, on August 5, 2012, this terrible event underscored something I mentioned two columns ago, and that I wanted to return to now. Page offed himself after a cop he injured wounded him, so we'll never know if he mistook the Sikhs for Muslims in his twisted, racist mind. But the addled logic of folks like Page is what I want to focus on in the following paragraphs.

To repeat what I wrote two columns ago, neonazis are fond of asserting that: "The extermination of six million Jews during the second World War is the greatest myth of the twentieth century. Adolph Hitler never ordered the Final Solution, the Nazi regime never constructed extermination camps with gas chambers, and the German people had nothing to do with any mass murder of Jews. This is a lie against Hitler, a canard against National Socialism, and a defamation against the German nation, all of whom are victims of the victorious Allies and their Jewish/Zionist overlords. The Jews are responsible for this excretory myth, this abominable lie, and therefore the Jews deserve to be utterly annihilated."

(Raul Hilberg's *The Destruction of the European Jews*, reissued in 1985 in a revised and definitive 3 volume edition by Holmes & Meir, is the authoritative, primary source study of the Nazi Final Solution.)

Let's concentrate on unpacking the contorted argument that simultaneously denies and calls for the Holocaust by understanding the essential structure of its self-justifying logic. Party A did not commit certain crimes against party B, despite all evidence to the contrary. The crimes in question were invented by party B to discredit and destroy party A. Therefore, party B deserves to have similar crimes committed against it as punishment for those lies.

This kind of logic is not confined to the irrational, ultra-racist members of extreme rightwing fringe groups. I heard a similar statement when I was seventeen, living in Ventura, California, and subject to the Vietnam War draft. I was a zealous anarcho at the time, although I'd recently lost faith in my original pacifism even as I continued to apply for a Conscientious Objector status to military service. I was at a meeting of Ventura's Action Committee for Peace and Social Justice in a rickety shack off Ventura Avenue, in those days virtually a rural road. The meeting had ended, and the shack's occupant, an 80-year-old Wobbly named Ed who had served in the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, was holding forth on his experiences in the Spanish Civil War. Specifically, he was detailing how, in the regions of the Republic under control of the anarchist CNT labor union, often in cooperation with the socialist UGT labor union, Spain's workers and peasants ran the farms, factories and businesses, villages, towns and cities, creating a truly libertarian society governed through direct democracy from the bottom up. I and a handful of equally young, starry-eyed, neophyte leftists hung on his every word.

"Your arsehole anarchist comrades tried to wreck the Republic and insured Franco's victory," Bernie growled in response. A 76-year-old CP member who had also fought in the International Brigades, he made sure Ed's version of events did not go uncontested. "They were a bunch of uncontrollables, pistoleros, criminals, and bandits who sabotaged Republican rule every chance they got, hindered both the war effort and the economy by insisting on pushing through their brand of revolution, and committed atrocities that alienated the Spanish middle classes and the international community. They slaughtered priests and raped nuns, giving Franco's forces unearned sympathy and valuable propaganda weapons."

"Those bullshit lies were fabricated by the Spanish CP to give them an excuse to suppress Spain's genuine social revolution," Ed shot back. "If anything, Spanish workers and peasants were remarkably restrained, considering that the Catholic Church worked hand in glove with Spain's bloody landowners and industrialists and the reactionary Spanish state to subjugate, repress, brutalize and murder Spain's working people for centuries. Anarchists killing priests and raping nuns is nothing but a Stalinist fiction, echoed by the fascists, but if anybody deserved to be put up against a wall and shot it was those damned 'black beetles'."

Notice the pattern? Spanish anarchists did not slaughter the Catholic clergy during the Spanish civil war, although Spanish priests and nuns amply earned such treatment for their collaboration in crimes against Spain's workers and peasants. Blame for the so-called myth is laid at the feet of the Spanish Communist Party in this case, but it's a minor variation on the theme I've presented. Well, recently, I purchased *The Spanish Holocaust: Inquisition and Extermination in Twentieth-Century Spain* by Paul Preston (2012, Norton). The book, at 700 pages, is a monument to detailed historical research in primary source materials. Preston's conclusions are inescapable. Franco's atrocities during and after the Civil War amounted to nothing less than a holocaust, "a carefully planned operation to eliminate … 'those who do not think as we do'," a mass murder of Spaniards unprecedented in Spanish history. But there were also acts of violence and terror in the Republican zone, "hot-blooded and reactive," among them the spontaneous but frequent slaughter of Catholic clergy in anarchist dominated regions of the Republic.

Now, let's move away from history, into the present. As I evolved from anarchism through left communism to my current unaffiliated political perspective, I consistently had beefs with one school of radical thought that claimed the libertarian mantle. Freddy Perlman gave rise to this school's various currents with his book Against HIStory! Against Leviathan!, an indictment of what John Clark defined as "the millennia-long history of the assault of the technological megamachine on humanity and the Earth," whose immediate offspring was the Fifth Estate's critique of technological progress and society. Further bastard progeny came with the direct-action oriented environmentalism of Earth First! as it turned toward anarchism after 1990, the anarcho-primitivism of John Zerzan, the deep ecology of Arne Næss, and a slew of green anarchist and anti-civilization tendencies too numerous to list. The misanthropy and nihilism of many of these folks is proudly on display; they only become cagey when it comes to the issue of mass human die-off.

You see, the ideal, sustainable, hunter-gatherer utopia of anti-civilization and primitivist activists requires a worldwide population of, at most, 100 million people. There are currently 7 billion people on the planet. The anti-civ, primitive solution requires that 690 million people—some 99% of the world's population—simply disappear. How does that happen, without a massive die-off of humans? The old anarchist conundrum of "how do we get from here to there" raises its ugly head, only now on green steroids. The fact is that few individuals, aside from outright eco-fascists like Pentti Linkola, openly advocate for mass human die-off. "[T]he population levels envisaged by anarcho-primitivists would have to be achieved by mass die-offs or nazi-style death camps," writes John Moore in A Primitivist Primer. "These are just smear tactics. The commitment of anarcho-primitivists to the abolition of all power relations, including the State with all its administrative and military apparatus, and any kind of party or organisation, means that such orchestrated slaughter remains an impossibility as well as just plain horrendous."

Now come the twists and turns to this logic. Agriculture is unsustainable, as is technological society based on agriculture. Civilization is bound to collapse, whether we like it or not, and so there is bound to be mass human die off, whether we like it or not. A drastic reduction in the human population is inevitable, whether done voluntarily or not. It would be better if that reduction happened gradually and voluntarily, but it is going to happen one way or another. "What we can do is assist the natural world to bring [civilization] down," Derrick Jensen has said. "I want civilization brought down and I want it brought down now."

Which brings us to the book *Deep Green Resistance* (by Aric McBay, Lierre Keith, and Derrick Jensen, 2011, Seven Stories Press), a discussion of strategy and tactics toward building a resistance movement to bring down civilization through "decisive ecological warfare." I'll let the authors speak for themselves through a selection of quotes: *"The vast majority of the population will do nothing unless they are led, cajoled, or forced. [...] there will be no mass movement, not in time to save this planet, our home. [...] Humans aren't going to do anything in time …[so] those of us who care about the future of the planet have to dismantle the industrial energy infrastructure as rapidly as possible. [...] Well-organized underground militants would make coordinated attacks on energy infrastructure around the world [...] actions against pipelines, power lines, tankers, and refineries, perhaps using electromagnetic pulses [...] We'll all have to deal with the social consequences as best we can. Besides, rapid collapse is ultimately good for humans—even if there is a die-off—because at least some people survive."*

Again, the harrowing pattern. Mass human die-off as a conscious consequence of primitivism/anti-civilization is a lie, no doubt perpetrated by supporters of agricultural and technologically based civilization. Such civilization is unsustainable, and is going to collapse sooner or later, probably resulting in mass human die-off. But in the meantime, that civilization is criminally destroying the planet and obliterating the natural world. It is therefore our duty to bring down civilization and to hasten, if not initiate, the mass human die-off which is inevitable.

Such is the logic of holocaust denial.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time*, from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10. The book is called *Fim* in Portuguese and can be ordered from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

we see through you

with imogen binnie

Hey *Maximum*. I just got back from the Girls Rock Vermont showcase a couple hours ago and now I'm hanging out with my friends Alyssa and Kelly from Doll Fight! and I can't stop thinking about it.

Do you know about Girls Rock Camp? It is the best fucking thing, hands down. Girls of ages like, eight to seventeen can go and they all get assigned an instrument and then stuck into a band on Monday and the bands write a song and play it six days later onstage at a venue where real bands full of grownup assholes usually play guitar solos and stuff! With lights and all. It's pretty rad.

This was my second year teaching bass. Last year Doll Fight! started Girls Rock Vermont and I was like, "hey you guys, for real can I come do something?" and they said, "can you teach bass?" and even though I was totally full of myself as being a genius guitarist at the time—my band Correspondences, where I play bass, hadn't started yet—I was like, "yes, totally, I want to." So I taught these two girls named... ummmmmm, Witch Baby and Vixanne. They're sisters, a twelve-year-old and a fourteen-year-old, and we figured out how to play some dumb radio pop songs on bass. You would be embarrassed for me to hear how dumb they were, except guess what, teaching bass to a twelve year old girl and a fourteen year old girl totally fucking rules and is hella fun. And you get to watch them figure stuff out and put stuff together and, like, do rock jumps and throw their picks out at the ends of their sets into an audience made up of mostly parents. Plus you get to revisit teenage feelings through them! Which rules because being thirteen fucking sucks and is the worst, obviously, but since High School *never ends* (this is a wise truth in life that I am telling you. Your body gets out of high school, but good luck freeing your mind from the shackles of the Amerikan education and social indoctrination system, seriously) those teenage feelings never go away—I mean, you are reading a punk rock magazine; I am thirty-three years old and writing to you in a punk rock magazine, playing doom metal shows in basements and still giving myself progressively worse haircuts every year. So dipping your toes into those teenage feelings, when you can go sleep somewhere else and communicate directly with the people in your real life and eat food that doesn't make you feel awful... it's pretty good for you as a grownup, too. [1]

So last year was rad, but this year was like, two and a half times bigger and the amount of teenage feelings increased in geometric proportion, so I think that means there were like a dozen times as many teenage feelings? And they were like a dozen times more intense. Not to mention, Lee and I were sleeping in a big scary empty school that used to be a dairy farm or something, and when Kelly and Alyssa came over they saw ghosts, even though my lazy dog Pants who was in the school with us didn't do anything about it. So we were super tired and then we drove back to Portland, Maine in the middle of the week to play a show and by today both Lee and I were just staring at each other, trying to come up with the words (like "pillow") for literal things we were holding and trying to solve the dilemma of wanting to fall asleep on the floor at six pm when you know you'll wake up in the middle of the night, but waiting until nine pm to go to sleep feels like dragging your body across a desert of broken glass when your body is just a torso, with guts hanging out everywhere and stuff. I dunno. My point is, I feel pretty fucked up today, and so does Lee, but we still went to the Girls Rock Vermont show and it still totally fucking ruled as hell.

The girls that I was coaching this year—three thirteen year olds and an eleven year old—had a band called Sushi Cats. It was cool, for the first two days of camp they were looking at each other wondering "I dunno, what do you wanna do?", "I dunno, what do you wanna do?" and singing a song about being a cat while the guitarist left her guitar under a table to draw pictures of the other members of the band and meow, occasionally, into the microphone. Then the drummer—a girl with blonde hair with pink tips named, um, Weetzie—was like, "fuck this, I don't want to play a song about being a stupid fucking cat, my boyfriend is coming to this show, I want to play youtube scene metal."[2] Then the other three girls were like, "yeah, us too, let's write songs about how much it sucks to be thirteen" and I was like, siiiiiiiiick. Now we are getting somewhere. Then I went to another state for two days and when I got back for the showcase they had decided to communicate these feelings via instrumental noise rock! Seriously! Weetzie got awesome at drums, Brandy-Lynn had discovered that you don't need any chords that aren't E if you have a distortion pedal and fuckin' everybody else got even more awesome at their instruments.

This is the magic of rock camp. For real, these girls just show up and learn to play instruments and write songs. I had a moment, on my last day of instrument instruction, because I was in a room with five girls playing along to a particularly dumb radio pop song—you always want 'em to be punk as hell, but how punk were you when you were ten?—where I got all teary thinking, "this is the last time I'll hear these girls play these same four notes over and over and over and over and over," and I was like, "I just feel thankful and honored to have been able to teach you all these last couple days," but they were all storming out toward snack time and not paying attention to my stupid boring old people feelings.

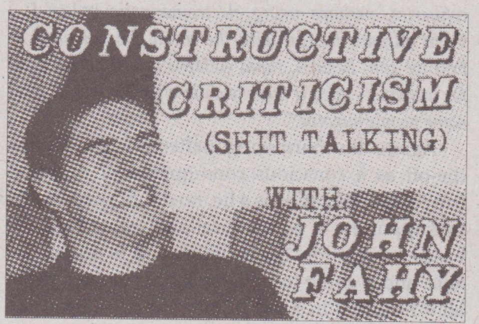
Other highlights of the Girls Rock show: the scary a capella doom band, the Four Fates, singing about crones and the infiniteness of souls and shit like that. Lee was the coach for this band and basically I feel like they should tour with our miserable, "let's write a song about herbal time travel," "let's write a song called bombs over Neo-Tokyo" band, even though they are all like fourteen. The nine year old drummer who played last year by hurling her whole upper body at the drums, took lessons all year this year and I was nervous she was gonna have boring normal drummer technique, but don't worry, now she is ten, but she is still tiny and still plays by hurling her body around and she is maybe the funnest drummer to watch ever. More highlights—taking home all the leftover donated burritos, watching Weetzie chug a monster soda and then literally run laps around the big fancy backstage balcony right before she played, giving, "psst yr awesome" notes to all the girls in the band I coached; watching the girl who played bass like she was trying to kill it, and not only did she kill her part, but she dropped a vicious, like, rap verse about her own skills (but when I asked if she was into hardcore she was like, "my mom won't let me"); the Candy Storm lyrics, "candy storm, candy storm/hooray, hooray, hooray/I hope the sun doesn't come out today" because, obviously, fuck the sun—actually pretty much everything. There're hundreds of pictures of it on facebook if you're a nerd.

So anyway, now I am gonna try to get a ton of sleep—which seems unlikely because it's ten o'clock and Kelly and Alyssa aren't even back from the store with beer yet—because tomorrow is the first day of the "Swaath/Correspondences August 2012 Tour Down to Virginia or Wherever" (I forget). We're doing a two-week tour that starts in a Burlington basement tomorrow night. I brought two death black dresses, but let's see if I manage even once to change out of these jorts! Maybe I'll write you a tour diary for next month's column? Or maybe I'll just write you a long note in bubbly (but hard to read) handwriting explaining all the things you've done wrong and all the ways my feelings are hurt in obtuse and hard to follow sentences that end up making you feel bad, but don't give you any tools to do anything about it. Maybe junior high never ends!

As always, if you wanna talk about it, email met at imogen@keepyourbridgesburning.com.

[1]Whatever, this sentence rules.

[2]I am paraphrasing.



Strictly For Gremlins

Once again, there is a plethora of good records streaming out into the universe and often it is difficult to stay on top of all of them. Not even halfway through the year, I have to talk about how many great records are coming out this year. This weekend I have locked myself inside my home to ruminate on all of the fucking brilliant punk records I've gotten hold of in the last few weeks. Let's get stuck in.

DAWN OF HUMANS' immediate effect is one of knocking things over. With "Tort. Plode. Blurst." the first track on their newest EP, I immediately wonder how something so mid-paced can produce such a rowdy reaction. This is straight up fucking mischief music. I want a new Gremlins sequel with D.O.H. solely providing soundtrack. As always, sleaze abounds on their sleeve and lyric sheet, red and yellow artwork screaming trashiness. The range of sounds emanating from their vocalist is nothing short of perfect for this music—sickly sounds and endless complaints. I have yet to see this band live, but all I can imagine is utter chaos from first note, because my bedroom can barely handle one listener. Something about this shit is so apathetic and resigned and yet demands action throughout. Strictly for gremlins. Contact Toxic State for copies.

The Heat EP from POST TEENS is rock fucking solid and proof that any catchy punk is better executed by people that have to put punk before any pop. Members of this band have played in a slew of great hardcore bands and the intensity is here and executing the hooks with precision. Ever since hearing the track "Fucked Up Perception" from their first EP, I have loved this band and what they bring to this kind of punk. Lyrics are smart, identifiable and show some experience and wisdom. Pop punk could be applied to what's happening here, but for a genre that's been overrun by bands that aren't as inclined to show their dissatisfaction, that term no longer deserves to own bands like POST TEENS—what we have here is nothing more than a rock solid punk band laden with hooks. Excellence. Contact No Idea for copies.

WHITE GUILT's final EP is a perfect ending to a great band and possibly their best release. Lyrics on this slab are a manifesto of blatant disgust and unforgiving and their music speaks as much. For such a blown out sound replete with vocals of resigned complaint, there is a tyrannical iron spine at the core of this shit that evokes a boiling blood and a desire for revenge. The ambiguity of feeling is accompanied by unabashed mosh. Unafraid to create marches of defeat alongside outbursts of unyielding hate, WHITE GUILT have mastered discontent on their last release. Contact Feeble Minds or Video Disease for copies.

Iron Lung records have some hits on their hands again, starting with a single from Berlin's DIAT, a sharp outfit that craft a sound not unlike a more somber WIRE with stark, unemotional vocals. The two tracks here promise great things, hopefully their next release isn't in-and-out as quick as this 45.

The USELESS CHILDREN LP is something like a nightmare. Bass grooves intersect with precision-industry on the drums, while the guitars issue childish arguments and confidently depressed rebuttals in the form of noisy, negative, eerie, reverb-laden wails. Lyrics seem to deal with subjects coming from a dark, personal place, which is sensible as that is where this music would take anyone. "Walk Away" features a brilliant, mechanical beat, haunting rhythms and atmospheric guitar work not unlike PAIN TEENS circa *Born In Blood*. Another favorite is "Locked Groove," providing depressing subject matter and another excellent, mechanical drumbeat.

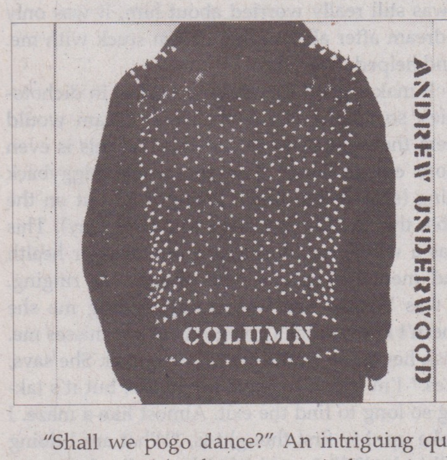
Speaking of locked grooves, VEUVE SS from Lyon, France, start their one-sided 12" EP out with one looping three-second sample of feedback. I had just sat to shit by the time I figured this out and was supremely annoyed I couldn't begin to check out the record until I'd finished, so bravo to you, VEUVE SS. Nobody likes some goofin' more than I do. Once the needle is placed beyond the locked groove purgatory at the start, VEUVE SS throw out some mid-paced stompers of supreme nihilism and hateful negativity like the title track, "Visceres," as well as furious blasts like "Discipline." Lyrics are in French, but needless to say, these guys don't sound too thrilled about things in general. Contact flowerofcarnage@riseup.net for copies.

With *Deathbed Discotheque*, NEON BLUD strike gold again without repeating a presence like their previous records. Returning with a sound much like what the split with DIET COKEHEADS promised, NEON BLUD craft some fucking mood and atmosphere like no one's business. To me, this LP builds in a patient way, not unlike a soundtrack, harboring feelings of assured, psychotic impulse. Guitars propagate sheer paranoia while bass and drums bring the disco as promised. This record really takes its time to conjure a feeling for listeners, but by the time the B-side's "Lucifurr" takes hold, paranoia and disco have worked to make it a full blown dance party at a sleazy séance. I didn't get where this was going when I began my listen, yet now I find it difficult to shake. Contact Vinyl Rites for copies.

Sorry, but WHITE LUNG LP is simply an incredible record. This band has made something fucking stone cold brilliant here. Every single ele-

ment here is commanding of your attention and every hook will remain in your head for time eternal. Bass and drums drive this whole machine at a breakneck pace while guitars emit sheer hysteria of emotion. This fucking guitar player is packing intense melodies into every millisecond of music on this LP. Such a devastating musical explosion would seem impossible for a vocalist to deal with, but Mish steers this whole outburst with a patient command throughout the album and creating additional hooks with a controlling delivery. The chorus of "I Rot" is easily one of the most anxious points on this record and is unforgettably tyrannical in its demand for attention. This band and record could be said to be taking something from Dangerhouse punk but without disparaging, I would say half the bands of that era would give it up, were WHITE LUNG a contemporary. Not to say this is any '70s retro trip, because the sum of its parts can be said to hail from all kinds of influences, not least some '90s-reminiscent vocal parts. This band has really outdone itself with this slab. *It's The Evil* was also a great record, but *Sorry* takes things to a new level and I can only imagine where things will elevate from here. Over before you've even begun to ingest what just happened, the urgency of this record squanders not a beat. Usually most punk bands accomplish this only with a 7" but WHITE LUNG batter and confuse so much on here that this LP can feel like a single. This is an excellent modern punk record, dripping in panic, the essence of what makes me mental. Contact Deranged for copies.
fahy_john@hotmail.com

If you wanna get in touch with me for any reason, write to me at PO Box 460760 San Francisco CA 94146.



"Shall we pogo dance?" An intriguing question first posed (in that grammatical structure, at any rate) by underrated Japanese UK '82 revivalists SHIT-FACED via their EP of the same title. It may have taken a while to catch on in the modern era, but there is a growing chorus of punk voices raised in unison in answer...and that answer is a resounding "Yes"!

The loudest voice in that chorus (maybe) is Ibaraki City's own GAME BOI!S, who unleash a frenetic torrent of unabashed glue-huffing, mohawk-having, beer-worshiping mayhem on their one-sided EP debut, *Game is Power*. CHAOTIC DISCORD are the obvious touch point for cheekiness alone, though GAME BOI!S are a tad bit more tame than the Bristol wrecking crew. Indeed, this is pogo punk in its purest form, distilled down to the essence of one-two drumming, two half chord riffs and leads that sound like the guitarist just started playing yesterday. In fact, on repeated listens I suspect that there's a bit of a BUZZCOCKS influence lurking in the background, if not only because their theme song is one of the biggest earworms I've encountered in months. Seriously, I've spent the last week walking around half-distracted muttering to myself "we are the Game Bo!S...we are the Game Bo!S!" Totally infectious. Alongside international messes the INJECTIONS and the DISCOCKS-worshipping ERECTIONS it seems like Japan is back in the pogo game to win it, but they'll have strong competition from... (Pogo Punx records, beerandpogo@hotmail.uk)

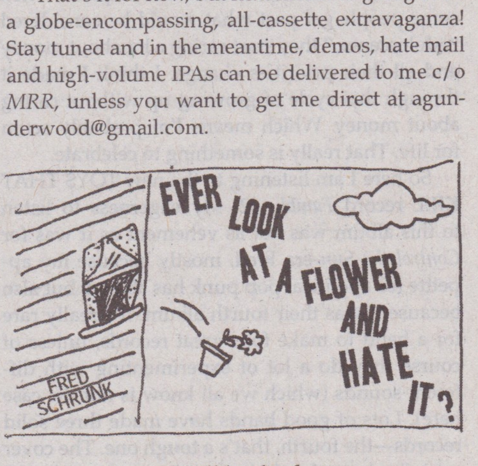
...SAD BOYS! Let's talk about this demo, shall we? Look, I grew up on the East Coast of the US in the early to mid '90s, I fucking loved (still do!) the *Pogo Attack* compilation and when I was a teenager, bands like BLANKS 77 and the CASUALTIES were frequent visitors to both my turntable and my town. These fucking kids...these fucking kids might as well have been there. Indeed, this shit is so poppy and well-written, that they could well have been my favorite band in that scene. The female vocals instantly recall bands like MANKIND and SPIDER CUNTS, while the energetic but simple instrumental attack is somewhere between "40 oz. Casualty" and the BRISTLES (NJ). This demo is 100% East Cost pogo punk and it's uncanny how fucking well they play this style. Besides the fact that just listening to this conjures a Proustian memory of the smell of ABC No Rio afternoon gigs, they even have a classic '90s-style band photo collage in the insert! That's especially rare in a scene that's mostly given over to hipster hardcore and raw punk/Scandi-worship. Let me just say this: I can dig hip bands like CRAZY SPIRIT and DAWN OF HUMANS okay, but if you gave me a plane ticket to New York tomorrow I would hold on to it until the next SAD BOYS gig, if only because it seems like it would be 100% more fun. This is fucking off the hook good. (SAD BOYS, mhillerson@gmail.com)

Of course New York City isn't the only American town caught up in this pogo revival, as Boston has already produced BLOODKROW BUTCHER and WHO KILLED SPIKY JACKET? and has now graced us with the KOWARD EP. Like BLOODKROW BUTCHER, this tends towards the more "serious" side of the UK '82 model, drawing from both DISCHARGE and ABRASIVE WHEELS and keeping the lyrical content serious as a heart attack. Unlike the less-is-more approach of SAD BOYS or GAME BOI!S, KOWARD bring some shredding solos to the table, and some tough vocals that have as much NEGATIVE APPROACH in them as they do California. Still, one-two drumming (with a touch of D-beat), simple riffs... get bouncing! Having just recently seen and thoroughly enjoyed Toronto's URBAN BLIGHT, I could see these guys on a stellar bill with them for sure. (Total Fucker records, PO Box 82, Somerville MA, 02143)

Okay...it's time to abandon the pogo theme this month as the balance of my records this month are just blazing hardcore. In deference to the elders, the first up is the new FORWARD EP. Pressed for their appearance at Chaos in Tejas and West Coast tour, "Devil's Cradle" b/w "What's the Meaning of Love" is a fucking monstrous return to form for a band that I really believed were slipping from their peak songwriting and performance skills. "Devil's Cradle" is a magisterial song, bringing a lengthy but never boring tension-building breakdown to their usual formula of all-go strong-style hardcore. While "What's the Meaning of Love" has appeared before elsewhere, this version is the strongest yet, an absolute gem of a song and a veritable template of post-DEATH SIDE Japanese hardcore. Not surprising, giving the band members involved, but still...from the crooned to shouted vocals, to the blazing solo to the melodic yet face-punching riff this is absolutely flawless. (540 records, not online at all)

Finally, we have another Chaos in Tejas-related release, as the always-essential Hardcore Survives label repressed SKIZOPHRENIA's *Freedomland* demo as an EP for their US jaunt. This isn't quite as polished of a release as their later singles, of course, but it's always interesting to hear a band that grew to be amazing at their inception and this EP does nothing but prove that SKIZOPHRENIA started out at the very top of their game. Fucking hell, that BGK-style bass-playing was there from day one and they're so good at incorporating all kinds of European '80s HC influences, it's always terribly hard to nail down their sound except to say that they belong in a pantheon of bands that probably started when they were kids. They're so good at what they do that they're actively difficult to write about sometimes. Suffice to say that if you put all the good songs from the *P.E.A.C.E./War* comp in a blender (except the GISM track), the resulting slurry of excellence would sound remarkably like SKIZOPHRENIA. This demo EP is essential, their other EPs are essential, hell even their comp tracks are great. This band grows on me with every release, even retroactively. Amazing. Of course this was crazy limited and is now out of print from the label, but if you see a copy, snatch it up. (Hardcore Survives, www.hardcore-survives.com)

That's it for now, but next month is going to be a globe-encompassing, all-cassette extravaganza! Stay tuned and in the meantime, demos, hate mail and high-volume IPAs can be delivered to me c/o *MRR*, unless you want to get me direct at agunderwood@gmail.com.


EVER LOOK AT A FLOWER AND HATE IT?
FRED SCHRUNK

That'll be the day

There was a time in my life when I looked forward to a new TOYS THAT KILL record with baited breath. It was a time where I'd show my appreciation for a band by dancing wildly and attempting to crowd surf numerous times (I still think crowd surfing is one of the best compliments you can pay a band). The first time I ever went to Gilman it was for a TOYS THAT KILL show. I went by myself, relying only on hand-written directions given to me by a girl with a SPAZZ backpatch (i.e. bad directions). I arrived late, missing the first two bands, but still catching the last four. That night I demonstrated my affection for TTK by jumping on a stranger's back and spanking his butt while he ran circles around the crowd. When the song was over he let me down, smiled, patted me on the back and gave me a wet kiss on the check. He was into it. So was I. I was twenty and felt like I had this wide-open prairie of possibility open up to me.

Now, I'm not old by any means. I'm still considered to be in my "youth" by most accounts (that ends at 35, right?), but the other day on my walk home from work I found myself getting a little choked up listening to a CAROL KING album. I don't know what's more embarrassing, the fact that I was getting emotionally invested in a CAROL KING song or the fact that I had chosen her over the GERMS (Sheesh, what's wrong with me?!?). But regardless of embarrassment, this made a seriously dangerous statement about the status of my adolescence. It's either evaporating or gone all together. Fuck! That night I went for a walk and spray-painted "THE RAMONES" in teal spray paint under an overpass. It made me feel better.

But really I don't have anything to fear. People get older. It's natural that BILLY JOEL and BOB DYLAN creep into your record collection and for piggyback mosh pit rides to become less frequent. I guess it's just that I always imagined, before dying, my last words would be something like, "Hey, watch this!" But the older you get, the less likely you are to put your body in physical danger (not to mention, being able to impress someone after making that statement). With each passing day, you're more likely to leave this world with a complaint as your last words, "Ah my neck hurts" or "this apple sauce is disgusting." (Geez, I really hope I don't end on that one). But really, who the fuck cares, at least I'm not a square. When some people get past what would be considered "adolescence," they start caring a lot about money and all their priorities change. I think I made it through that cycle of growing up without caring about money. Which means I'm probably scum for life. That really is something to celebrate.

So here I am listening to the new TOYS THAT KILL record *Fambly 42*. My eagerness to listen to this album was not as vehement as it was for *Control the Sun*-era Fred, mostly because my appetite for apolitical pop punk has abated, but also because it was their fourth album. It's really rare for a band to make four great records, unless of course they do a lot of experimenting with different sounds (which we all know is not the case here). Lots of good bands have made three solid records—the fourth, that's a tough one. The cover art left a lot to be desired (geez come one Todd, you had a whole gatefold and this is how you choose to waste it!), but when the needle hit the vinyl, it all came flooding back to me. The memory of crazy basement shows, throwing (almost) empty beer cans across the room to hit one of my jackass friends, hoarse throats, dirty shoes and messy smiles. I wouldn't say this album is better, worse or even different to their other albums. It can definitely be described as "more of the same" (i.e. super fucking good), which is okay by me 'cause I've already listened to the other three too much.

Talking about records with strong sentimental appeal, HICKEY's *Various States Of Despair* was reissued again, but this time pressed to vinyl (for the first time) and expanded to include tracks not appearing on the previous version. Most notably (for me) it includes "Food Stamps and Drink Tickets," which is arguably one of their best songs. I can't verbalize how awesome/important this band is. This compilation, to me, is equitable to BLACK FLAG's *First Four Years* (yep, reaching for the stars with this one)—by that I mean it's an album that defines the word "classic." This is a record you can always enjoy regardless of mood/age/drug intake/sanity level. I recommend this to any/every punk. Chris Clavin, you should listen to HICKEY. Mark McCoy, you should listen to HICKEY. You there, holding this magazine, you should listen to HICKEY.

50 MILLION was a '90s Mission District punk band that existed in the same scene as HICKEY. They are every bit as awesome and memorable, but much less accessible. They could craft a pop song better than anybody on the planet, but they experimented with noise almost as much as they experimented with drugs. Hence they never enjoyed the glamour HICKEY did. I could write a novel (i.e. nonsensical tirade) about this band, but I'll spare you and cut to the chase. Wade Driver (half of 50 MILLION) plays in a new band now called APOGEE SOUND CLUB. They fucking rule! They just put out their first 7" on Fully Intercoastal records and will soon have a split 7" with SHELLSHAG. I highly recommend tracking down this EP. They played a wild record release show in my basement with TERRY MALTS a few weeks ago. As I was falling asleep, I could hear three different people crying in three different parts of the house. Heartbreak and alcohol make for messy partners.

While we're on the subject of messy partners, if you buy one split 7" this month, it should be the TENEMENT/CHEEKY split. Both bands destroy on this. TENEMENT plays sugary but grungy pop songs that give you an ERGS meets DINOSAUR JR vibe, while CHEEKY plays songs that sound like if the LIBYANS wanted to be more like BLATZ. Awesome!

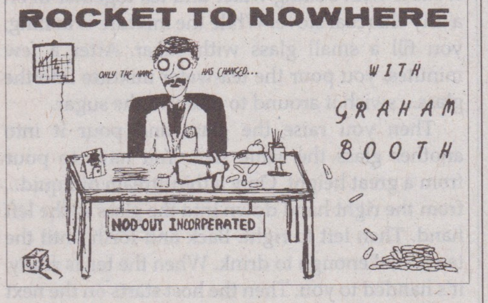
It was just my imagination (running away with me)

I had the best dream of my whole life the other week. It was the kind that sent shocks of euphoria shooting through my body so intensely I woke up. The circumstances surrounding the dream were not anything to take lightly. Earlier that day I learned that my oldest friend had gotten into a horrible motorcycle accident. I found out while I was at work; I immediately left and rushed to the hospital. On the way there I talked to his sister in Minneapolis. She had a hard time holding it together, but she laid out all the information for me and explained his modest chance of survival—to be prepared for the worst and hope for the best. He was in a medically induced coma. What was once a chin was now a pile of broken flesh. Broken neck, punctured lungs, the list went on. I was nearly at the hospital when I got the news he was being moved to the operating room and would likely remain there until visiting hours were over. Better wait until tomorrow. Not knowing what to do with myself I went back to work. The rest of the day, my world felt like a fish bowl. Blurry and disoriented.

I couldn't imagine my world without him. He was way too important to me. That night I wrestled with the possibility I might not ever see him conscious again. I wanted so badly to talk to him one more time. My hands hurt from clenching my fists too much. Sleep didn't come easy that night and in a medley of confusing dreams, I entered a room to find him standing there. The feeling that grabbed me was a strange mix of shock, relief and desperation. Desperate to tell him all the emotional shit that had been pressing up against my chest all day. Words poured out of my mouth like water. Eventually he interrupted me saying, "Okay okay...I get it. Shut up. I know all this stuff. And don't worry. I'm gonna be fine. It's gonna take more than some bike crash to stop me." "Are you sure?" "Of course, I'm always sure." Suddenly I was back in my room and within a few seconds sitting upright in my bed. It took me some minutes to process what had happened and let my heart rate trail off to a regular level. Fuck that was cool. The next day in the ICU I told him again how important he was to me, although this time a bit more calm and collected. He didn't hear a word of it. At that moment there were probably only few people on earth more fucked up on drugs than him, but it was just good to say it in real life. I was still really worried about him. It was only a dream after all. But that dream stuck with me. And helped. Everyday.

It makes good literal sense to deal in dichotomies, so talking about my worst dream would seem the right place to end this. Yet this is even more embarrassing than the whole piggyback thing (sheesh, I'm really laying it all out on the table this month. No more Mr. Cool Guy). This was a while ago, during a phase of poor health and mental decisions. The phone was ringing. It was Wendy. She was crying. Telling me she doesn't know what's going on but she misses me. I ask her if she wants me to come over. She says, "Yes." I'm trying to leave my house, but it's taking so long to find the exit. Almost like a maze. I wake up. My first thought is, "What am I doing still in bed?!?" In real life I hurriedly dress myself and I'm out the door. I start out walking. Fast. A jog easily breaks into a sprint and I'm literally moving as fast as my fool body will take me. I'm not sure when the doubt started to creep in, but I remember where it manifested enough for me to slow down and check my phone. No call. I slow to a stop and double check. Triple check. Nothing. I leaned against a wall. My lungs felt like they were gonna explode. More than anything I was mad at myself for being so stupid. What the fuck got into me? Sometimes I feel like true love only belongs to the lonely and the crazy. It's certainly a good description of me that evening.

My friend Mason once told me, "I know it hurts right now, but one of these days you're gonna wake up one morning and realize you don't care anymore." I was genuinely surprised to find out she was right. I wasn't so surprised to find out Anders was gonna survive the crash. I was relived. Intensely relieved, but I felt like I already knew that was gonna be the case.



Howdy kids! Long time no see. I've had a couple crazy months here. Just as I was reaching the depths of being a broke ass record consumer, I went and did the unthinkable: I got a job. It only took two years!

I don't know how many readers here have a post-Graduate degree, or are in the process of getting one, but I went to Grad School for those three bonus years to get a Masters in Architecture. After I graduated, I started an OK semi long-term four-year stint with an Architectural firm in Los Angeles. But then the economy shat the bed and tons of tiny lil' Architecture firms around the country cut their staffs in half or completely dissolved when people stopped building and the work dried up.

What a strange time. My old firm actually seemed to outlast a lot of other small firms because we had some steady work in the Middle East and China. I remember hating my job; it was pretty slow at the end, just sitting in front of a computer killing time all day. Meanwhile my peers were getting laid off left and right, I felt like even though my job sucked, I would stick it out because I was one of the lucky ones who still had a job. What a painful year that was.

So around two years ago, that LA firm finally fizzled and we moved up to SF cause we'd always wanted to try living here. The job market was literally dead, so I just tried to enjoy my time off, hustled for records and waited. Being an optimistic person, I figured it would be a year, maybe eighteen months before the economy picked up. I tried looking for work pretty aggressively about a year ago, but it was so slow going: send out twenty resumes and be lucky if you get one interview.

There would be these brief waves, where one month a bunch of places were hiring, then things would cool off again and you'd just wait. Every time things got slow, it just made you feel like we are all screwed, the economy has changed fundamentally, there will never be enough jobs for all of the unemployed people... I considered myself lucky, in my thirties, still "young" for my profession, as if somebody might hire me. If I was ten to fifteen years older I doubt anyone would even look at me. Experience seems to mean nothing anymore.

So anyway, yeah, a few weeks ago I had an interview and a few days later I was offered a job so I took it. It's been strange readjusting to the "9 to 5" (er, "8 to 6"…30) lifestyle. Did I really used to do this? Somehow it all feels more difficult. Get up at 6:30 am, go to work all day, come home hopefully by 7:15 pm, spend one hour figuring out dinner, watch TV or surf the internet for two hours and then start counting down the minutes you're taking out of your sleep schedule for the next morning. Is this really it? I get two days off per weekend and I'm supposed to be fine with this? Ungh.

Needless to say, all the time at the day job has really cut into my record time. I mean, looking for records is one thing, but for a while there, I was having these multi-hour long listening sessions, just sitting on the couch listening to a steady, string of random shit I'd accumulated. Every song would make me think of another song and I'd go try to dig it out and listen. I remembered what it was like to have a turntable, to get lost in the zone and not give a fuck about anything except enjoying one song after the next. I wonder if that will ever happen again?

And yeah, digging for records is over. I mean, even if I wanted to. Record Flipper is a "serious" profession these days. No joke actually. Records have become a full-time job for many people in our broke ass economy. It's kind of refreshing to know you can go in alone, hustle hard and be able to scrape by (or better) by doing a hobby full time. But these guys are the reason that "record stores suck." They are out there every day searching—it's their "9 to 5" job. If they have a spot they regularly come up at, they will often check in two or three times a week. Any decent spot probably has 20-30 regulars scoping the bins every week, so for you to get it, you either have to be there first or hope 20 other people decide not to buy it first. So yeah, I can do my little token weekend dig for old times sake or try and shop an hour after work, but I ain't seeing shit. This is all for recreation.

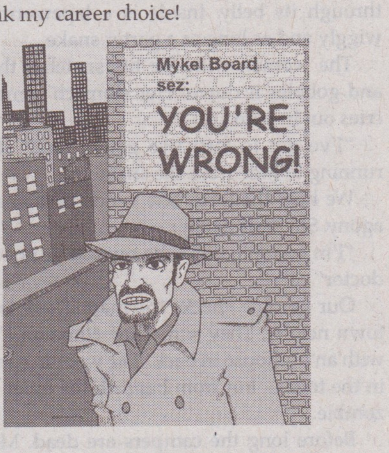
And my internet digging time is over too. I know someone who would disagree, but I'm lucky these days if I get 30-40 minutes of eBay time. I'm kinda over it, but having done it for so long, I know I'm missing out on tons of crazy shit slipping through the cracks. I guess I just have to let someone else get all the deals.

Even so, I've still managed to snag a couple punky winners of late, I just wish I had more time to enjoy them. The big acquisition this month is DEMON PREACHER *Royal Northern* 7" EP. The years have passed since I first heard this first gen UK rough punker, the infamous Mr. B put me up on it. I'm not sure if it was on a comp or not. I never heard anyone else talk about it, but it's a damn rare record, especially the picture sleeve, one of the crudest and (therefore) best UK punk sleeves ever. Also it's a four-songer that covers some territory, my favorite songs are on the B-Side and have that really tough thuggish rock'n'roll sound I associate with Australian bands of the era. The title track is on YouTube, but I don't think it captures them very well.

DEMON PREACHER put out a second single on Small Wonder called *Little Miss Perfect* which I don't really remember, but checking YouTube it's actually a pretty infectious melodic punker à la the DAMNED *Machine Gun Etiquette* era. Then they shortened their name to the DEMONS and self-released a more punky, rockabilly single (that is actually pretty good). Then things got really silly when frontman Nik Fiend went off and started ALIEN SEX FIEND. Anyway, maybe the excitement will wear off, but right now this *Royal Northern* EP is sitting squarely in my top ten UK rare punk singles.

Otherwise, it's been kinda strange for records lately, mostly just picking up some classics I never found cheap the first time around. I finally got those first two FANG LPs. I literally had never knowingly listened to any FANG records growing up. You used to see 'em around, but they were one of those bands that people dismissed in the '90s as infantile and embarrassing. Like all those Nardcore bands you couldn't give away in the '90s, second wave skate tard hardcore. I never heard anyone talk about FANG until I got to the Bay Area and people had grown up with them (and even those people didn't think too much of 'em). Anyway, I am loving the FANG *Land Shark* LP, but didn't get hooked as hard by *Where The Wild Things Are* LP.

So that's that. Hopefully I'll have more time to find records this coming month. If not, I may need to rethink my career choice!



"I see your point, but I still think you're full of shit."
—The Improper Newspaper

It's a tight stall in the bathroom. From above, we see four high school girls, all in Japanese school uniforms. They're crowded together in the stall. One is kneeling, head bent over the toilet. The others girls' hands push on her head, forcing it into the bowl.

"Eat shit!" yell the girls.

"Eat shit!" they yell again.

What happens next is unclear, but after some splashing, the girls drag the poor abused one out of the stall on to the bathroom floor. The victim's head drenched, she shouts into the air.

"Sister save me! Save me!"

Another girl in uniform, cute in a slightly butch way, comes running... bursts into the bathroom... slams the door open against the tile wall. The three evil girls look at her.

"If you want to save your sister," says one of them, "then fart. Fart right now!"

"Don't sister!" begs the drenched girl. "Don't lose your dignity. Don't do that for me... for anyone!"

The girl who had her head in the toilet breaks away from the other three. She runs upstairs.

Apparently, they're in a gym and she's now in the top seats... high up in the stands. She jumps, falling head first to her death.

Cut to a few weeks into the future: It's the first time out for the sister. She's on a camping trip with a few other girls. Along is an older 20-something who wears a low-cut blue dress. The valley on her chest separates bazzooms usually not found on Japanese women.

The crew is in a van driven by a sniffing cokehead: shaved bald, he has a perpetual runny nose.

Here they are, by the lake.

"Everybody out! We're going fishing!"

Little do these innocent hook-and-liners know that the fish from this lake host a tapeworm. Bazzoom girl knows. She also knows that those tapeworms steal food from their hosts' intestine. That theft prevents nourishment from reaching the host, making the fish thin, no matter how much they eat. Cleavage girl figures if she eats one of the tapeworms, she too can stay thin.

"I got one. I got one!" says our highschool heroine.

The cokehead yanks it off the line and slices through its belly. Inside is a tapeworm: white, wiggly and as long as a garter snake.

The woman with the tits snatches the worm and gobbles it down. Her stomach rumbles. She cries out in pain.

"I've got to fart! I've got to fart!" she yells, running to hide from the shame.

We hear the farts. She bends in stomach-ache agony. She farts again.

"I'm going to die!" she says. "I've got to find a doctor"

Our heroine checks the map. There is a small town nearby. They run. They come on a house... with an outhouse in back. The woman runs to shit in the toilet... but from beneath the toilet comes a zombie.

Before long the campers are dead. Murdered by zombies and tapeworm-laced spaghetti, fed to them by a mad scientist. All die horribly... except for the sister who was saved from farting. Now she's in a sword fight with an evil giant tapeworm. They're aloft, she riding on a tenuous strand soon cut by the evil worm.

She falls. Head first downward. Doomed! Suddenly the sound of a tremendous fart. A huge BRRRRRAAAAAP! An anal tornado... from the rectum of our heroine. The power of the wind saves the falling girl and hurls her back into space. A series of superfarts allow her to keep aloft and eventually defeat the evil tapeworm.

The movie is: **ZOMBIE ASS, TOILET OF THE DEAD**. I've just seen it with Toshi, a Japanese pal, Bryan and Randy, my Trini friends from ANTI-EVERYTHING and Taina, the Puerto Rican singer of COJOBA.

"That may be the best movie I've ever seen," I tell the crew as we leave the theater.

"Was that really Japanese?" asks Toshi, shaking his head.

"I don't think so."

"What a great movie!" says Bryan. "Shitty but great."

"It was feminist!" says Taini.

"Huh?" grunt the rest of us, eight eyebrows raised in unison.

"Sure," she explains. "Don't you get it? Girls are told they've got to be thin. So they'll do anything to stay that way... even eat a tapeworm... and you see what happened to her..."

"Okay, but still..." I answer.

Taina cuts me off, as she is wont to do.

"There's more Mykel," she says. "Girls are told to be proper. Nice girls don't fart. That's a boy thing. Girls should hold it in, be feminine.... but being feminine killed the sister. And only when the heroine could let it out... could fart like a man... could she save herself and save the world from the evil tapeworm. She had to let go of traditional femininity and become natural, human, to fart is to win...It's empowerment. Get it, Mykel?"

At first my contrary nature refuses to accept it, but the more I think about it, the more I realized Taina is right.

Flash to The Gambia, Africa Spring 2012:

Yesterday's dinner has worked its way through my bowels. I squat, my pants pulled down over my knees, trying to aim my asshole at the hole in the ground that is the toilet. I'm outside, in a fenced off area that marks the toilet's boundaries.

"You need water?" asks ST (pronounced *Esty*), my host and one of the coolest people I've met in Africa.

My several weeks here have taught me the code. If you're going to piss, you just piss, shake off and zip up. If you're going to shit, you wipe with your left hand, and then use the water to wash the hand, and wash away any shit that misses the hole in the ground.

"Do you need water?" is the polite way to ask *Shit or piss?*

Although I'm a cultural rebel, I cannot get used to the eco-friendly hand method. I carry paper with me. I use water to flush the evidence of my squeamishness.

"Yeah," I tell him.

The door creaks open and a teapot full of water comes through the gate. I re-squat, and let loose yesterday's dinner... blissfully unaware of the zombies that may lurk below.

It's dark... the only light is from a cloud-covered moon and a faint glow through the windows of the compound. I have a bit of trouble finding the hole in the ground. I use the water to clean up. Then, I make my way back through ST's room and into the back yard.

A group of students has already gathered there. It's time for their nightly think-a-thon.

Flash to right now:

I write this column in the Think coffee shop, eating an almond croissant sipping on iced tea. Around me, a sea of glowing apples occupies the tables. Bob Marley is too loud in the background.

Me? I occupy two tables: one for my computer, one for the iced tea and croissant. I munch the $3 sweet roll and sip the tea. Across from me sits an attractive girl with bronze skin and wavy black hair.

The girl sips hot tea from a coffee cup. The teabag string hangs over the edge of the cup... like a tampon string hangs from a bloody twat.

My tea is iced. Hers is hot.

The Japanese are famous for their tea ceremony... a ritual in which every step from pouring to stirring to drinking has a method and meaning. Though it looks robotic, the idea is to transform the activity from mundane unawareness to perfect awareness. I never had the patience for it, but I love the idea.

In Africa too, there is a tea ceremony. I saw it in Morocco and Senegal. I see it here in The Gambia. It starts with boiling water and tea together in on a tiny charcoal stove. While the mixture is boiling, you fill a small glass with sugar. After a few minutes, you pour the tea-water mixture into the glass... swish it around to dissolve the sugar.

Then you raise the glass and pour it into another glass the same size. You have to pour from a great height. Only a thin stream of liquid... from the right hand down into the glass in the left hand. Then left to right. Back and forth until the tea is cool enough to drink. When the tea is ready, it's handed to you. Then the host starts on the next glass. You only get a tiny bit... like a shot glass... but it's perfect.

A bubble of gas slides through my large intestine.

Let's shoot, gliding on my fart—from the tea of Think Café to the tea ST is making in the back yard. There are eight of us, crowded around a few benches, sipping the small glasses of tea ST hands us, one-by-one.

Babucar, whose fauxhawk could be on any teenager in America, likes to gangsta-gesture, extending the pinkie and forefinger of both hands—pointing downward.

"Mykel," he tells me. "I want to visit America... to live there maybe."

"You need an American wife," I tell him. "If you get an American wife, you can live there."

"How 'bout an American *second* wife?" he says. "You know Muslims can have five wives. My first wife should be Gambian."

"I'm not sure that American women would like to be second wives," I tell him. "I don't even think it's legal... Even if you're a Muslim—or a Mormon—or anything that starts with M."

"Here it's okay," he says. "Don't worry Mykel, we'll find you a Gambian wife."

"I don't want a wife," I tell him, "Gambian or otherwise."

Babucar sucks down the rest of his tea.

"What if your parents said that?" he asks. "Then you wouldn't be here."

"I'm not sure the world would complain," I tell him.

ST chimes in, "I would complain," he says. "I like you. You're a nice guy."

The conversation continues through the night. The tea flows. Ideas jump from one person to another like tapeworms in zombies. Only nobody gets sick. Nobody gets angry.

"Mykel," asks ST, "do you ever give money to beggars on the street?"

"Often," I tell him, "I think begging is a noble profession."

"See," he says, "you're a Muslim."

I wish I had space to include the whole conversation, the rational debate. The tea drinking on tea drinking. The participation of Adama, a local deaf-mute who is as much a part of the group as any of us. Just a guy... his "disability" as unnoticed as a nose pimple.

The key is the discussion: reasoned, in good humor, with laughing, farting, back slapping, but *no* anger. No American-style "question my religion or my politics and you're *the enemy*." No making *us* and *them*. No *white* and *black*. No zombies and free-farters. Only *we*, a bunch of guys hanging out in a back yard in The Gambia.

Maybe I *am* a Muslim.

***

ENDNOTES: email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or blog viewers (mykelsblog.blogspot.com/) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column. Your zines, CDs/records, and... er... private videos... can and should be sent to me at: **Mykel Board, POB 137, Prince Street Station, New York NY 10012**

-->*Wouldn't want to be offensive dept:* The New York City Department of Education is removing "upsetting words" from their standardized tests. They are afraid the nasty words might offend the test-takers, or their parents. The words include "dinosaur" (might offend creationists), "Halloween" (might offend Christians because of its pagan origins), and "birthday" because Jehovah's Witnesses don't celebrate their birthdays.

-->*3some Thanks dept:* I don't know how you got the PO Box address, but I'm glad you did. Not that I believe the names: *Connor, Kale* and *Trixie*? Come on! But I sure believe the video. Thanks a lot! I've used up half a dozen tissues so far. You've even inspired me to include my postal address in every column. Thanks again... and I'm waiting with baited cock for the rest of my readers!

-->*More thanks dept:* I also want to thank Vanessa X, the editrix of *Asswipe Zine* (PObox 82010, Los Angeles CA 9008) Not only did she send me a copy of her cool little zine, but she also wrote a personal letter... in pen... by hand! She says she loves me! Yowsah!

-->True Game App dept: tinyurl.com/phonegame1 connects you to a game you can download for your iHell. In the "game" you get to see the shit people go through to make the phone. In the words of the creator:

Phone Story is a game for smartphones that attempts to provoke a critical reflection on its own technological platform. Under the shiny surface of our electronic gadgets hides the product of a troubling supply chain that stretches across the globe. The game represents the process of device creation through four educational games that make the player symbolically complicit in coltan extraction in The Congo, outsourced labor in China, e-waste in Pakistan and gadget consumerism in the West.

Let's see how long before Apple puts the kibosh on *this* one!

-->*What's good for business dept:* The Wisconsin state legislature has repealed the ***Equal Pay Enforcement Act*** that guarantees equal pay for men and women doing the same job. State representative Glenn Grothman said, "This is an important bill because it improves Wisconsin's business climate."

-->*Ungrateful dead dept:* There are very few famous people whose death would bother me. We all gotta go sometime. Here today, plant food tomorrow. But recently deceased Alexander Cockburn was a hero. I never read anything he wrote that wasn't right. I don't mean sort of right or a little right... I mean *exactly* right. The Gay Marriage scam, Obama as a banana republic dictator and a ton more. I've mentioned him often in my columns. The world has lost an important voice.

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"From hippies to punks, from organic farmers to ravers, rebellious subcultures are always entrepreneurial—both in their daily activities and in their overriding concern to set themselves apart in the great modern marketplace of tastes and styles."

—So says some douchebag

Records, records, records…!!!

July is a good month for internet auctions. People are on holiday and/or saving cash for holidays. I should do the same, of course, but the chance to snag Japanese noise punk EPs going dirt cheap on eBay is too difficult to resist! It's retarded too, because I know I can, and will, get the same records eventually via trading with Japanese pen pals and much cheaper. But never mind the bollocks, it's Friday, I just got paid, I am a fool about my money, don't try to save, viva Las Vegas and don't forget about the joker. In a fit of weakness, I placed $50 bids on eight separate auctions, all for Japanese noise-core EPs. I did this because I can't afford to be clever and calculating about my record buying habits, because then I'd have to buy everything I see—by this I mean, I know I should wait until the last five seconds and then kick in a killer bid and win fuckerz for nada—but in my idiocy I think if I place a high bid for some record I probably don't need, then I can pretend that I don't care if I don't win, and if I do win, well then that's like Christmas. I am an idiot. Ruining it for everyone. Do you ever feel cheated? So, for the first half of the week I was super excited that I'd get all those records, since $50 bids at six days left until closing is a sure killer. The half of the second week however, I started to get real anxious that I'd actually win all of the fucking records. Fuck me, $400 plus postage that's like $500 and then convert that to pounds and it's like £300. Fuck. I am in trouble. I would have to spend all my holiday money on records I don't need (actually I do need them!). But in the end I was lucky not to win any of those fucking EPs. All of the records went for $50. 50! But as I said, I don't have that cash to spend this month so I am happy—except I know myself well enough that I'll regret missing out on one of my top wants (I'd easily pay $65 for it). Oh well…

But a few days later I compensated by winning *V/A – The Vikings Are Coming* comp LP for €15 plus postage from some metal dude in France. What's up with these non-punks selling Swedish hardcore on eBay? Last month I got the first and third Totalitär EPs off some metalhead in Greece for €10 each. I guess after the first decade of the 2000s, a lot of new people got into punk and hardcore and crust via the big epic-crust touring bands but now when that scene has finally died a lot of people might have just got bored with it all and while they will perhaps continue to fellow-travel punk via general extreme music subculture, a lot of these cats are selling off punk records (and good news for me, not knowing what they're selling). By the way, I guess the Vikings LP price was at the upper end of what the record has gone for in recent years, but since no doubt it'll only get more sought after with time I am not too bothered by what ended up being £20 well spent on a Swedish raw punk compilation. As mentioned in a previous column, I seriously need to add more Vikings to my record collection. However, turns out the comp LP did not have the Uproar zine so I still need to upgrade it one day—duh! (But thanks to Kjell from Trondheim, I printed a replica for my LP from scans of the original inner sleeve/zine). Oh, and I also got an original Sex Pistols *Never Mind the Bollocks* LP, the Canadian first press, for like 99 pence. Noooooiceee!

OK, I mentioned the H word above—calm down, you perverts, not *that* H—I am talking holiday. I am 33 (old, fat, bitter, ugly, incompetent, incontinent, blah blah). I have been working full-time since I was eighteen. Well, actually I am lying, I also went to university for four years (studied history yo, wanted to change the world innit, youthful ignorance innit, looked up to Chomsky and CRASS innit, listened to too much Discharge and Amebix, wanted to burn down Big Ben when I grew up, but fuck all that, I am fat, old, bitter etc), but even though I know some people think university is a walk in the park, don't think I had it easy, fuck no, I had to bloody work in evenings and weekends just to get by. My point is, I am a hardworking mother fucker, not by choice, obviously (I'd rather take it easy, smoke opium, fuck my girlfriend all day and listening to fucking Tchaikovsky), but because I never had a family that could back me up, and of course I always got myself into shit (see above, and previous columns)… and well, now that I have technically all grown up I have a family to support (ironic how life inverts on ya like that) and well, anyways, next week we're off on holiday for two weeks. It'll be the first holiday I take my family on … no, actually it's the first ever! I've been with my girlfriend now for like seven or eight years (maybe six? Fuck I don't know, too busy buying records to notice the years pass by like leaves falling off the apple tree and…). Our daughter will soon be five, I know that much anyway. You may wonder how is it possible to go on holiday in the desperate times of 2012, what with the global economic recession and the fact that Royal Mail now charges a minimum of £5 per international envelope/parcel (even for punks)? Low-budget airline flights, house swapping with a family in a foreign country, eating pasta for three months and not buying *a lot* of records got us this holiday. Oh, and my girlfriend's parents did give us some spending money for the trip. Fuck, if life in the capitalist world was supposed to be easy, well what's all this fucking strife about then? Al-fucking working uphill, I don't blame anyone for choosing a life of crime. If I did not have these lazy womenfolk to cater to I'd drop out of everything and dedicate my life to drug abuse. Oh well, another life maybe. Ooops. Ojdå. As always, I managed to derail from the punk stuff I was going to talk about and ended up talking shit about my personal life. That's what happens when you grow up kids, you end up with no one to talk to about shit like this and when you're supposed to write killer punk journalism in the world's leading punk journal you end up spilling the guts to the world about the warts on your arsehole and the stain of vomit on your collar. As if *MRR* was some sort of lifestyle magazine catering to the over 30s, fat, bitter, alcoholic, incontinent undersexed cynical record-collector type (Hello Andy Shocker! Hello Chris Agitate! Hej mamma! Look I am famous!).

I wanted to write a few lines about some (for me) new Japanese noise. CHAOSCHANNEL, from Nagoya, is probably the best band in the world—which is good news for you Yankees as they're touring the US later this year, with Very Beer for Hero the WANKYS, in support of the LP version of their CD-only album, out soon on Tardis records here in England (*Europa*). Now, up until I opened the new issue of *Old Fashion* magazine, I thought there was only one the DONKEYS tape (pre-CHAOS CH). Bearing the same name as the first CHAOS CH EP on Overthrow records, *Serve Your Right*, that tape is of obvious interests to fans of CHAOS CH and has been easily available on the internet for years. It's actually a pretty good tape too, thirteen noise-punk songs that, when played retrospectively, definitely hint at the sound and style that CHAOS CH would go on to perfect on their two EPs. For fans of CHAOS CH already the first song, "Dead Boy," will be recognised as a definite CHAOS CH style song, with its snotty chorus and trademark bouncy punk bass beat; the second song "Happy Life in the War," sounds even more like the later CHAOS CH with its melodic SWANKYS-rip-off bass line. Only one song, "Don't Kill Future," from this tape was however rerecorded as CHAOS CH (on the *Damn the Control* comp EP from Finland, shared with DISCLOSE and CONCLUDE, this is a must own comp EP!) Unfortunately, this the DONKEYS tape suffers enormously from its poor recording that sounds a bit like digital film of a live band with clipped sound (although the tape is still very enjoyable!). Washer's article in *Old Fashion* talked about old Kyushu punk tapes and included a photo of the DONKEYS tape, *How Dose It Feel?*. It was very intriguing, seeing that tape in the picture! Was it the same band that later turned into CHAOS CH? Luckily, I managed to get a hold of a dub of the tape from the article author. *ABC I love punk!* I love the possibility of instant communication across the world. Now, the *How Dose It Feel?* cassette has eight great raw noise punk songs that call to mind STATE CHILDREN, GESS, SIEG HEIL and GAI! It's nothing but Kyushu Noizuka at its very best (of hero)! It even sounds like it's recorded in 1982-1985, the period when the best Kyushu punk was recorded, and remarkably, this is unlike the more known DONKEYS tape, which is different in style and sounds much more like it's from the 1990s. *How Dose It Feel?* song titles include "Damaging System," revealing a definite and obvious GAI influence, "Safety Bomb" sounds like it could be a STATE CHILDREN song and "No War Make Peace" could easily be on either of the three SIEG HEIL tapes (Yes, three. I just found out there is a third SIEG HEIL tape, I might talk about this some other time). Since this is one of the last unknown and truly great Kyushu hardcore punk recordings, laying hidden away from punks just waiting to be discovered for at least two decades, I had to find out more and try to piece together the often conflicting bits of information in the DONKEYS / CHAOS CH story. Based on what little I could find out from asking Japanese friends, I take it that the history of CHAOSCHANNEL goes back to the very late 1980s or maybe very early 1990s, when some high school kids in Kyushu (either from Fukuoka or Oita, I am not sure, accounts differ), including future fashion designer Yasuhiro Mihara, started a band called the DONKEYS. This band played around their local area for a few years and this is the band that recorded the tape *How Dose It Feel?* Perhaps 1992 or 1993, the band briefly changed the name to CHAOS CH but when Mihara, the singer of the DONKEYS/CHAOS CH, moved to Osaka to live, the band split up for good. In Osaka, however, Mihara met some local punks who were starting a band and he joined briefly as second singer. This new Osaka punk band had no name so, as the story goes, Mihara suggested either the name the DONKEYS or the name CHAOS CH, both being names used for his old Kyushu band. A few months after that Mihara left the band, around the time the band recorded their first tape, which is of course the fairly well-known tape called *Very Fucking Noise! Serve You Right* and notably it bore the band name the DONKEYS. Shortly after, the band changed name to CHAOS CH and, as you must know, went on to become one of the most influential Japanese punk bands of the mid 1990s, recording another EP on Overthrow and even playing in the USA at the NY Beer Olympics in 1995!

More of this shit next month when I might write something about two bands I am currently obsessed with: LAST CHILD, the fifth rate Aerosmith wannabe lo-fi 77-rock outfit from Kyushu famous for being released by Kings World records and the CUT, another KWR band with some members from LAST CHILD, that plays weird punk that might be described as PiL meets CRASS meets CONFUSE meets the SEX PISTOLS! Craziness! But first I am going on a holiday in the sun…

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Layla Gibbon
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When I first moved to America I was totally startled by the professionalism exhibited by its punk bands in regards to practicing. I have been playing in bands since I was thirteen and I moved to the US when I was twenty-three, so I had a few bands under my belt so to speak. But some of these bands didn't ever play outside of my bedroom. Some were just a conversation. Only one or two actually had an organized practice space, both happening to be at youth centers where we were probably the only teens who had touched the practice space since rave culture decimated anyone's desire, in our neighborhood at least, to be in a band. We mostly formed bands and played music to hang out with each other—and I am definitely not speaking for every single English person or human being that was a punk in London in the '90s, just for my circle of friends.

We were all teenage girls from various housing estates in West London; we found each other through our love of underground music and skateboarding. We performed both of these activities with a distinct lack of interest in reaching for the stars or being the champions of the world. In fact we pretty much just did these things to hang out with each other within desolate car parks, or to somehow trick the antiquated youth club system into letting us make shit-fi sounds on the government's dime.

The first time I played music with Americans, it was a pretty similar mentality; the girls I was playing with had also been in a degenerate teenage punk combo, theirs was Emily's Sassy Lime. That band was drawing to a close and so when I moved to California we formed numerous new bands with various combinations of girls and played shows whenever we could. Sometimes with just songs that had been written on the plane towards the location in which our gig was scheduled, as was the case when we played Olympia for the first time, under the name the Dillettoes. We evolved into the Shady Ladies, and maybe some day I will unleash the majesty of our recorded works onto the universe. If you saw us play, you were one of us.

When I relocated to the Bay Area, the attitude was much more pro gear, pro audio. Everyone had a practice space, huge monolithic amps and preordained riffs. I remember attempting to play with some garage rocker types in Oakland, they riffed and rocked and wailed, and I stood dumbfounded attempting to figure out what the fuck I was supposed to do. I eventually found some miscreants who got my endtimes, collapsible D is for duh guitar style, and formed a band and went on tour, but that was about eight years ago…

My teenage band was informed by the sounds of the Shaggs and Huggy Bear. When I discovered Mars, DNA, Void and No Trend that added more ammunition, but I have never been moved by the urge to rawk or shred. This is something that may work for others, and in some cases it makes for an OK sound, but for the most part I would rather listen to say the Primitive Calculators than some perfect modern day approximation of Teenage Head.

At any rate, skate for fun or not at all.
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whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com

JAN TÖLVA

GUEST COLUMN

Several months ago an unprecedented neo-nazi killing spree surfaced in Germany. Over the course of more than seven years, the NSU ("national-socialist underground") with its three members, Uwe Mundlos, Uwe Böhnhardt and Beate Zschäpe killed nine people of color and one female police officer. They also committed several bombings and numerous bank robberies. After the group was discovered and two of its members had committed suicide during a police raid, it was revealed by journalists that not only many, possibly dozens, of other neo-nazis had known about the group for years and supported it with money and infrastructural help but German secret service, the "Verfassungsschutz," they had also been involved in the terrorist activities to some extent which is now subject to juridical examination. While it is absolutely shocking how a group like this could exist underground for so long and kill so many people without anyone stopping them, it was no big surprise for all those who were well aware of the extent of neo-nazi activities in Germany over the past few decades.

As a matter of fact there has never been a proper denazification in either part of Germany (or Austria for that matter). Former NSDAP or SS officials were in the highest positions of the states and were present in every sector of the given societies. In Western Germany there were former nazis in almost every position you could dream of. They were chancellors, presidents, members of parliament and secretaries. Almost every higher official in police or the armed forces had made a career in nazi Germany before. Every secret service agency—interior and exterior—was founded and organized by former nazis. Until the 1970s most teachers and professors were former Nazis, just as many journalists and other people in influential positions were. And of course there have always been organized neo-nazi structures as well. During the past sixty years they formed several parties of which many were elected into local and regional parliaments. But outside the political arena, neo-nazis were organizing as well, forming paramilitary groups (often named "Wehrsportgruppe"). Some of these groups committed terrorist attacks. They set off bombs in cars of US soldiers, attacked political opponents and killed several people. A climax was reached when a bomb detonated at the "Oktoberfest" in Munich in 1980 and left thirteen people dead.

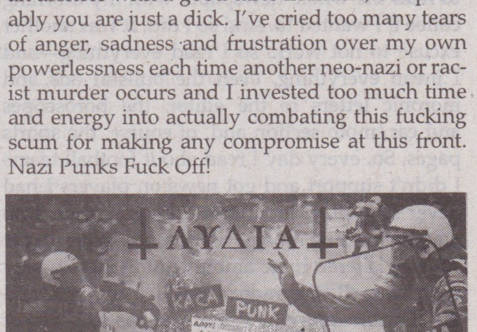
The worst era of neo-nazi violence however was the early 1990s. The years directly after the former Western Germany annexed the former GDR saw a drastic surge in nationalism, disguised as harmless patriotism in Germany society as a whole and an unprecedented omnipresence of neo-nazi violence. A statistic of Amadeu Antonio Stiftung, a foundation named after one of the victims of deadly neo-nazi violence, names 182 people who have been killed by ultra-right wing and racist violence since 1990. Seventy of them were killed in the first five years alone. Less official statistics of antifascist groups name higher numbers. Recent years also saw numerous pogrom-like situations in various cities, mainly situated in the former East. In 1994 in Magdeburg neo-nazis were hunting black people in the city center. In 1991 in Hoyerswerda ordinary people and neo-nazis united successfully to protest against the presence of foreigners in the city. The police intervened and deported the former contract workers to their "home countries." The worst situation however occurred in Rostock-Lichtenhagen in late 1992 when more than 2000 ordinary Germans were yelling and applauding while militant neo-nazis and local youth attacked a house of Vietnamese contract workers and set it on fire. It is a miracle that nobody got killed in the riots that lasted three nights. There was portable snack bars selling sausages and beer stands selling alcohol to the people. The police did little to stop the mob while it arrested dozens of antifascists who came to support the people under attack. The neighbors were given months of free rent as compensation. All Vietnamese contract workers and their families were deported to Vietnam by the German state. Shortly after conservatives, liberals and social-democrats passed a law that made it next to impossible for people to be granted political asylum. Neo-nazis, the German mob in the streets and the political parties marched together to cleanse Germany from unwanted immigrants.

It was during these days that I got into punk and it was this violence that got me there. I was too young to understand what exactly was happening and why it was happening, but I knew for damn sure that it was totally and absolutely wrong and that something had to be done about it. A friend of a friend's big brother knew about an antifascist infoshop in the next larger city. So we went there, armed ourselves with anti-nazi stickers, patches and t-shirts and came back to our small town as newly recruited antifascists. The soundtrack to our political agenda was composed mainly by two musical genres: punk and hip-hop. My favorite rap groups of those days were Fresh Family and Anarchist Academy, while I loved the punk rock of bands like Toxoplasma, Hass or Die Skeptiker just as much as the pop punk of Die Ärzte and Die Toten Hosen. Basically, I loved every band that was anti-nazi as long was they didn't play cheesy pop rock. Two songs of this era however are far more important to me than all others combined: "Fremd im eigenen Land" by Advanced Chemistry and "Schweineherbst" by Slime.

"Fremd im eigenen Land" ("a foreigner in my own country") was a rap song performed by three young rappers from Heidelberg—two of them, Torch and Linguist, were Afro-Germans and one of them, Toni-L, was Italo-German. The song was based on a sample from a major German television news program and the lyrics were documenting what it meant to be a person of color in Germany in a way that I (and most other white people) had never heard of before. The song spoke of a very real fear of being attacked, but also of being excluded and singled out on an everyday basis. The MCs asked why they were the only ones who had to show their passports at the border to prove their German nationality and told how shitty it felt when people asked them if they were from Africa or America, and wouldn't believe they were actually born and raised in Germany just like they were. I know this song meant so damn much to me, but I can hardly measure what it meant to people my age who were of color—but from what I gather its meaning was immense. To this day it is by far the most important hip-hop song in German language in my eyes. The only other song that might come close is "Letzte Warnung" ("last warning") by Brothers Keepers, a song released in 2001 in which roughly a dozen Afro-German MCs talk turkey about everyday racism and neo-nazi scum in Germany. Today both songs still make my eyes wet because for the biggest part they are still so fucking true it hurts as the recent news about the NSU have proven.

What "Fremd im eigenen Land" was for hip-hop Slime's "Schweineherbst" ("autumn of the pig") was for punk. A friend, himself a punk and a person of color, once told me that when he first heard the song on the LP of the same name it gave him the creeps because it was describing exactly how it felt back then in Germany. I totally second that. The Hamburg-based band had already been around since the late 1970s and many of their songs were class A punk classics, but this song was of a different caliber. In metaphorical words it spoke of the continuity of nazism in post-WWII Germany and the rise of neo-nazi violence. It expressed in allegorical language how the racist and nationalist consensus of the German middle class gave the neo-nazis a feeling of carrying out the people's will whenever they were hunting people of color, homosexuals, Jewish people, political opponents or others regarded as vermin and outcasts. The song's lyrics remain powerful to this very day and the detailed songwriting combined with Stefan Mahler's metalesque drumming, and an extremely sharp and brilliant yet harsh sound, still kicks ass as fuck. There are many good anti-nazi and anti-Germany songs in that era, like Toxoplasma's "Schwarz Rot Braun" ("black red brown") or Ausbruch's "Ein Käfig der sich Deutschland nennt" ("a cage called Germany"), but none of them can compare, although Ausbruch are a close second.

It is these times that shaped my ideas of what punk is or should be. Of course, there should be room for music that is just good for dancing or having fun but a basic antifascist attitude and a profound hatred for or skepticism towards one's own nation and state should be a prerequisite. If you are racist or nationalist or anti-semite or homophobic or anything of that kind, you can't be punk in my book. The maximum you could be is an asshole with a good taste in music, but probably you are just a dick. I've cried too many tears of anger, sadness and frustration over my own powerlessness each time another neo-nazi or racist murder occurs and I invested too much time and energy into actually combating this fucking scum for making any compromise at this front. Nazi Punks Fuck Off!



Bala. BA-la. Say that out loud, BA-la! That mean ball in Greek. It also means 'footie'. That sport enjoyed for centuries across so many countries around the world also known as football—or, if you live in America, soccer. Their football is the one that involves throwing a melon-shaped ball, catching it, running like hell, then getting pounced on by a dozen ninety-kilo players ready to fight you for it. Or something like that anyway, I don't know, I don't really care at this point, that's not what I'm here to talk to you about. Today I'm talking *football!*

Let me start by saying that I have never been the sporty type. I remember having classmates in school who were into football—so pretty much every boy—but didn't find any of it appealing. I was more interested in flipping through magazines and cutting out as many blue things as I could find for 'my blue wall,' or dressing up in weird shit with my twin sister and putting on musicals, than things like football, or piano lessons. We just played outside, making tree-houses in the back garden, which was the whole mountain side. Sure, I enjoyed volleyball in school and even did some floor gymnastics for a few years when I was younger, but by high school I was on the delicious combo of sex, drugs and rock'n'roll!

In college I remember seeing lots of wealthy young yuppies, walking into class carrying nothing but their cell phone, cigarettes, sports newspaper and keys to their jeep. They made bets on game outcomes and lost huge amounts of money (because they had it) and even got pissed off when you badmouthed one of their players. Who are these meatheads, I would think to myself, who have time and money to waste on things like football? I thought it was dumb, so much money wasted on big events and organizations, meanwhile the people are losing their jobs; the games still sponsored by large companies, the players sold back and forth as if it was all part of a Playstation game. (And yeah, Ronaldo looks the same in both).

Then, about three years ago, something weird happened. I had been working a shitty job for a year or so and got to picking up a crappy, daily newspaper every morning on my way to work. I worked alone and so had more than enough time to read the whole newspaper with my morning coffee if I wanted to. And so I did. It was another excuse to not work, so I read everything—and I mean everything, even the bullshit ads and moronic letters to the editor, the horoscopes and car/moto section and, of course, the sports pages. So, every day I read about football teams I didn't support and got news on players I had never seen play. I found out the gossip on who was embezzling money, the rumors about player A being offered huge amounts of money to play with team B, the radical past of coach X and the horrible injury of scorer Y. I was so bored at work, that I enjoyed being able to follow these events and games. I even asked old men on the street about match results, just to stay ahead with what was happening.

When reading about any competition, one leans towards something. I didn't even watch any football games, ever, except for the Mundial Cup, which, I mean—come on, who *doesn't* watch that shit even just a little bit when it's on? Anyway, I just knew that I wasn't going to support either of the two main teams, the eternal rivals, Olympiacos and Panathinaikos. I remember both these teams growing up, one was red, the other was green.

A red was called a *gavros* (anchovy), they originate from the port of Pireus (much like anchovies, which used to be sold at games, old school fast food) and their home stadium (surprise, surprise) looks like a giant frying pan. Their symbol is a white, statuesque looking, wreathed young man on a red background and pretty much 99% of Olympiacos fans I have encountered are meat headed idiots. A green was called a *vazelos*, from the word Vaseline shouted by Olympiacos fans after a particularly brutal match. I don't think I need to point out the connection between Vaseline and a sore loss, do I? They originate from Athens, their symbol is a four-leaved clover and their stadium is right in the centre of the city, across from the police's main headquarters. Most Panathinaikos fans I have encountered are richer kids, often just dorky, other times jocky, most usually just middle of the road boring.

I ended up sort of leaning towards AEK, mainly out of reaction—in high school I had an (older) punk classmate who was an AEK hooligan (he was that scary calm, you know you, when he gets angry he goes mental) and he told me some crazy stories from some of the games and it was brutal. AEK is the team from Constantinople, relocated to Athens, with the double-headed eagle and a stadium that once stood in New Philly, Athens, now torn down, so they play at the big OAKA stadium. Like all Greek teams, there's enough shit to dig up on them, you could block out the sun. Years later I was to meet another punk who was somehow knee-high in working for AEK and he too told some crazy stories, this time about the inside workings of the team and it was pretty surreal. Their mockname used by rivals was *lagos* (hare), presumably because they needed to run fast to avoid getting their asses whopped. I know there are punx out there who can correct me if I'm wrong.

I tried asking dudes about football and their reactions ranged from funny and stupid to downright moronic and sexist. Then in 2010 I met someone who really loved football and spoke to me about it with such passion and genuine interest, that I realized there was something I'd been missing—besides watching the games and getting the rules obviously. He didn't talk about amazing coaches, or unforgettable fouls, or even talented players. He spoke about the experience of being there, at the stadium, watching it all live! About traveling with a bunch of other crazy people by coach, or train or airplane, to go chant and cheer along their favourite team. To get drunk on the happy highs and to morn the horrible lows.

His team was PAOK, another Constantinople team, relocated to Salonica; their symbol a two-headed eagle, their colours black and white, their stadium in Toumba, Thessaloniki. PAOK's eternal rival is ARIS, whose fans can also be known as *skulikia* (worms)! I got quite interested in the image he had painted for me, as we sat at the pub, drinking beer, shooting darts. It was something much better sounding, than the corrupt, dog-eat-dog, shit talking, deal-making/deal-breaking world of modern day professional football as I had perceived it so far.

PAOK is one of those love/hate affairs—you love it when they win, but you hate it when they lose, it's almost like they're cursed or something. OK, obviously the more money you can launder, the more you can spend on buying ace players and I guess PAOK didn't have as much as the rest. Though we still had a pretty neat array of players in recent years, so sooner or later larger, richer European teams scooped them all up.

I was learning the rules, even remembering some of the player's names. I was actually following a sport. Me! The eternal chain-smoker, was actually chain-smoking while watching football! Well I never! That summer I watched as many Mundial games as I could, which was most of them seeing as I was unemployed. Little did I know that I was soon to experience something way better than crappy, organized football events, sponsored by Citibank and Adidas. I was going to witness the gore and glory of a third division football match. But I was not going to see just any team. I was going to go see the Asteras Exarhion!

To be continued…

***

We're always looking for new contributors, so if you want to share with us your interviews, scene reports, pictures and art, or if you'd like to join our proofreading, editing or layout team, get in touch with us for more information at mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. If you want to get in touch with me, email at lydia@maximumrocknroll.com, or go to nemesisknox.com for other proverbial crap.

THE DICKTATOR

mariam bastani

Holy Shit everybody, it's October and that means Halloween is coming up! Fuck yeah! I know that many scoff at Halloween as some sort of shitty American holiday that is yet another excuse to sell more useless garbage to a bunch of assholes. Or that it's an excuse for ladies to dress like a sexy vampire or sexy nurse or sexy elmo or sexy flounder or whatever the fuck… Or an excuse for shitheads to dress like a "Mexican" or "Chinaman" or something equally as stupid. Would anyone notice if I dress like a white person? Maybe 'cause all the khaki and a Titleist would probably send a red flag to my friends.

Anyway, fuck it! I love Halloween! Actually, my Mom's birthday is Halloween. The best possible date for a birthday ever. Growing up my Mom insisted on "scary" Halloween. No princess shit or fairy costumes for me… My first Halloween on this earth was spent in a homemade devils costume with a painted on mustache and widow's peak. Even though I was a slobbering baby, everyone either loved or was disturbed by my Mom's Rosemary's Baby theme joint costume for us. My Mom loves all things horror. She is the reason I have any old movie and horror knowledge. She had no problem watching horror movies with me at a young age. I remember watching Cujo when it came out in VHS. One of my earliest memories is the voice of Vincent Price. It soooothes me…

The best horror movie memory I have with my Mom is when I was in Highschool. Wait, let me give you some backround here…

I was already boozing and taking drugs well into high school and I was a dick most of the time, yet I was still sorta close with my family. When I got into punk at an early age, I didn't feel as if I was rebelling against my parents. I was more pissed off at how my family was being treated. We had moved from a mixed culture neighborhood to a mostly white neighborhood and it was a shock to me. My parents realized that the schools where we had previous lived weren't very good, so in an effort to secure their American Dream, we moved, got into debt and started over. This was a real learning experience for me. Sure, I learned more about racism and stupidity than before, but mostly I learned who I was right away. I didn't have time to fuck around and "discover" myself, I had to defend myself and I did. Those kids didn't realize that I had come from a harder place, but what they lacked in physical might, they made up for in hateful words.

It wasn't just the kids. I guess we are all smart enough to know that often, shitty kids come from shitty parents. PTA meeting were a nightmare for my family, but my parents are strong, proud and quick witted, so snubbing either went noticed, was ignored or combated with kindness. I hated any sort of bureaucratic, institutional interactions because they were always fraught with peril, especially for my Mom because of her thick accent. I remember getting really sick in Junior High and the nurse saying in front of me, "Can someone else in the office take this call? This woman can barely speak English." My parents taught me to be proud but to maintain composure, be humble, be graceful, don't reduce yourself to name-calling and never, ever be afraid. But, what they created instead was a fighter…

While I had listened to punk for a while, seventh grade is when I shaved my head, formed my first real band and started picking on the cool kids. I was a bully…and I loved it. My brother was a weirdo too and was mercilessly picked on by "jocks" and "cheerleader" types, so by the time I started getting fucked with, I wasn't having any it—I was already angry about my brother's constant hazing and people treating my parents like shit because of their accents and "weird" foods. Then, my Dad's small business was ripped off by a partner and my Mom got cancer for the second time, which required me to administer her medication and see her deteriorate. It was awful. I remember my youth as charged, drunk and pissed. Anyone who fucked with me was a target and anyone who had a seemingly "charmed" life was a target. I'm not saying it was right, but FTW.

So, imagine teenage punk Mariam. At the time of this story teenage punk Mariam had a skater boyfriend who was pretty cute and had a sweet muscle car. I had lost my virginity well before this time, but when you have sex with someone in your teens, it is not uncommon to get attached. Anyway, this boyfriend and I had broken up and I was super bummed. I slept a lot, smoked a lot of weed, listened to the Cure in my room, you know…the shit you do now. My Mom had finally had enough of my depression and, even though she was super sick, she decided that we were going to have a "girl's day out!" Teen punk Mariam was not into it, but how could I say no? Sure I had mixed teen feelings about my parents, but I didn't hate them— I hated everyone else. My home life, punk life and life at school were so incredibly different, but my home life and punk life were culturally different in ways that I was not willing to reconcile. I was fully Mexican, fully Persian and fully punk. That was that. And that, my friends, is how it still is.

So we set off to the mall for a shopping trip. I let my Mom try to dress me in "feminine" clothing and give me make-up advice. We looked at shoes and ate some frozen yogurt. My Mom bought some scarves for her head, now bald from chemo. I bought maybe one item of black clothing and some fake silver hoops (it's funny how I buy the same shit…). Next we had a nice lunch at Olive Garden and talked a bit. She tried to cheer me up and I tried to make any sort of conversation. It was awkward, but the true purpose of our "girl's day out!" was to go see a movie we had both talked about seeing together. Pet Cemetery. I realize now that the shopping and the food were just a lead-up to the one thing that my Mom knew would cheer me up. The one thing we would always have in common and the one thing one we could both enjoy together in the same way. Horror.

Even though it would sound like an awkward day for a punk and their parent, I remember that day as one of the best memories of my Mom. That day has become a ritual whenever I visit my parents. I call them pretty often and when the phone is passed to my Mom, the conversation moves from how we are individually doing, how our extended family is doing and then what horror movies we have seen or have been reading about. It is not strange that my visits home are scheduled with the next possession movie coming out. I know this may be cheesy for some of you. Writing about your mom really isn't too punk unless she is Wendy O. Williams or something, but it's her birthday, maybe her last. So I wanna get this down before it's too late. Thanks for indulging me, punks! Here's to better days.

Last thing...

I have to say thanks to Ken Prank for doing Prank Fest this year. I am not a fest person at all, but I love going to local fests because I get to see our local bands shred people's faces off. The Bay Area is killing it these days. Thanks to all the local bands who played and those local bands who didn't. I am starting to feel like I belong here and it's because of the music. Up the Bay punks.

Also, Clitfest is going to be in Chicago again next year! I hope you all can attend! It's gonna rule!

mariam@maximumrocknroll.com

I'm gonna eat the shit outta this record and then it's gonna play music inside my stomach and then I will shit it out and then I will

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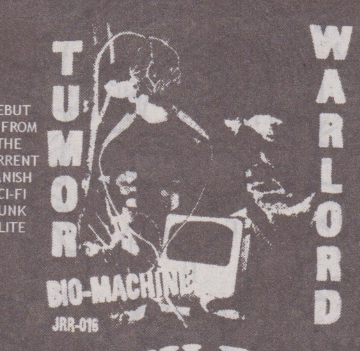

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UKK-050 Punk Lurex: Puolesta ja vastaan 12"LP
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UKK-052 Bad Jesus Experience: II 10"
Angry hardcore punk from Helsinki with great female vocals and crazy personal way of guitar riffing. This is the 2nd 10" of this killer band serving 10 new songs played by the members of Totuus, Tuomiopäivän Lapset and Yhteiskunnan Ystävät.

UKK-048 Sekaannus / Massacre -split 12"LP
These Finnish bands made their first classic split 7" already in 1984! Here we have now a full-length split-lp showing that both bands are still alive and strong! 8 tracks from each band including a cover song from each others. Note that this record is only pressed 300 copies and comes on thick vinyl!!! Includes a 20-pages booklet as well!

UKK-042 Lobotomia: Nada é Como Parece! 12"LP
Re-press of the classic 2nd Lobotomia LP! Incredibly good stuff and the original vinyl is incredibly hard to find. Brazilian hardcore at it's best mixed up with killer trash metal. A must for all punks and metal heads! English translations of the lyrics included for the first time.

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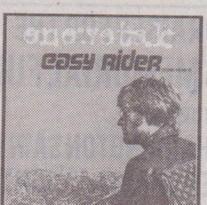

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NEW BLOOD

BY KAT SMITH

1- DATE OF FORMATION?
2- REASON(S) FOR FORMING?
3- LYRICAL CONTENT?
4- SOUND?
5- FUTURE?

DEAD LINE

1) Dead Line formed in the Fall of 2010 at our old practice space in Fort Worth, Texas. We started with three tunes and it all went from there...our first show being in late December 2010.
2) To start something new in a mostly stagnant (at the time) scene... New insights and influences brought together by a group of friends to form new punk sounds.
3) The messages range from the aspects of war to the strife of daily life: death, greed, money, power, extreme poverty, frustration, depression, addiction, anxiety, hopelessness and anger.
4) Punk that is mean and to the point...heavily influenced by '80s hardcore punk worldwide.
5) Our Demo Tape will finally be out in this month 2012 (after two long years, haha). Our debut 7" and a split 7" both coming up shortly after, stay tuned!
Thanks to Kat & Jeremy for including us in this issue! More power and encouragement to everyone for the communal and continual effort to keep punk alive!

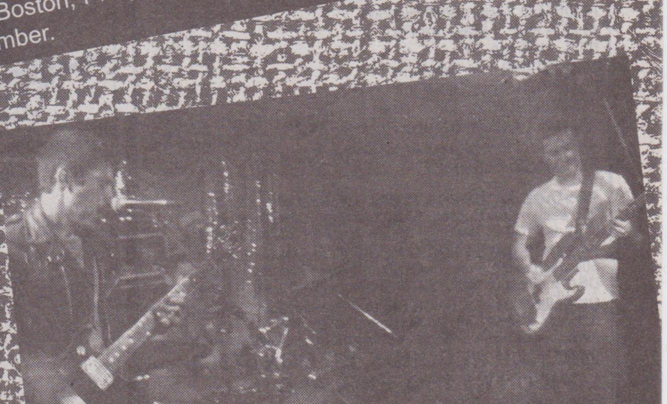
STOIC VIOLENCE

1) Stoic Violence formed in October 2011 in Long Beach, CA
2) Mike (guitar) and I (vocals) had been in the band Video Disease a few years ago but took a break from playing together after VD broke up. We were itching to play music again so we formed the band with a few members of fellow Long Beach hardcore band Trench Rot.
3) I write all of the lyrics and to me they are an expression of my anger and frustration with the world around me. Most of the lyrics deal with the monotony and futility of life. We are not a positive band.
4) The band is heavily influenced by early '80s USHC and late '70s punk. Most of the songs are fast, loose and out of control, but we give the songs a good dose of punk in the riffs to make them catchy and memorable.
5) As of right now we are writing for a ten to twelve song LP that will be out sometime in the near future. In the Summer of 2013 we are planning on going on a US tour with Trench Rot.

PISSHEADS

1) We formed in Richmond, VA 2012.
2) Pissheads formed to bang the triangle into the square.
3) Anger and disgust...
4) gbg
5) We are playing Boston, Philly and NY late this month. We plan on a West coast tour in December.

METH SORES



1) Meth Sores formed in late 2010 in San Jose, CA.
2) We needed an outlet.
3) Lyrics are about despising yourself, giving up on everything, losing your sanity.
4) Intense, unpleasant.
5) We will continue to write and record new material.

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Larkin "Reckoning" CD
Ciril "Hysteria Driven" LP/CD
Meet The Virus s/t CD
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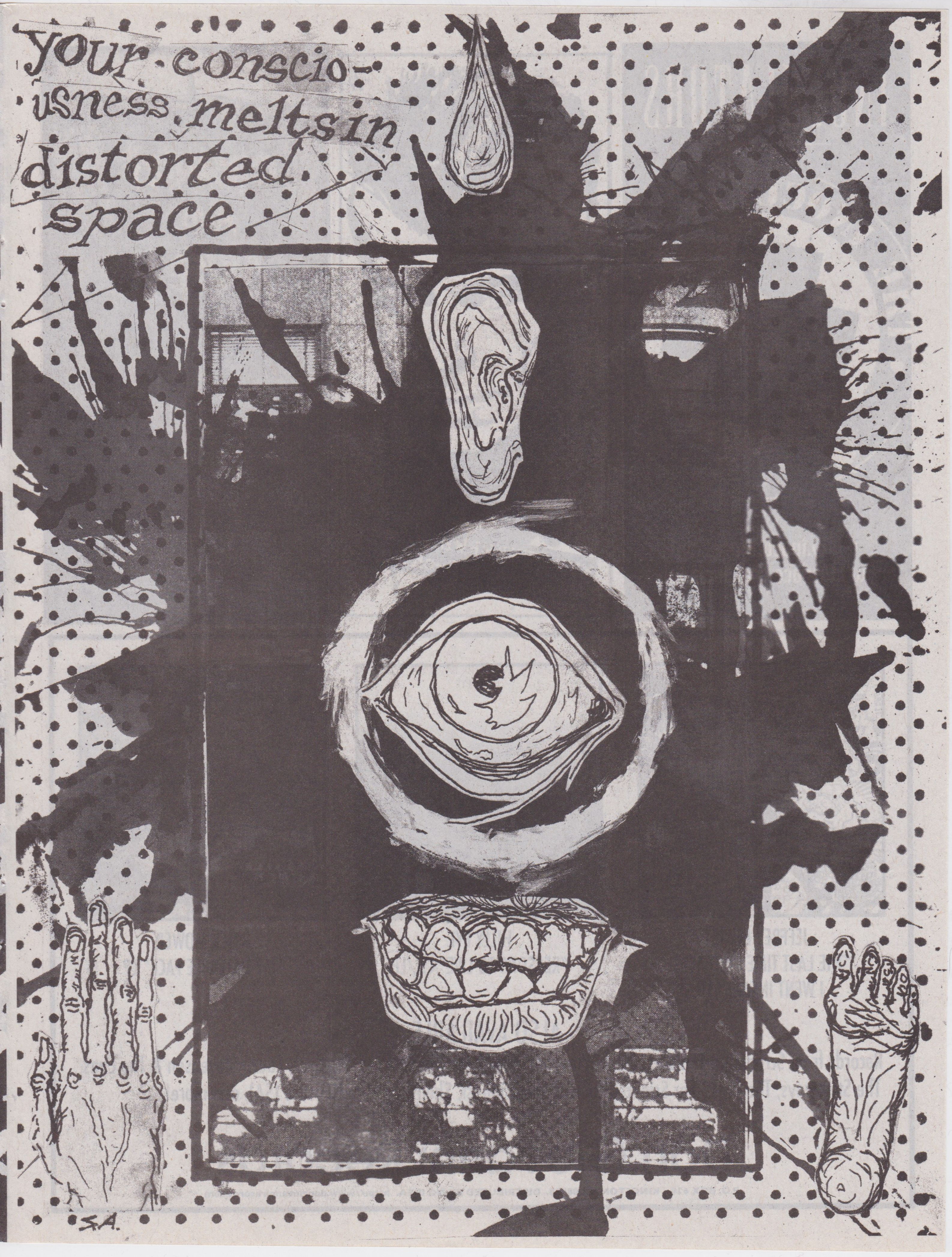
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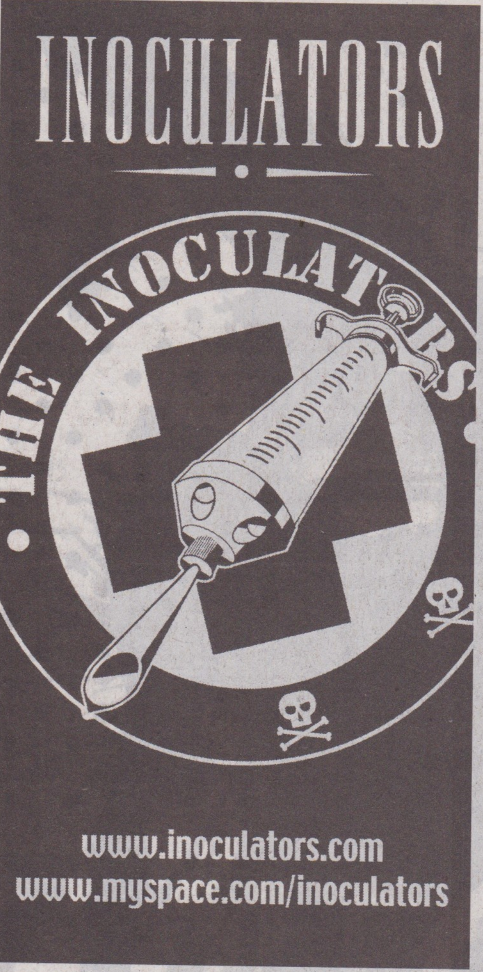
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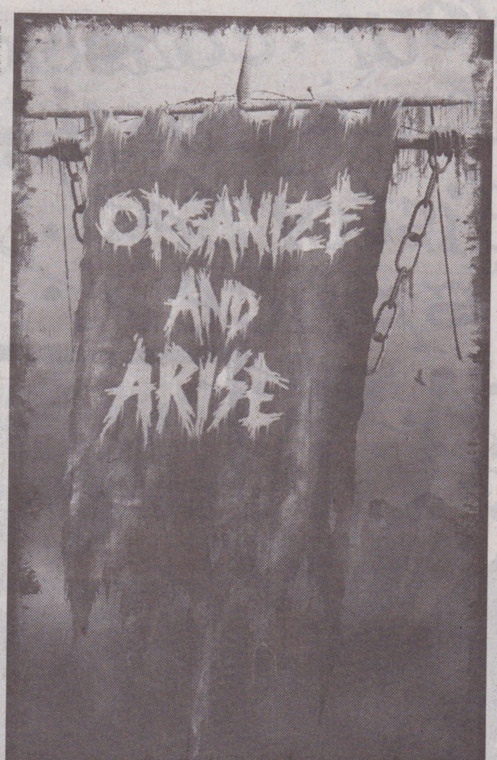
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NEWS

News compiled by Dandelion

RUSSIAN PUNK ROCKERS JAILED FOR 'HOOLIGANISM'

from Al Jazeera

A court in Moscow found three members of Pussy Riot, a Russian feminist punk band, guilty of hooliganism motivated by religious hatred and sentenced them to two years of corrective labor in a general penal colony. The trio was facing charges regarding their performance of a song in an Orthodox church, criticizing Vladimir Putin, the Russian president.

The verdict and sentencing came amid criticism of a lack of freedom of expression in Russia, with Pussy Riot supporters saying the case has put Putin's tolerance of dissent on trial. The sentencing to corrective labor is the harshest possible for first-time female offenders.

The three young women, in handcuffs, stood in silence in a glass courtroom cage. They smiled and laughed at times to each other as the judge, Marina Syrova, read out the verdict.

Nadezhda Tolokonnikova, 22, Marina Alyokhina, 24, and Yekaterina Samutsevich, 30, stormed the altar of Moscow's Christ the Savior Cathedral in February, wearing bright ski masks, tights and short skirts, and sang a "punk prayer" urging the Virgin Mary to rid Russia of Putin.

"Tolokonnikova, Samutsevich and Alyokhina committed an act of hooliganism, a gross violation of public order, showing obvious disrespect for society," Syrova said. "The girls' actions were sacrilegious, blasphemous and broke the church's rules."

She said their brief protest was based on "motives of religious hatred and enmity," but that she had taken mitigating circumstances into account when sentencing them, including the fact that both Alyokhina and Tolokonnikova had young children.

"Our imprisonment is a clear and distinct sign that the whole country's freedom is being taken away," Tolokonnikova said in a letter written in jail and posted on the Internet before the verdict by defense lawyer Mark Feigin.

Putin's opponents portray the trial as part of a wider crackdown by the former KGB spy to crush their protest movement.

Pop stars, led by Madonna—who performed in Moscow with "PUSSY RIOT" painted on her back, have campaigned for the women's release and Washington says the case is politically motivated.

In a sign of the tension over the trial in a small Moscow courtroom, judge Syrova was assigned bodyguards on the day before the verdict was read, after receiving threats. Police blocked off the street outside the brick courthouse with metal barriers, and police buses stood by.

Witnesses saw at least 24 people detained by police in scuffles or for unfurling banners or donning balaclavas in support of Pussy Riot outside the courtroom. Among those detained were Sergei Udaltsov, a leftist opposition leader, and Garry Kasparov, the chess grandmaster and vehement Putin critic. "Shame on [Russian Orthodox Patriarch] Kirill, shame on Putin," Udaltsov said before he was detained. "A disgraceful political reprisal is underway on the part of the authorities. ... If we swallow this injustice, they can come for any one of us tomorrow."

The trial has divided Russia's mainly Orthodox Christian society, with many backing the authorities' demands for severe punishment over a protest the prosecution has described as sacrilege, but others asking for clemency for the women.

Putin, who returned to the presidency for a third term in May after four-year spell as prime minister, said the women did "nothing good" but should not be judged too harshly. In a statement released after the sentencing, the church asked the state "to show mercy within the frameworks of the law" for the punk rockers.

An opinion poll of Russians released by the independent Levada research group on August 17 showed only 6 percent had sympathy with the women. Fifty-one percent said they found nothing good about them, or felt irritation or hostility. The rest were unable to say or were indifferent.

The band members are educated, middle-class Russians who say their protest was intended to highlight close ties between the Russian Orthodox Church and Putin, not to offend believers. The charges against Pussy Riot raised concern abroad about freedom of speech in Russia, two decades after the collapse of the Soviet Union.

Protests in support of the group were held on August 17 in cities from Sydney to Paris, and New York to London and a long list of international celebrities have backed their cause.

In Kiev, a bare-chested feminist activist took a chainsaw to a wooden cross bearing a figure of Christ in the center of the city. In Bulgaria, sympathizers put Pussy Riot-style masks on statues at a Soviet Army monument.

Governments including the US, Great Britain, France and Germany joined the chorus on August 17, denouncing the sentences as disproportionate.

Catherine Ashton, the European Union's foreign policy chief, also echoed that sentiment, saying that the case "puts a serious question mark over Russia's respect for international obligations of fair, transparent and independent legal process."

US' LONGEST TREESIT DECLARES VICTORY

by Humboldt Earth First!

After four years of continuous tree-sitting in the McKay Tract, Earth First! Humboldt is declaring success. Green Diamond Resource Company sent paperwork to the California Department of Forestry and Fire Protection, ending the clear-cut logging plan where the tree-sits have been located. The logging company recently stated that it's close to signing a deal to sell roughly 2,000 acres of the western McKay Tract to the Trust for Public Land. The trust plans to manage the area as a community forest in a similar manner to Arcata's community forest.

"These trees would have been logged in 2009 if we hadn't gone up there and the threat remained until now," said forest defender Jeremy Jensen. "We are very relieved that there was a positive outcome and that Green Diamond decided to do the right thing for this particular grove."

In August 2008, members of Earth First! Humboldt climbed an ancient redwood tree in GDRC's 60-acre "McKay 09" timber harvest plan and set up the first of many treesits there.In February 2009, GDRC timber-fallers were sent in to log the 100-year-old second-growth and residual old-growth redwood forest, but discovered multiple treesit areas and a large crowd of protesters on the edge of the woods.

GDRC decided to take a mainly hands-off approach, deciding to try and wait out protesters rather than remove them from the trees. Since then, treesitters created a ropes course that has expanded over several acres. People from eleven different countries and multiple states across the US have come out to help the cause.

"Hundreds of folks have come out to participate and community support has really kept this campaign going throughout the last four years," says Kelsey Burll, one of the long-term tree-sitters.

"This is a huge success for us, but our work is far from over. Old growth logging and clear-cuts are still happening at a rapid pace, and we will continue our work to protect pristine forests and persuade companies to adopt more sustainable practices," said Burll.

REPRESSION AND FIGHTING BACK IN ARIZONA

by A. Iwasa

The US-Mexican border is arguably a low intensity warzone. I don't use the term lightly, nor for dramitic effect. In 2011, the Obama Administration deported 396,906 undocumented people, setting a record high for the third consecutive year.

There has also been 94 reported deaths on the US-Mexican border in Arizona since October 1, 2011, this isn't the full story though. Tucson hit the national news again earlier this year when the Tucson Unified School District voted to ban Mexican American Studies and had the books removed while classes were in session. Now John Huppenthal, a state official involved in the ban, is reported to be targeting the department of Mexican-American studies at the university and other college-level programs.

I believe these sort of attacks on Mexican culture, in conjunction with xenophobic legislation such as SB 1070 has created the sort of environment where the April 8 shooting deaths of two Latino migrants in a wash that is part of the migrants' trail near Eloy are a natural extension of government actions, especially since this occurred just after what has been reported to be the largest series of immigration raids ever.

I was recently able to spend a week volunteering for No More Deaths on the border near Arivaca. I spent most of the time doing water and food drops along the migrants' trail for people who are walking from Mexico into the Unites States. There is also a major need for people with medical expertise to be in the desert to treat people who are abandoned, lost or somehow else separated from the group they are walking with. There are also other solidarity campaigns that No More Deaths and other groups are involved in on both sides of the border such as the Tucson Freedom Summer struggle to bring back Mexican American Ethnic Studies (www.tucsonfreedomsummer.com). For more information on how to get involved please check www.nomoredeaths.org.

For those who can't come to Arizona and/or afford to make donations, please consider organizing a film screening or book reading circle in your community. Last year, after volunteering for No More Deaths for the first time, I helped host a series of film screenings on immigration, ranging from videos on YouTube about No More Deaths, to *Made in LA*, *The Invisible Mexicans of Deer Canyon* and *Dying to Live*.

Suggested reading: *Enrique's Journey* by Sonia Nazario, *The Devil's Highway* by Luis Alberto Urrea and *Basta! Land and the Zapatista Rebellion in Chiapas Third Edition* by George Collier with Elizabeth Lowery Quaratiello ,which deals extensively with how the NAFTA has effected the Mexican economy and immigration.

POCO: www.peopleofcolororganize.com

MOSCOW: 100-YEAR BAN ON GAY PARADE

from BBC News

Moscow's top court upheld a ban on gay pride marches in the Russian capital for the next 100 years.

Earlier, Russia's best-known gay rights campaigner, Nikolay Alexeyev, had gone to court hoping to overturn the city council's ban on gay parades. He asked for the right to stage such parades for the next 100 years. He also opposes St. Petersburg's ban on spreading "homosexual propaganda." The European Court of Human Rights has told Russia to pay him damages.

On August 17, Alexeyev said he would go back to the European Court in Strasbourg, France, to push for a recognition that Moscow's ban on gay pride marches—past, present and future—was unjust. The Moscow city government argues that the gay parade would risk causing public disorder and that most Muscovites do not support such an event.

In September 2011, the Council of Europe—the main human rights watchdog in Europe—will examine Russia's response to a previous European Court ruling on the gay rights issue, Russian media reported.

INDIAN SUZUKI WORKERS HOSPITALIZE 40 MANAGERS

from Libcom.com

India's largest car manufacturer, Maruti Suzuki, closed down one of its two factories after a labor dispute boiled over into riots that have seen at least one person dead and scores of others injured. The factory closed its doors the night of July 25 due to a serious fire started by workers. A badly charred body found in the conference room is waiting to be identified.

A statement released by the company (a subsidiary of Japan's Suzuki) reports that more than 40 managers and executives have been hospitalized with a variety of injuries. The dispute is a result of rising inflation, reduced wages, attacks on terms and conditions, and the use of causal labor to bypass labor laws

Things came to a head on July 18 when a supervisor verbally abused a worker. Without an investigation or evidence of wrongdoing, the management decided to suspend the victimized worker.

Other workers became angry at the suspension and got the union involved. As the union attempted to negotiate, the bosses brought in hundreds of hired bouncers, who locked the factory gates and, on the behest of the management, attacked workers with weapons.

A union official reported that "the bouncers, joined by some of the managerial staff and police later, beat up a number of workers, who were hospitalized with serious injuries. They also destroyed company property and set fire to a portion of the factory."

The government and police have shown no interest in pursuing any of the hired thugs who started the violence, but are instead hunting more than 3,000 workers on the charge of murder. 91 are arrested so far. The bosses have now locked out all workers from the Manesar plant, which, along with its sister plant, produces more than 40 percent of India's cars.

Working conditions at the factory are horrendous. A car is produced every 38 seconds. If a car is a second late, workers get a pay cut. If workers are a second late clocking in, they lose a day's pay. If they are a second late back from a break, they have their salaries reduced.

In 2008, a group of workers at Graziano Transmission lynched the company's chief executive before they crushed his skull with hammers and metal bars. Honda, Ford, General Motors and Hyundai have all seen serious labor unrest over the last few years.

In 2011, Maruti Suzuki made more than $65,000 profit per employee. Despite unprecedented profits, workers in the industry have seen their wages reduced by 25 percent over the last 10 years while directors have seen their pay skyrocket.

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ACTIVISTS SHUT DOWN FRACKING OPERATION FOR FIRST TIME IN US

from Earth First! Newswire

Nearly 100 Earth First! activists, friends and allies forced a 70-foot-tall hydrofracking drill rig owned by natural gas company EQT to suspend operations for 12 hours on July 8 in Pennsylvania's Moshannon State Forest. This is the first time that protesters have shut down a hydraulic fracturing drilling operation in the US.

Dozens of supporters guarded 10 large debris piles that were across the road in support of the sitters. Another group of 50 activists blockaded the entrance to the access road. The Pennsylvania State Police, with the Department of Conservation and Natural Resources, dispersed the blockade around 9 pm, removing the tree-sitters with a ladder truck. Three arrests were made for disorderly conduct, but protesters were cited and released on-site.

There are a limited number of actual drill rigs in operation in the state and they are ferried around from site to site on a tight schedule. By halting operations for a day on this site, the blockade has likely created a costly disruption for a handful of wells in the area that EQT apparently planned to drill in succession.

The activists reported that the police were reckless with the sitters' safety, such as being quick to cut their anchor ropes. The tree-sitter's safety and descent ropes were cut by the police as the sitter climbed higher up the tree. The police in the ladder truck had no radios and communication to the ground was difficult over the noise of the diesel engine. At one point, the ladder hit one of the sitter's support lines. Police were seen taunting the sitter by waving around one of their anchor lines and making jokes at them.

The site is part of a high concentration of wells in Moshannon State Forest, one of the most heavily drilled state forests in Pennsylvania. More than half of the forest's 190,000 acres have been leased for Marcellus drilling using hydraulic fracturing. Despite widespread public opposition, the former Pennsylvania Secretary of Conservation and Natural Resources predicts 12,000 Marcellus wells will be drilled in state forests in the coming decade. A recent poll showed that the majority of Pennsylvanians are opposed to fracking on public lands.

Drilling in the area has a troubled history. In June 2010, a major blowout at another well in Clearfield County spewed 35,000 gallons of toxic drilling waste into the Little Laurel Run watershed and caused the evacuation of Moshannon State Forest. Since 2008, only 24 of EQT's 198 Marcellus wells in the state have been inspected and violations were found at every single inspection. When EQT has been cited, it has refused to change its practices. On May 9, in Duncan Township, Tioga County, EQT was cited for faulty construction on a flowback water impoundment. Three weeks later the pit failed, contaminating a nearby spring.

The action comes on the heels of a 12-day blockade to stop the fracking-related displacement of the Riverdale Mobile Home Park in Lycoming County and the shutdown of a fracking wastewater injection well near Athens, Ohio. These independent, grassroots-led actions show a coalescing national uprising against exploitative extraction.

Susan Riley, another supporter, cheered on the bold action, "The state government has sold off our public lands and, with Act 13, stripped us of our rights to local self-governance. The fracking industry has free reign in this state and no one's gonna stop them unless we do."

For more information on this and other actions to stop fracking in the Marcellus Shale region, visit marcellusearthfirst.org.

MASS EDUCATION PROTESTS SWEEP CHILE

from the Huffington Post and the Australian

Santiago—Chile's police director says four officers will be disciplined for forcing student protesters to strip naked.

Gen. Gustavo Gonzalez told reporters before testifying to the Senate on Wednesday that 10 arrested students were forced to take their clothes off, including a minor girl and boy. They had been arrested for occupying their school in Rancagua, south of Santiago.

The incident happened shortly after other students threw chairs at police and forced them to flee a school in the capital.

Gonzalez says the penalties he'll apply to the station commander, a major and two lower-level officers range from a formal warning to several days of arrest. He refused to identify the officers before testifying to the Senate's human rights commission.

The rally was one of the largest in recent weeks, with between 50,000 and 130,000 protestors, according to police and protest organizers. While some danced to the rhythm of drums, thousands of others, masked and wearing hoods, followed the procession and attacked police with sticks and stones.

The police responded, as they have in the past, with tear gas and water cannons. The students were backed by members of the Unified Workers Federation, the country's foremost union, which called on members to join the march.

For over a year, Chilean students have rallied in the streets, calling for reform to the Latin American nation's education system, considered expensive, inefficient and inequitable. The government says the latest one in late June turned out to be the most violent, with 472 demonstrators arrested and 36 police officers injured.

Only a handful of demonstrators have gone to court after more than forty demonstrations since 2011, during which police have conducted mass arrests, widely criticized by a number of human rights organisations.

By the end of 2011, the movement had garnered a 10 per cent budget increase for education, in what was a small boon to student debt and what might have been the beginning of reform in the management of public schools.

Public education in Chile suffered from sharp cuts in funding during the 1973-1990 dictatorship of Augusto Pinochet, leaving a system that favors expensive private schools that are out of the reach of the poor.

CHINESE PROTEST, RIOT AND DEFEAT COPPER PLANT IN SICHUAN

by Russ McSpadden

Following three days of mass protest, overturned police cars, tear gas and violent clashes between protesters and riot police, the city government of Shifang in the province of Sichuan, in southwest China, announced last week that it is scrapping plans for a copper alloy plant. This is but one of dozens of industrial projects that have been successfully defeated by large scale protests and riots in China in recent years. As in protests elsewhere in China, enraged activists stormed the city's government headquarters and staged a successful occupation.

"We have so many people in Shifang. We aren't afraid [of the authorities]," an 18-year-old activist boldly stated to Reuters by telephone from Shifang just before the government acquiescence to demands. "The Shifang people will definitely not surrender."

But the victory comes with serious sacrifice. Dozens of protesters have been injured and many more rounded up and detained. Their legal future is uncertain. If similar post-protest crack-downs are of any insight, there will be dozens more organizers rounded up in the months to come, as government attempts to quiet such protests publicly is countered by a private draconian witch hunt to silence "ringleaders."

The government has accused the banned spiritual movement Falun Gong and the Dalai Lama for instigating the violence, but these are the common scapegoats used by the government anytime popular uprisings take place in China.

The following is a translation of a handout posted around the city of Shifang in the lead-up and during the protests:

Save Shifang! All City Residents Unite!

People of Shifang, let's save our city! It already a "cancer town" and they still want to build that molybdenum copper plant. We resolutely oppose this! This is our shared home and it is our responsibility to protect it. Everyone is responsible for protecting the environment!

Perhaps many people still do not know Shifang plans to build a molybdenum copper plant and still more people do not know the damage this will cause. Once construction of the factory begins, it will already be too late. We do not want to leave Shifang! Shifang is the "Bright Pearl of Western Sichuan." We cannot leave! Heavy metal pollution will cause us terrible harm.

Are there really that many Shifang residents who have the money to move to another province?

We must come together and work to keep the molybdenum copper plant far from Shifang!

People of Shifang, rise up!

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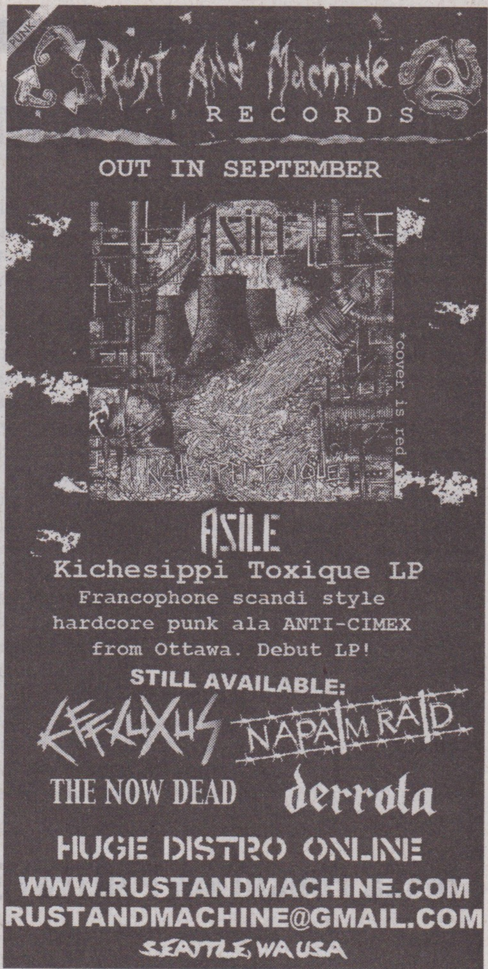

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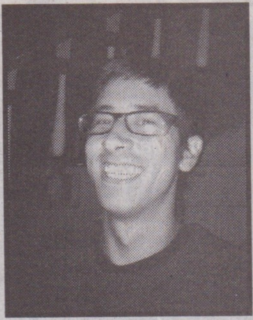
MRR asks you!

WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

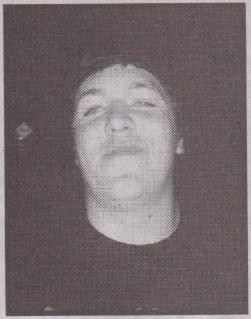
This month's question: What is your pop culture guilty pleasure? Answered at a Bad Antics show in a backyard in Oakland. By Rachel and Ethan.

Dahlia, Oakland
I'm not guilty about this at all, the song "Blame it on the Boom Boom" by Black Stone Cherry.

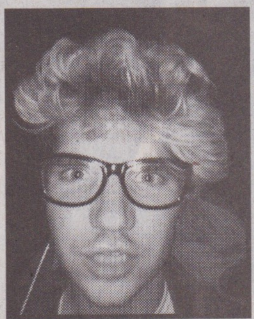


Chad, Oakland
Toby Keith.

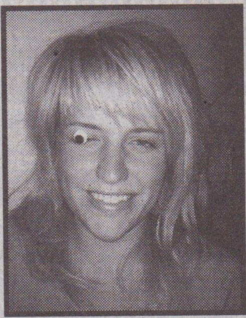
Sarah, San Fransisco
I went to a Croatian pop concert on an island in the Adriatic a few weeks ago and it was the best time I've had in a while. Fuck you punk rock.



Travis, San Leandro
I'm not embarrassed of anything.

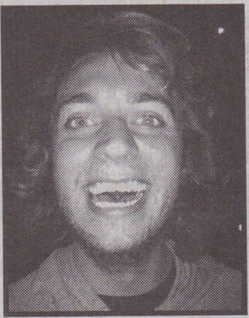


Kyle, Long Beach
Uh, probably Taylor Swift.



Rachel, Oakland
Mainstream horror movies and Taylor Swift.

Roxane, Berkeley
Anything to do with my main man Riff Raff and bad radio rap... the hits.



James, Hollywood
"Call Me Maybe". The song, the video, everything.

Sterling, Oakland
Juggalos.

Ethan, Oakland
I like pop country radio and trashy party girl music. I also like watching vh1 reality shows.

PUNK'S NOT BORN PUNK JUST IS MOTHERFUCKER

Stories from the Punk Underground in Peru: Part 1

*By Shane "Gang" Greene**

You might say the punk scene in Lima, Peru originated with the threat of another attack in a country that was already completely under attack. "Underground Rock Attacks Lima" was the headline on a show flyer from late 1984 that featured a crazed rock star figure hovering above a cowering city skyline. The flyer, designed by Leopoldo de la Rosa (aka Leo "Scum"), bassist of the rhythmic and rowdy trio Leusemia, announced a show of original underground bands that also included Narcosis, Guerrilla Urbana, Autopsia and others. Unlike punks in other parts of Spanish-speaking America, Peruvian punks grouped themselves under the banner of "rock subterraneo" (underground rock) and soon created a subcultural identity known as a "subte" (an "under"). The term connotes the specificity of what it means to be a punk in Peru, much more than the generic term punk or its offshoots (hardcore, post-punk, pop punk etc.) ever could. It unconsciously calls attention to an ambiguity between "subterraneo" (underground) and "subversivo" (subversive), participation in an underground musical subculture versus involvement in underground subversive politics. After all, the Peruvian punk scene really got going in the context of a civil war between Peru's authoritarian state and the Shining Path, a Maoist-inspired militant group that came close to overthrowing the state until the leader Abimael Guzman was captured in 1992 and the organization began to fall apart.

You also might say the Peruvian punk scene started in 1978. That was the year a band called Anarkia first started playing covers in local Lima bars of bands like the Jam, the Sex Pistols, the Dead Boys, the Ramones and others. Anarkia was probably the first Peruvian band to call itself punk at the time it was active. A short interview with the group in the Mexican rock magazine Conécte from 1980 identifies them as pioneers of Latin punk. Thirty some years later, Martín Berninzon, Anarkia's drummer, finds it both true and ironic: true because Anarkia was abreast to punk sounds elsewhere in the world; ironic because his band mates were actually good musicians desperate to play classic rock.

You might even say that the entire genre of punk—yeah, wake up gringo motherfuckers—originated in the Lima district of Lince in the mid 1960s. That was when a band called Los Saicos were singing "Demolición" (Demolition) and anticipated the kind of crude song construction and provocative lyrics so elemental to punk sensibility. Then again Los Saicos never called what they were doing punk and they still don't—although they've warmed up to the idea a bit after coming together in recent years for reunion tours. In an ironic twist of fate, the neighborhood municipal government of Lince, following a recent trend in Spain and Latin America to declare Los Saicos the first punk band in the world, imposes the label on them 40 some years after the fact. As of 2008, there's a municipally funded plaque on a busy street corner in Lince to honor Los Saicos declaring boldly, "In this place the world's punk rock movement was born." Fucking compelling as an alternative story of punk and implicitly for the world! But not a fucking modest historical statement!

We should know by now that origin stories are always myths, constructed to serve competing ideological points of view. First there was God, then Adam, then Eve. Yeah, right. First the West, then the Rest. Fuck that! Histories of punk are not innocent of their own origin stories, loaded with ideological positions of those who author them. Punk history also suffers from the tendency to standardize, impose one narrative, then effectively mythologize an "origin" point. Most look rather predictably to the same times and places. London and New York in the mid 1970s—i.e. the Sex Pistols and those "other bands" or the Ramones and those "other bands." Eventually people backtrack their way to Michigan in the late 1960s and hedge their bets by calling that period proto-punk (i.e. MC5, the Stooges etc.).

So, I'll make my ideological position clear. I'm not trying to rewrite history to make it, so that people think punk starts in Peru. But I am trying to write down some stories that make people think punk in Peru is really fuckin' cool, as cool as anywhere else. Some sort of chronology is inevitable. But I'm not invested in a history with fixed origins or final end points. I think there are multiple generative moments, each one already a derivation of something else - and therefore no one Origin at all. And since I can't ramble forever I'll just have to stop writing eventually. It will mark the end of these stories but certainly not the end of the Peruvian underground, much less punk in general.

GRAN FIESTA DE KARNAVAL EN SAN MARCOS LA UNI Y LA KANTUTA
NO ES
O SAM?
$
MARÍA-T-TA

No need then to remind *Maximumrocknroll* readers what they should already know: Punk's Not Dead.

To this I would simply add: Punk's Not Born. Punk Just Is Motherfucker.

"Canten en Castellano Carajo!"

Several things made the band Anarkia from the late 1970s distinct from the bands that began playing punk music in the mid 1980s. Anarkia was all by its lonesome without much of a "scene." They made no recordings to speak of—or at least no one has located the one recording they did playing live in a radio studio according to Berninzon. They played exclusively cover songs of bands from the US and the UK. And they thus sang in English.

The five bands that emerged between 1983 and 1984 in Lima playing punk inspired music—Leusemia, Narcosis, Guerrilla Urbana, Autopsia and Zcuela Cerrada—represent a contrast on all counts. They wrote their own songs. They were a bunch of friends connected to a bunch of other friends who soon constituted a scene. They left several recordings.

Maria T-Ta and Los Saicos

And, perhaps most importantly, *they sang in Spanish goddamnit*. I take the thought from the mouth of Daniel F., frontman of Leusemia. He belted it out as a command—"Canten en castellano carajo!"—as he took the stage in front of a slightly scandalized, upper middle class Lima audience in June of 1984 that was waiting for "real" Peruvian rock bands to get on stage and play English language cover songs. His point was clear. The language you sing in, like the language you speak in, is, by its very nature, geopolitical. Stop fucking pandering to the gringos or, worse still, the gringo-wannabes living all over Latin America, all those who, consciously or unconsciously, think rock as a genre is somehow naturally sung in English. Rock, like punk, like any expression, can be anything, anywhere. It's up to you to make it speak to your context, your language, your society. Do-it-yourself dumbass!

But it wasn't just the provocation to sing rock in Spanish that was important (goddamn it!). That, at any rate, had been done by others, just maybe not in quite the punk tone that Daniel F. seemed to suggest. What was important was the emergence of a scene driven by shows, recordings and a small circle of rowdy-ass friends as a following for the bands. There were lots of important shows between 1984 and 1986. "The Underground Rock Attacks Lima" shows are remarkable since that gave the movement a distinctive identity. But the multiple shows organized by an art collective known as "Las Bestias" (the Beasts), along with other independent artists (e.g. Jaime Higa, Herbert Rodriquez) were also foundational. The Beasts not only organized shows, they played a crucial role by punking up concert stages with provocative visual displays and artistic designs for flyers and cover art on some of the original punk recordings.

Some truly memorable recordings of Peruvian punk began to appear in this period. During late 1984 the band Narcosis recorded a DIY—we mean DIY as in do it in your fuckin' garage with a Sony recorder and a couple of mics—cassette called *Primera Dosis*. This is Fernando "Puppy" Vial's raw, fuzzed-up guitar, Jorge "Spiked Hair" Madueño's drumbeats and Wicho García's whiny but compelling vocals. Soon after that the four other bands playing at the time recorded *Volume I*—a 1985 compilation originally on cassette but now on vinyl, thanks to the Lengua Armada label. *Volume I* includes classic songs by Leusemia, Zcuela Cerrada, Autopsia and Guerrilla Urbana. Later that same year Leusemia recorded its self-titled album—the first of only two Peruvian punk records released on vinyl by a domestic Peruvian label (the other being Eructo Maldonado's 1989 "Rómpele la Pechuga"). It's full of catchy guitar riffs, provocative song titles and communicated a distinct sense of Peruvian punk having found its place in the world. Hence, the famous song "Un Lugar":

This ain't no Mont-de-Marson. Whoa-whoa.
This ain't no CBGB's bar. Whoa-whoa.
This ain't no piano bar. Whoa-whoa.
I just know it's a cool place. Whoa-whoa.

"No Habrá Paz"

"There will be no peace." That was one of the song titles on Ataque Frontal's EP from 1987—Guerrilla Urbana changed its singer and its name to Ataque Frontal sometime in 1986. This EP represents one of the only Peruvian punk recordings released on a foreign label in the 1980s, the French label New Wave. The song along with the cover art, a famous image of dead journalists killed in the remote Andean village of Uchurracay when villagers took them for Shining Path militants, say everything about the political context in which Peruvian punk emerged. Indeed, it's hard to find a band in the underground scene that did not have one or multiple songs directly or indirectly referencing the war. "Hacia las Carceles" (Voz Propia); "Ayacucho: Centro de Opresión" (Kaos); "Violencia que Asesina" (Kaos General); "Vengan a Vivir en Ayacucho!" (Eructo Maldonado); "Toque de Queda" (Descontrol). From just this small sample, one immediately understands the scope of the war and the way Peruvian punks felt compelled to comment on what it meant to live in a country riddled with political violence. The war started in 1980 in the Andean province of Ayacucho, but eventually expanded to most of the country. By the time the late 1980s came around, life in Lima was characterized by military lockdowns at night, black outs, car bombs, targeted assassinations and the radicalization of certain sectors of the urban poor and those young idealistic Peruvians hopeful for an overthrow of a corrupt capitalist state system.

ASESINO
ILUSION

Peruvian punk emerged during what was effectively a civil war between the state and armed militants with the majority of the population caught in between. There was never a simple overlap between the underground music scene and Peru's revolutionary organizations. Inevitably, some punks did get involved in militant politics. Others, true to their anarchist orientation, refused to accept the incredibly hierarchal party structure and militaristic model that the Shining Path and the MRTA (a much smaller guerrilla group) proposed as political alternatives. The two armed groups certainly saw the punk scene as a space from which to recruit possible militants. For example, an old video from a show in 1989 shows Shining Path sympathizers posting a communiqué at an underground music venue encouraging punks to join the revolutionary effort. The message was essentially to put down that guitar and pick up a gun. At other moments, militants saw punk, like rock'n'roll in general, as an alienated cultural form of youth rebellion imported from the North and thus just another product of Yankee imperialism. In 1985 the art collective Las Bestias and all of the main punk bands tried to organize an underground rock concert at San Marcos University—a hotbed of political activism and subversive ideas at the time. Shining Path sympathizers shut it down before it even began, refusing to acknowledge rock'n'roll as a legitimate form of protest in Peru.

The point is this. Punk everywhere serves as a space for youthful rebellion but only rarely has it done so in a context of such polarizing revolutionary militancy. Hence, in Peru there was an inevitable, but never straightforward, relation between "rock subterraneo" ("underground rock") and the "política subversiva" ("subversive politics") proffered as an alternative to the capitalist status quo the state seeks to protect. The relation was made even more complex by virtue of the fact that while punk, like rock, has always been a global phenomenon, all the mainstream histories of its "origin" point inevitably toward the US and the UK. Hence the importance of telling other stories about the many lives of punk rock in other places around the globe.

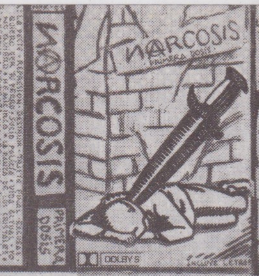
Once we were Five. Now we are Dozens.

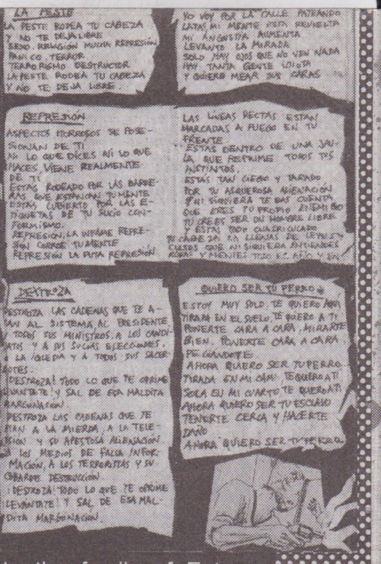
If the underground scene in Lima really began to develop in 1984 with the four bands on *Volumen I* plus Narcosis, by the late 1980s the scene had grown not only in terms of number of bands, but also in diversity. That expansion can be represented in simple numbers. For example, there is the follow-up compilation, *Volume II*, recorded in 1986 that included thirteen different bands. In fact, by the time 1986 rolled around Narcosis, Leusemia and Autopsia had all disbanded. Some of their members had begun newer projects like Kaos, Feudales, Gx3 and Eructo Maldonado. A whole series of newer bands were soon in formation: Yndeseables, Voz Propia, Excomulgados, Eutanasia, Sociedad de Mierda (SdeM for short), Lujuria, Flema, QEPD Carreño, Pánico, Descontrol, Kaos General, Curriculum Mortis, etc. Although several bands never left any recordings, remarkably many of them did. They are just extremely hard to find unless you know exactly where to look in one of Lima's few pirate music markets specializing in rock genres (El Boulevard on Quilca street in central Lima; or Galerías Brasil, in the district of Jesus María).

Unsurprisingly, young men overwhelmingly dominated the punk scene (a common problem everywhere at least until the Riot Grrrls exploded onto the scene in the US). But a few brave female figures began to emerge as early as the mid-1980s and opened up a space for a different kind of gender and sex politics. The most visible was undoubtedly María T-Ta, lead singer of the band Empujón Brutal. Her lyrics were incredibly witty and presented a biting critique of the conservative patriarchal family and sexual norms that pervade Peruvian society. Her story ended up a mystery after she left Peru in 1988 for Europe and essentially broke all ties with her former friends (to this day not even her closest punk buddies have any concrete information about what became of her life after she left). But her legend lives on in a recent 2011 vinyl 7" of the only known recording of her band, thanks to the collaborative efforts of the underground labels Sin Temores, Discos Huayno Amargo, Rock SVB.

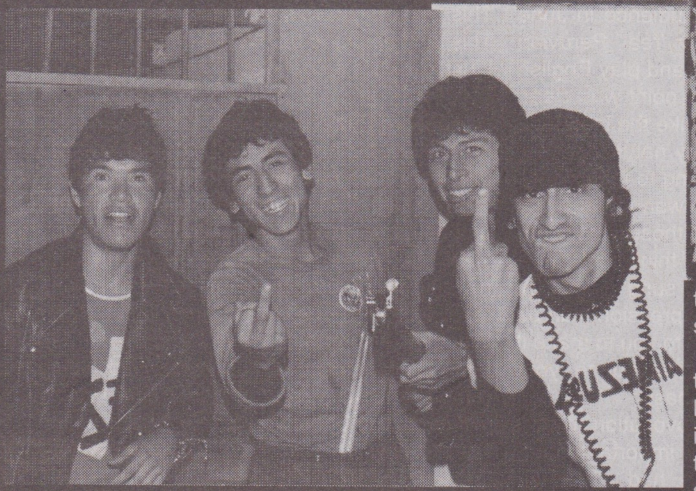
Just like punk elsewhere used to mean music as diverse as the Violent Femmes, the Dead Kennedys, the Pogues and Patti Smith—well, you know, before the emergence of hardcore punk in the early '80s had the unfortunate effect of standardizing what people expect punk to sound like—the idea of "underground rock" in Peru always contemplated a diversity of musical styles. Bands like Del Pueblo (a folk-rock fusion outfit) or Combustible (featuring the rockabilly stylings of César N.) were early partners in the underground music scene. But expansion also meant an explosion of genres and their mixture. By the late 1980s one had the "classic" punk sounds of Eutanasia alongside the ska-punk of Psicosis alongside the hardcore of Gx3 alongside the thrash metal of Curriculum Mortis alongside the punk-metal of Anti.

Well, except maybe the word "alongside" is stretching it a bit. Expansion also brought with it certain costs. Lima punks went from being a small group of friends to a much larger and more diverse set of actors from different sectors of Lima. The truth is that historically, rock as a genre has largely been a middle to upper class phenomena in Peru. With the expansion of the underground rock scene in the 1980s a wider and wider range of people, from lower sectors of Lima's middle-class and people with mestizo (i.e. "mixed" race) or Andean migrant backgrounds, got more involved. Serious tensions that were simultaneously racial and class-based began to emerge. Many say the internal underground "war" began in 1986 with a song by the band Sociedad de Mierda "Púdrete Pituco"—the best, if still poor, translation of which is "Rot you White Yuppie." The song was not directed at "white yuppies" in general but rather those punks thought to be whiter and wealthier in Peru's complexly conflated racial-class hierarchy. The truth is that quite a few of the "original" Peruvian punks came from relatively privileged sectors of Peruvian society. Those punks who felt they had been called out because of a privileged background soon retaliated by accusing the accusers of breaking up the solidarity of the scene. Pretty soon the whole thing devolved into conflict at shows (i.e. mosh pits became actual battlegrounds) and bitter accusations through songs and fanzines about who was a *pitu-punk* (a white yuppie punk) and who a *misio-* or *cholo-punk* (punk of poorer, mestizo, or Andean migrant background).




LA PESTE
REPRESIÓN
DESTROZA
QUIERO SER TU PERRO

LA PESTE ROBA TU CABEZA
Y NO TE DEJA LIBRE
SEXO, RELIGIÓN MUCHA REPRESIÓN
PÁNICO, TERROR
LA PESTE ROBA TU CABEZA
Y NO TE DEJA LIBRE.



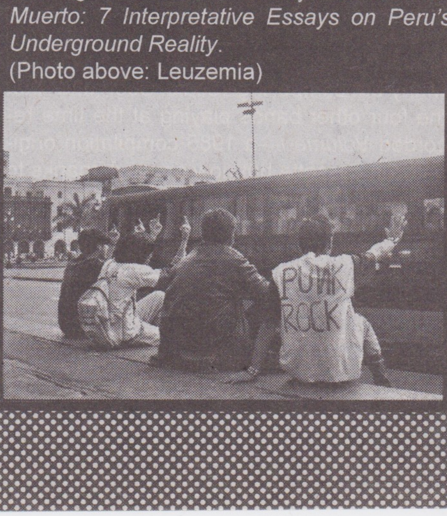
The whole thing ended in a palpable physical division of the scene. During 1988 and 1989 the two primary places for underground shows were no longer public venues but rather much more private spaces associated with different factions. The hardcore crew, heavily associated with bands like Gx3, Sentido Común, Kaos General and others, played primarily at a placed called "La Jato Hardcore" (Hardcore House). The Hardcore House was the family property of a twleve-year old kid associated with the scene (and later a member of the band Fuerza Positiva). In effect, it was considered the place where pitu-punks took refuge from all the accusations about their privileged social status. In another part of town—frankly not one of the harshest parts of Lima, but certainly less "nice" than where the Hardcore House was—the so-called misio- or cholo-punks set up shop at a place they named "El Hueco" (The Hole). The band Eutanasia was at the center of organizing shows there since this too was a private property that belonged to the family of Eutanasia's second bassist.

Truth be told, there were several bands that never fit neatly into one or other side of the factionalism in the scene and plenty of individual punks who went back and forth to the various venues with relative ease. There is a risk of overstating the conflict. But to pretend that the bitter in-fighting didn't happen would be stupid. It would be equally stupid to overlook the ways in which the bitter divisions in the underground punk scene, dividing people ideologically along class and racial lines, reflected the contradictions of Peruvian society at large. These in fact were the same contradictions being violently played out in the war between armed militants, claiming to speak on behalf of Peru's poor ethnic majority, and the state, which we know always speaks primarily on behalf of wealthier and whiter elites. Indeed, if Peru is a cool place from which to rethink the "origin" stories of punk it is also a critical place from which to acknowledge punk's own internal problems. As much as it represents a rebellious critique of the social status quo, punk is also wrapped up in any particular society's social contradictions since it inevitably emerges from them.

To be continued…

*Shane gets paid to labor at Indiana University-Bloomington until his rad punk career goes totally fuckin' global. Meantime, he's working on a book tentatively titled *Punk or Muerto: 7 Interpretative Essays on Peru's Underground Reality*.

(Photo above: Leuzemia)



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SICK/TIRED

Sick/Tired is one tough band to put a finger on. They smash together grindcore, hardcore punk, and powerviolence elements into a pleasing cacophony of utter break-neck mayhem. Ex members of MK-Ultra and Weekend Nachos gives you an idea of the direction their music takes. I had the extreme pleasure of seeing them live in my hometown and I later caught up with Kirk Syrek of the band to get deeper insight into his band, their new direction/writing style and what is in store for the future.

Interview by Will Butler, photos by Carmelo Espanola

MRR: Please introduce your band. How did your band form?
Sick/Tired formed back in 2008 and at the time we were all friends living in DeKalb, IL. Since then, I have moved to Chicago and as of last year (before we toured the East Coast) we added Adam J from Winters in Osaka as our new vocalist who is also from Chicago. Sometimes it can be a drag having half the band living an hour apart, but it works out fine for us.

MRR: How did Belo, your old singer, come to part ways with the band?
That was kind of bizarre. Right before we had two new records coming out and a small tour planned, he decided he wanted to quit. He never really gave too much of a reason other than he "wasn't feelin' it anymore." I think he was (and still is) very depressed about things in his life, but he never really opened up to us about it.

MRR: Where do you draw your influences/what motivates you musically as a band.
I have always been way more into hardcore and punk than grind or powerviolence. The other guys are really into grindcore and death metal. This sort of creates a balance in our songwriting because when songs start leaning toward the metal side of things, I try and pull it back over to the hardcore side. Ultimately we play grind I guess, but it is heavily influenced by hardcore/punk. When we first started out Gonzo (our guitarist) did 90% of the songwriting. Those are most of the songs that went onto our LP on To Live A Lie. Now it is much more collaborative and all of us have been writing songs and I'm really stoked on how we have improved over the years.

MRR: How was touring out to the East Coast? How was touring over to Raleigh to play with Despise You? Any mishaps along the way?
Our East Coast trip last year was really great. We all wish it could've been longer, but work and life just wouldn't permit it. It was great to be able to get out because typically we are only able to play shows in the Midwest. We had some equipment problems in Philly that sort of killed the energy, so I really want to play there again someday and redeem ourselves. We didn't really have any mishaps though. The Leathershop in Lima, OH was the most fun I've had playing a show in a long time. Those guys are fucking awesome. Raleigh was also really good. I had never seen Despise You, so it was sick to open for such a legendary band. Phil Vera is a warrior!

MRR: How was playing with Nasum this year?
The Nasum gig was really fun. It was rad to watch them doing a sound check with no one else in the venue. Very powerful. I think it was the first night of their US tour so they were all fired up and full of energy. Sadly, Dropdead cancelled and honestly they were the main band I wanted to play with that night.

MRR: What releases do you have out or what do you have planned to release soon?
At this point, our demo and LP are long sold out. We currently have two "new" 7 inches that came out at the beginning of 2012 and also a split 7" with OxBaker. All three are still available from the labels (Cowabunga, PRGNT/Idoneum Bello, and Schizophrenic records). Nick from Cowabunga will be releasing our second LP. This will be the first recording with Adam J on vocals. We are recording the new LP in July and hopefully it will be out before the end of 2012. A lot of the songs have been collaborated on by all four of us, which is a really good feeling. I'm really stoked to hear the final product.

MRR: It's great to hear that the band is maturing and changing. Do you feel the new LP is a big change from the first full length? I'm personally excited to hear the band with the added noise.
People are going to like us way more for sure because we are much better now. I think it's a big change because all of us are more involved in the song writing. Musically things are much heavier and a lot of that is because of Adam J's vocal style. We also bring the mince a little bit on this new LP, so there's that. I think our first LP suffered from poor production. We recorded with a friend of mine that knows what he is doing, but wasn't into the style of music we play. When we recorded for our 7 inches that came out earlier this year, we went with someone that knew exactly what we should sound like and it turned out so much better. You can totally hear the difference.

MRR: How many terrible bands with similar names like Sick & Tired, Sick'n'Tired have you come across or been mistaken for?
I have not come across any. There are people that say the "and" which freaks me out so I correct them when I can. Looking back I guess it wasn't the best name choice. I really like the "Sick/Tired" though because it looks rad.

MRR: Tell me what DIY means to you.
Not being false. Doing what you want on your own terms without relying on others to get things done. Taking some chances. Ignoring the trends and what others are doing and making your own way. As far as bands go, it seems like everyone wants everything handed to them now. MP3 only releases are worthless. Press a record or put out a goddamn tape. Record a demo first and release it yourself before you record your album. *Fuck Kickstarter.* Why are you pestering your friends and family into releasing your album for you?! Nobody owes you shit. If you can't afford to record your music and no label is offering to put it out, it's a good sign you are not ready yet. That doesn't mean give up, I just mean get your shit together first. "Musician" is not a fucking job no matter what you might think. Make your living some other way and quit milking other people or expecting handouts.

MRR: What are shows like in your area? Any new bands around that need to be heard?
Shows in Chicago can be hit or miss, but typically they are usually pretty good. A touring band can do really well here if the person running the show puts in the work. The problem is the scene is so huge and there are so many shows all the time that everything is really divided. Unlike small towns where shows are rare and *all* the kids come out to see bands, no matter what style they like, Chicago suffers from groups of kids that will not go see grind/powerviolence bands and only go to punk shows, indie shows and vice versa. There are so many shows, that everyone can basically pick and choose what they want to go see. Then you'll get a band like the Ropes that everyone likes and 200 kids will show up. New bands are always popping up. I'd say a good new band to check out is Consent. They are doing a split 7 inch with Sea of Shit. Cold Lovers is a good new band. There is also Violent End, who will play their first show in a few weeks (members of Raw Nerve, Manipulation and Vile Gash). Sadly a lot of the underground venues that have been hosting shows the last few years have started to get shut down recently which is unfortunate.

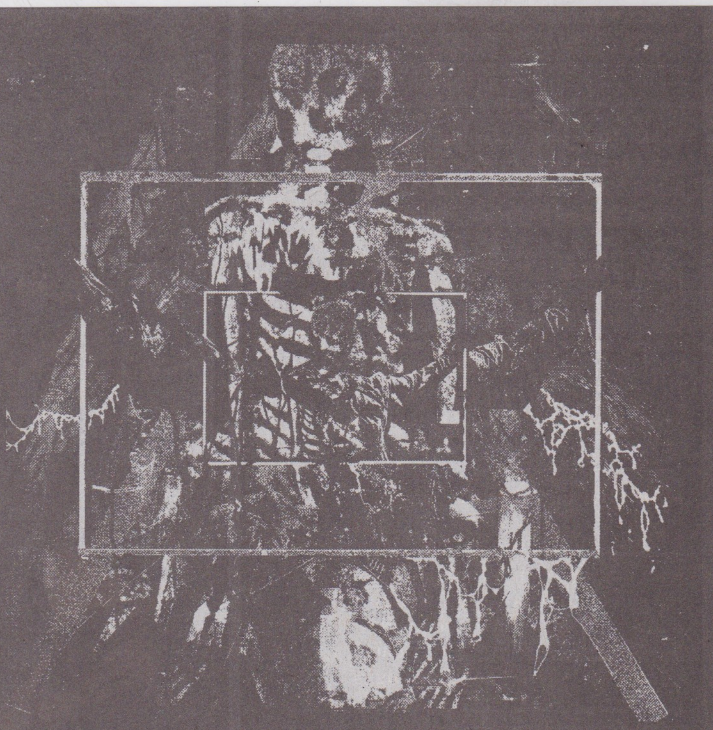
MRR: Tell me a little about old bands in the area. Sea of Shit is a killer band!
It was sad to see Raw Nerve go. Their shows were always a blast and they were great to watch. Also, if a touring band was coming through and Raw Nerve was on the bill, you knew there would be a good turnout. They will really be missed, but always remembered. Sea of Shit had a near break up recently. Their guitarist decided his heart was no longer in it and he quit. Luckily they found a replacement pretty quickly and decided to keep the band going. They just recorded a few new songs for a split 7 inch with Consent.

MRR: Sick/Tired's artwork is over the top. Tell us some about Mike Miller and his connection to your band.
Mike is a great artist and friend. I've only known him a few years, but the other guys have been friends with him for years. Adam our drummer has been playing music with him for a long time and that is how the connection was made. He is a fantastic artist. After we had him design our first three releases, we decided to go in a more stripped down and raw direction and that's why we switched to Dan Rossiter. We needed a change.

MRR: What are your day jobs?
We are all an athlete, a geek, a basket case, a princess and a criminal.

MRR: Do any of you play in any other bands? Any embarrassing past bands you'd like to mention? Tell me some about MK-Ultra!
I'll try and be as brief as I can here. Our drummer Adam T was in Weekend Nachos. He played drums on the *Torture* 7 inch, which is their best release. He's also been doing Inverted for over ten years, which is a raw punk solo project he does with a drum machine, as well as a noise/thrash band called MZRCDXVL. Adam J is behind Winters in Osaka and Paucities. He is also doing a new grind/noise project with Dan Lactose from Spazz, Dorian from Phobia and Jay from Agoraphobic Nosebleed. Gonzo is currently in a grind band called Minimum Wage Assassins and he is also in an old style country/bluegrass band called the Charred

Oak Barrel Boys. Recently Gonzo joined MZRCDXVL and they recorded an LP. I won't bore everyone with all the shitty bands I've done, but I was in MK-Ultra from 1993-2000. That band means a lot to me because of all the memories, people I met and cities I got to visit that I never would've been able to visit. I'm stoked that Youth Attack was able to put out that double LP because it is fucking flawless, and I'm flattered that people still ask me about it all the time and remember us. Playing non-stop with Charles Bronson and Los Crudos, and later touring with Los Crudos, was a time I will never forget. Martin from Los Crudos really took care of us. He released our second 7 inch on Lengua Armada in '95 or '96 and in addition to whatever money we made on that tour, at each show Martin would give us extra cash from the Los Crudos money to help keep gas in our van. Martin did so much for Chicago hardcore/punk and I will never be able to repay his generosity. We did a reunion in 2009 and despite having no idea what to expect, we sold out the venue with 350+ people in attendance. It was magical, haha!



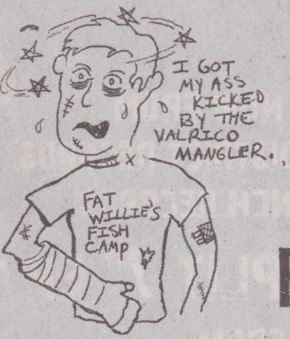
MRR: How do you feel the times have changed in your area, from the late '90s influential powerviolence band you were in, to the current grindviolence band that Sick/Tired is.
I do not consider MK-Ultra to be a powerviolence band. To me, we played fast hardcore. People like to toss that term around quite a bit simply because a band plays extremely fast. I think people use that term much more now than they did back then. The trends come and go and change of some sort will always happen. In the mid '90s we were so sick of "chugga-mosh" bullshit that we just wanted to play as fast as possible. I think that's similar to what caused the massive throwback to the early '80s hardcore trend that happened in 2000. People got sick of hearing the same bands play the same riffs 1000 miles an hour. Kids change. For example, the whole "mysterious" Void worship, B-side Black Flag thing that has been going on the last few years… MK-Ultra was heavily influenced by those bands, we just added a little Dropdead to the mix to make it even faster. That was our way of expanding on the style that we worshiped. If you look at both of the MK-Ultra 7 inches released roughly around '95, they had Void and Black Flag cover songs on them.

MRR: Tell me some about the Mark McCoy (of Charles Bronson) connection. I know he did the very basic Sick/Tired logo.
I have been good friends with Mark for probably eighteen years now. That's crazy to think about. Anyway, when we first started out I asked him to design something for us because I am terrible at that sort of thing. A day later he sent me back like six different logos and we have been using them ever since. I love that guy.

MRR: Are there any outstanding/meaningful Sick/Tired lyrics you'd like to share?
"Death by crocodile," are the first words on our new LP. When I first heard Adam scream that, I was like "did you really just say that because it's fucking ridiculous." He explained it to me, a designer drug in Russia called Krokodil that makes the body basically rot away and the addict's skin becomes greenish and scaly, as blood vessels burst and the surrounding tissue dies. Adam's lyrics are interesting because they are not what they seem when you look at them. They might look straightforward when you are reading them, but they never mean what you think they do.

MRR: What is in store for the future? Where can we find your releases or contact you?
Like I mentioned, Sick/Tired are recording a new LP in July. When it comes out, we plan on touring a little. Not sure which direction just yet, but I'd like to hit up Boston and NYC. Sandro from RSR might do a 7" for us in 2013, but he is really backed up with new releases right now. I would really like to do a 7" on Painkiller to be honest. Such a sick label. Anyone can download most of our stuff for free on our Bandcamp or order it directly from the labels I mentioned previously. They only allow us 200 free downloads per month on the website so if you go to the site and it costs money, wait a week or so and it'll reset back to being free.

MRR: Final words?
We want to do a split release with Mindless from TX. Come on Will, make it happen on To Live A Lie. Contact: slavestatexx@yahoo.com, sick-tired.bandcamp.com.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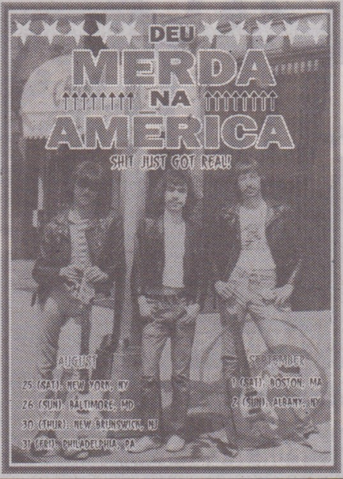
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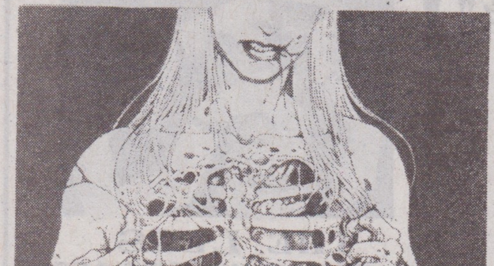

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BAD DADDIES

Interview by Tara Ramroop Hunt.

Photos by Lisa Jackson and Sarah Stevenson.

Bad Daddies, out of Stockton, CA believe in hardcore's most important philosophies: loud, fast and feedback. They are Brad on drums, Nick on bass, Matt on guitar and Camylle on vocals. I sat down with the band to see how these career-having, family-having people still fit punk rock into their schedules.

MRR: So, when did you guys start and why? Take me through the history.

Camylle: We did a Christmas record with our kids in 2010. We were gonna make a vinyl; we had the kids sing on it. Matt asked me to sing on it…and I'd never sung on anything before and I thought it would be fun. It was great. I felt comfortable because it was just friends and family listening, so I didn't have any inhibitions. But Matt thought I was awesome; which is nice of a husband to think.

Nick: Originally, I was supposed to be part of the Christmas record. I was going to play drums on it. But what happened was I couldn't do it—or rather everyone decided it would be better I don't…because it's called The Reynolds Family Christmas album, it made more sense for me to not be on it, I think. So, that record was sent out as a Christmas present to everyone, then Matt emails me and says, 'Hey, Nick, do you want to be in my hardcore band? We're gonna be called Children for Sale.

Camylle: No, it was Parents of Children, that's how spectacular the name was.

MRR: I like Children for Sale better, it's more punk-rock.

Camylle: That was mine, Children for Sale. Matt said Parents with Children? And I say how about Children for Sale, like a garage sale?

Nick: Either way, it sounded like I'd be a fit, based on the band name, so…

Camylle: Well, you're our go-to guy.

MRR: So we have the Reynolds family, and we get Nick first.

Matt: Whenever we need anything we always contact Nick.

Camylle: Moving furniture, playing the guitar, playing the bass, playing drums…

Nick: I'm the mule of the band.

Matt: …if we need to borrow money…bail bonds

Nick: I know what to say if I get busted. And what not to say… So they wanted to make another recording and I think it was still, at the time, Children for Sale. So I played drums and bass on that recording. And I think it was after that recording that they wanted to change the name to Bad Daddies.

Matt: Not 'we'…

Camylle: I didn't like Children for Sale, I'm in a band with like, three dads, so let's do Bad Daddies.

Nick: So, then we put another self-titled EP out. That was just called Bad Daddies.

Matt: That was just Nick, me and Camylle.

Nick: I played drums and overdubbed the bass…Brad just wasn't in the band yet. We didn't know if he'd be interested.

Brad: Initially, I didn't say no, I was just kind of noncommittal.

Nick: So, Matt sent that record for review and people liked it. At that point, we were like, hey, maybe we should play some shows?

Matt: This is like July 2011.

Nick: So we were originally going to try to play our first show without a bass and have it just be drums, guitar and singing, but because of the kind of music we play, where Matt's guitar is basically feeding back the whole time, it really would've sounded horrible…Matt has a really unique setup. It involves playing through a couple of different distortion pedals, turning them all the way up—volume and distortion…

MRR: So this is where your unique sound comes from.

Matt: It never stops.

Nick: Even sometimes when he's playing chords, it's still feeding back.

MRR: And that's intentional.

Nick: Oh, yeah; the more feedback the better.

MRR: And you realized you need a bassist and a drummer.

Brad: So, as they were proceeding without me, I had been thinking about it constantly, trying to work out how to do this without disrupting my nuclear family. I think it just took a little bit of massaging…I decided I really wanted to do it, and my wife, Nancy, backed me up on it and here we are.

MRR: I'd say that your song length distinguishes you as much as the feedback. Why are the songs so short, even by punk-rock standards?

Matt: It's just when they start and when they end, I don't know. We're very economical. There's no reason to waste a bunch of time with an intro or an outro, or a guitar solo. You just hit all the good stuff really fast.

Camylle: No, that's not true. He has songs that he makes up, with very long, intricate lyrics that I've cut down to a 30-second, 40-second time.

Matt: By 'really long' she means a minute, a minute-and-a-half.

MRR: So, Matt comes to you with a minute-and-a-half song and says, this is kind of what I'm thinking about. So you do your damage and say, 'This is actually more of a 40-second song'.

Matt: So she cuts out half the lyrics and makes us play it twice as fast.

Camylle: And that's why our songs are 30 to 40 seconds. We would've been a garage punk band, but we just play way too fast. It's just punk. It's just fast, you know.

MRR: So when it's sent to Nick and Brad is there a veto process, how does it work?

Nick: Matt will send us a CD that has maybe 10 song ideas on it and it'll be him playing acoustic guitar and singing it, with his kids coming into the room saying, 'Dad, what are you doing, why are you screaming?' Which is part of what I like; I like listening to them, because it's fun listening to their kids' response to these songs. Sometimes they'll chime in…

Camylle: There're like, 'Daddy, why are you in the bathroom?'

Matt: 'Daddy, this is awful!'

Nick: 'Daddy, this is a bad song.'

Camylle: 'It's too loud, Daddy, turn it down!'

MRR: Do you take the kids' input into account? What do your kids think of your music?

Camylle: They like it…we were listening to Le Tigre and they were like, "Mommy, is that you?"

MRR: Rad. Let's talk about Le Tigre and Bikini Kill; you mentioned that as a band, Bikini Kill was one of your favorites. I was wondering whether Kathleen Hanna was influential on your vocal styles at all.

Camylle: Well, honestly, I have to say no. My vocals are very much my own. They just come out how they come out. I only approve a recording of what I feel most comfortable with. I don't think we sound like anyone, which I think gives us an edge.

MRR: So, how do you determine whether your vocals have come out right?

Camylle: It's all by ear, to be honest. Either I hate it or I like it.

Nick: I think your preferences have changed a bit, too. You've been screaming more, I think, in the later recordings and in the newer songs.

Camylle: I've learned how to scream better without killing myself. I know where that comes from and I'm honing in on it. It's really new to me. I've never sung in my life, so I'm getting comfortable with it.

Nick: I think you can listen to the first two seven inches and hear the evolution of Camylle from a singer to a screamer.

MRR: I think it's interesting, never having sung before and going to screaming so fast. It's not easy to do.

Camylle: Well, I don't want to lie and say it's something I've worked on. You know, it seriously just comes out. When I was initially asked to sing, I thought it was a joke, because I was thought 'I can't sing, are you kidding? Have you heard my voice?' And I'm a pretty good shrieker, I can shriek it out.

MRR: So did you go to the screaming place because you thought, you know, this is something I can do?

Camylle: It felt natural. But, I mean, don't get me wrong, I don't shriek all the time.

MRR: As the instrument-players, how would you say your music compliments these vocals?

Nick: I think it's basically why she evolved into a screamer, because it complimented the music so well.

MRR: So it's a chicken-or-the-egg thing?

Nick: Yes.

Matt: It has to be loud enough to be above the…

Nick: Yeah, the feedback is so loud. You can almost categorize us as feedback rock.

MRR: I've been thinking of you as "feedback core" myself. It also seems that your songs are so compact and it's so high-energy.

Nick: In a regular song, there might be the climax of the song where the singer screams. Well, that's our whole song.

Matt: There are no sentimental interludes.

MRR: So, I have to ask the question, what's a bunch of family-havin' career people in their thirties doing in a new punk band?

Camylle: Just having fun, seriously. I mean for me, I have so much structure in my everyday life, I take care of two kids, I'm a fitness instructor, I have to live a very disciplined life, and when we play music, I get to let loose, one hundred percent.

MRR: So what about the gentlemen here, the daddies?

Nick: Matt's been playing in bands since high school. So I think it's always been a part of Matt's life. And we always played in bands together that were always really part-time bands…we live in different cities and we have done for a while. It's always been a sort of fun hobby for us. But this is the most we've played for sure in a band…

Matt: Maybe ever.

Nick: For me, it's the same reason: it's fun. We're definitely not gonna get rich off it.

MRR: On that; people start punk bands and say "maybe I'll put out an EP and then I'll go out on tour." Is a tour a thing for you, what are the band aspirations right now?

Matt: This is our version of a tour: three shows in the next eight days (in Berkeley, Oakland, and Stockton).

Nick: It's our northern California "tour."

Matt: A couple shows a month sound like a lot to me. And breaking even would be nice someday.

Nick. Breaking even is a pretty lofty goal.

MRR: Hey, put out your EP with White Fang, that's a big deal. How'd you hook up with them?

Camylle: We saw them at a show at the New Parish in Oakland.

Matt: They were on a tour with the Thermals…

Nick: They blew us away.

Matt: …they were the perfect live band.

Camylle: He was flailing, twisting on the ground, and I thought, this fucking rocks.

Matt: They were playing this hardcore punk music that was also kind of silly, but not joke-rock silly… so when we put out our EP, we sent it to White Fang with a little sticky note that said, "Hey, will you put out a record with us?" And they called us and said, yeah, sure. And we were like, um, what?

MRR: If you don't ask, you don't get, right?

Matt: It took like a year to come together, but still. We had to eat some of those costs for the record.

Nick: But I think kids like us because we're loud and fast. But I want everyone to like us.

Matt: Yeah…I think we're also reaching some very traditional punk rockers.

MRR: What do the Bad Daddies consider a success?

Camylle: To break even.

Nick: And even if we don't break even, to keep playing shows.

Camylle: If people buy it and enjoy it, because we certainly enjoy making it.

Brad: People showing up to shows. I would say that we 'made it' when we have a good, healthy crowd paying to see us. That's all we need. We've had some pretty good reception so far, so I'm already having fun. It's all about playing music. I don't care about record deals. I actually think it would be more fun to make a record, DIY. Nothing would make me prouder than to do everything from the ground-up. To make a record, and have it in people's hands. And we're already doing that and we're less than a year into it.

Wavering Sail
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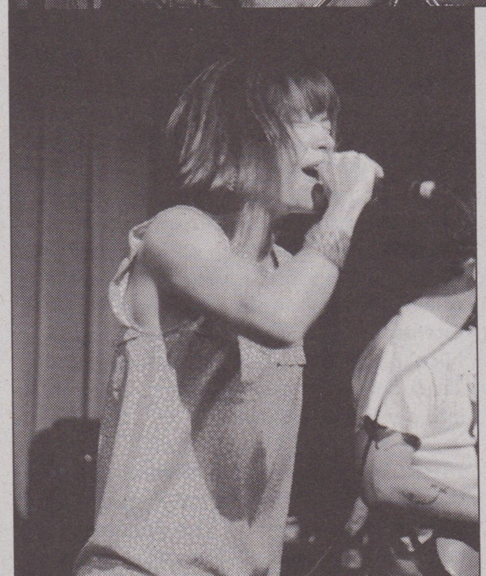


Nick: We're never going to be a touring band because we have families.

MRR: That's what teenagers are for someday, they can drive you around.

Nick: Except our kids are never going to like our band…but my goal is for all their friends to like it and for them to be mortified…our hope is to redefine what 'dad rock' means.

Camylle: I'm not gonna touch that term with a ten-foot pole.

A few years ago I was reading Ian Glasper's excellent book, **The Day the Country Died,** *and whilst flicking through the section on the Midlands, I noticed that a band called the Cravats from Redditch had been students at Alcester Grammar School and even played their first gig in the school hall. This was my secondary school and unfortunately, I was there about 24 years late. However, they left a fantastic trail of records behind, including some fantastic early singles on Small Wonder and later some brilliant stuff on Crass records. Their sound for the time and location is wildly innovative—imagine Captain Beefheart and the Pebbles compilations filtered through a Messthetics sound and based in the depressed grimness of the West Midlands. They have started playing the odd gigs again over the last few years, which I thought made it apt to track them down and ask them some questions. The mighty Shend was kind enough to oblige and here are the results.*

Interview by Charles Hewitt, photos provided by the band.

The Cravats

MRR: For those that might have not read the Ian Glasper book, could you recount the story of your first gig again?

Our first gig was terrifying. We were playing at our school on speech day. The headmaster had told all of the parents and teachers to leave because some pupils were going to make a lot of noise. The huge red velvet curtain parted and about four hundred pupils went absolutely bonkers screaming and shouting, completely losing it. We played four songs: "Precinct," "Shut Up," "Crash Barrier Dancer" and "I Hate The Universe," in which we rolled around the floor and pushed things over. The Headmaster said no group would ever play on that stage again! We were thrilled and beside ourselves with joy.

MRR: Can you remember who the headmaster was at the time?

Mr. Turner, who was actually a rather nice bloke. He did ban me and a few chums from another Speech Day when he heard a rumor we were going to ride our motorcycles down the main corridor in unison. What on earth gave him that idea? Makes us sound like right ruffty tuffties, which of course we weren't—just imaginative. Did you know Arthur Brown (of the great hit "Fire") apparently once played at Alcester Grammar and he appeared onstage inside a giant syringe? I have no proof of this awesome "Happening," though.

MRR: Your singles are extremely difficult to pigeonhole to a particular sound. Was this intentional? What sort of records where you listening to that influenced you to start making music?

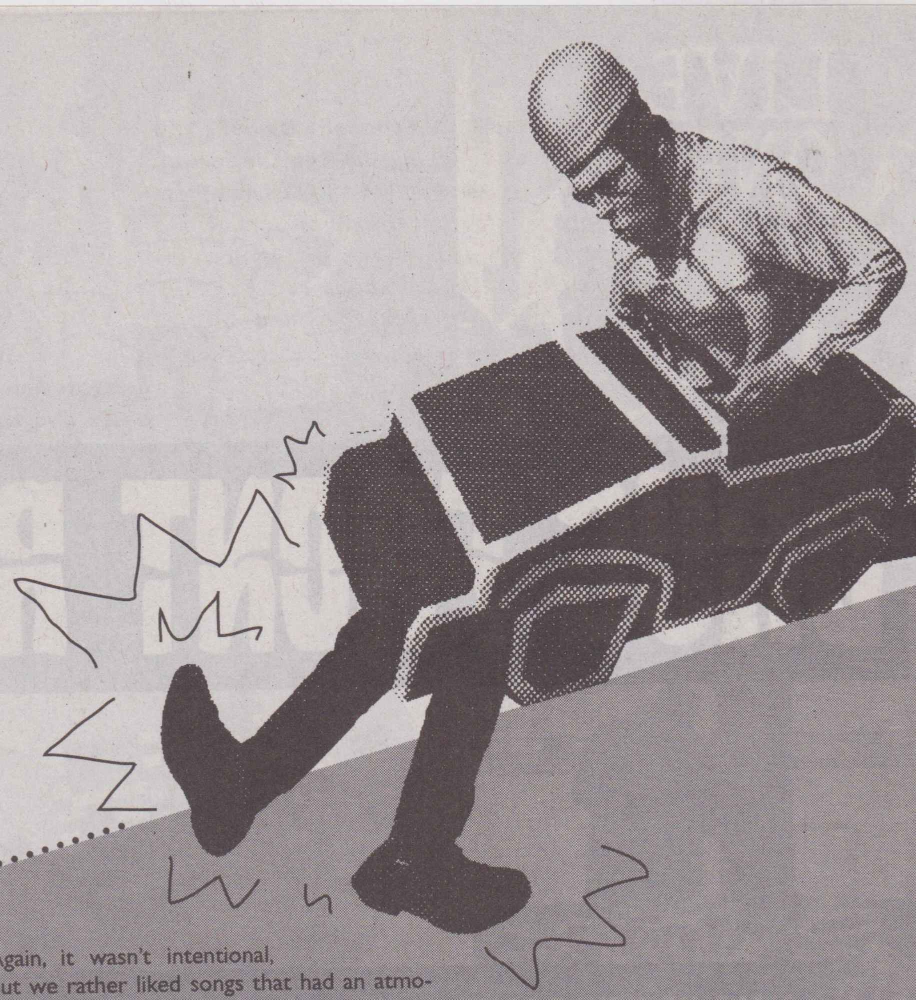
It wasn't intentional. We just didn't know how to play at first, so never copied anyone else's tunes and developed in our own unique way. We'd seen the Stranglers at Barbarellas and bought "New Rose," "Anarchy," and a few other punk singles, but at the time we were listening to stuff like Alice Cooper, Slade, the Nice, Black Sabbath, Sixties psychedelia and Tamla Soul so a few diverse influences crept into our punk cacophony.

MRR: What were the West Midlands like at the time? Where there any bands local to you that you felt any real affinity with? Sonically and/or politically?

Grim! Very, very grim. Birmingham was a horrible decaying mess and Redditch was a New Town with piles of soil and demolished buildings everywhere. We were out in the sticks and in the beginning, folks used to ring us up to say they were having a party but that we weren't invited; as they thought, being punks, we'd set their house on fire. This of course was nonsense as we were just gaudily dressed and into the new music along with about seven others in the Redditch area. I think we rather liked our new found infamy, though.

MRR: Sounds like nothing much has changed then, ha. Was it intimidating working alongside Penny Rimbaud?

Not at all, as he was and is a lovely chap. When Crass first got hold of us through Small Wonder, we did kinda wonder if we would fit in, being charming dadaists from sleepy Worcestershire, but Penny had the insight to see something in us that fitted the ethos of punk rather well, and with the amazing John Loder who ran Southern we instantly felt at home. Recording with them was a mind-blowing experience considering the Cravats In Toytown LP had been recorded in Torquay and engineered by an hotelier with a somewhat scant knowledge of what the hell we were trying to do in a studio created from egg boxes. Both John and Penny pushed us further than we ever thought possible, culminating in "Rub Me Out" and "When Will We Fall."



MRR: As far as the records that Crass released, I think it makes perfect sense they'd release a record by bands such as the Cravats, but that must have turned a lot of heads, hoping for the more stereotypical "anarcho" (an oxymoron if there ever was one) sound of the period. Did you ever feel part of that particular scene?

Not really, to be honest. We had many of the same ideals but were more excited by Pere Ubu, the Buzzcocks, Devo, the Fall and the B-52's than many of the "anarcho" bands. As for turning heads, we were fairly unaware of such things as we'd hitchhike off back to Redditch with bags of interesting records from the Small Wonder record shop, and continue climbing trees and building dams in the stream like some surreal Famous Five. Now we are embraced, as was witnessed when we played at the final Last Supper Steve Ignorant gig at the O2 Shepherds Bush last November. Two thousand Crass fans bouncing about to our sax-riddled racket certainly put a smile on our faces.

MRR: Lyrically, your records stand out, as they are a lot less "direct" than the more typical punk songs of the time. Was that a purposeful move to distance yourself from other records being released at the time or were you just a bunch of weird guys?

Again, it wasn't intentional, but we rather liked songs that had an atmosphere, told a story and led the listener somewhere. You didn't need to bludgeon folk over the head to get your message across and we often used humor to convey our thoughts as we thoroughly enjoyed what we were doing and would frequently collapse in a heap of uncontrollable laughter during creation of our tunes. It was fun! Also, I think many of our songs such as "Precinct," "XMP" and "I Am The Dreg" were fairly direct, to be honest. You couldn't really get more direct than "I Hate The Universe," I don't think.

MRR: What are some records of that era that you think have stood the test of time?

Loads. Magazine, Devo, Pere Ubu, the Adverts, Dancing Did, Dead Kennedys, Ramones—all sound fine today. And as society, certainly in the UK, is not that different to then, with war, poverty, corruption, privilege and a Tory government still figuring high on everyone's agenda, much of the music is as relevant today.

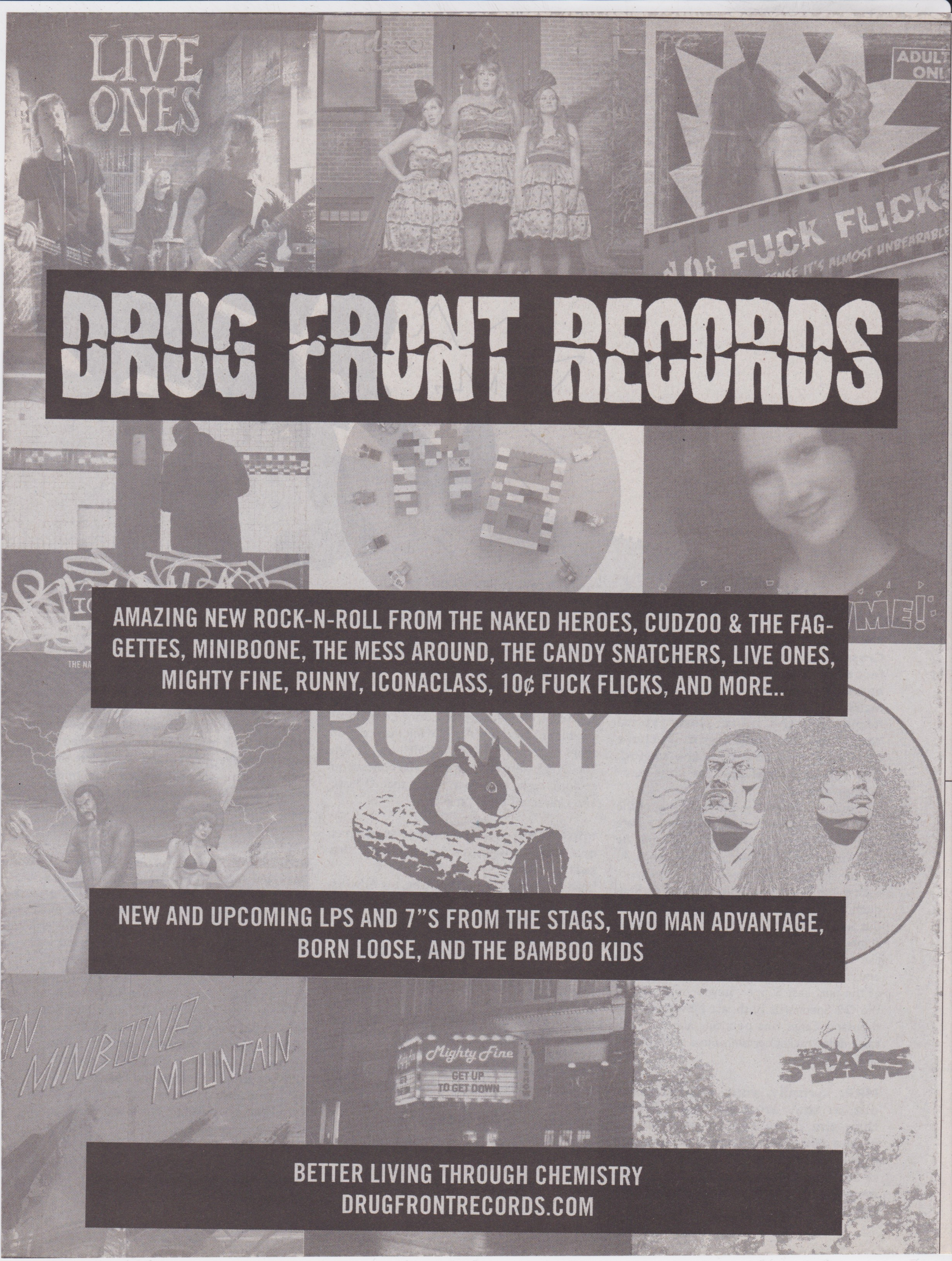
MRR: How much of the band fund went to keeping your hair that big at all times?

Nothing, as dirt and grime were the main ingredients, which you may think is why most of it fell out. Not true as male pattern baldness is a hereditary trait in the Shend family.

MRR: When and why did you make the decision to start playing music again?

We'd sorted out the release, finally, of our double-CD compilation *The Land of the Giants* back in 2006 with Overground records, and done the "Seance" single (with Paul Hartnoll from Orbital) in 2007 on Caroline True records, then the lovely folk who do the Rebellion Punk festival in Blackpool asked us if we'd play. We uhm-ed and ah-ed, but they kinda made us an offer we couldn't refuse and we went for it, realizing that so few had heard us originally that we kinda owed it to them and us to show folk what they'd missed first time around. It is more the Cravats Live Ensemble for gigs, as only Sax Riddler, Svor Naan and myself from the original four are in this version. Dave Bennett, our drummer, sadly passed away a good few years ago, and Robin Dallaway decided he has other things to do, although he's been heavily involved in the forthcoming release of the CD version of *...In Toytown* on Overground records, which features all the Small Wonder singles, plus a bonus re-imagining of the LP's original 8-track masters by Penny Rimbaud, which is rather incredible. But since that Rebellion Punk festival, we have done the odd gig that has appealed, including trips to Holland and Dublin, and we will continue to do so. In fact, this August the Rebellion festival will be our fourth Rebellion in a row!

The Cravats In Toytown reissue CD is out now on Overground records.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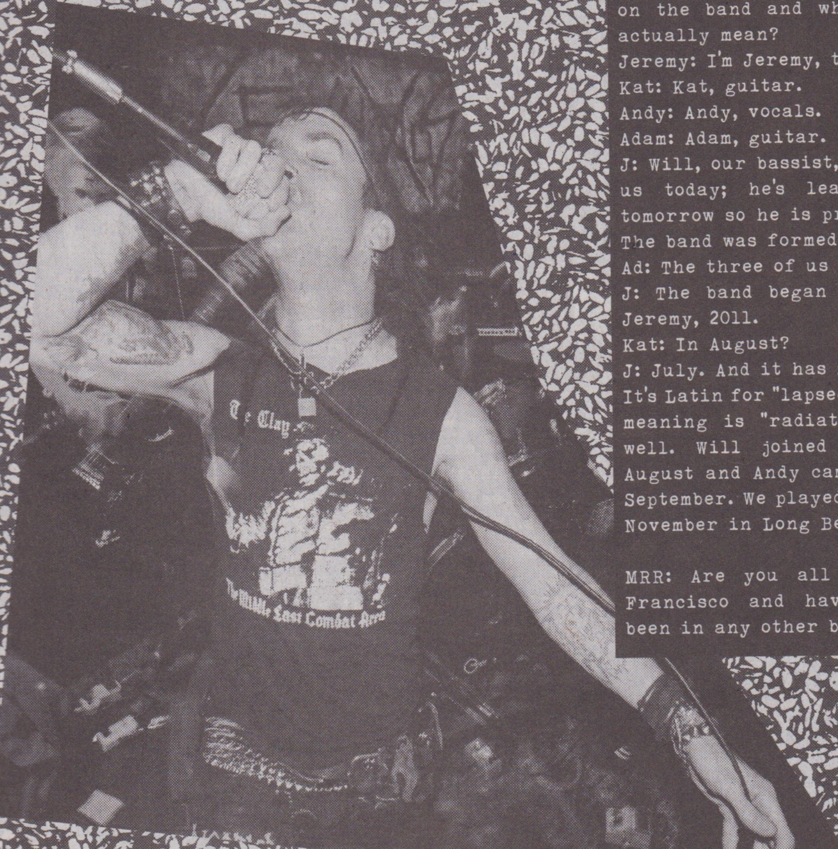
EFFLUXUS

When I first moved to the Bay area three months ago, I had little worry as to whether or not good shows would be happening, or whether good bands would be playing, I knew it would be a busting beehive of punk action! And I was right, within the first week of my arrival I went to a killer show. The band that got me most excited, headbanging to the point of headache and waving my fist in the air, was Effluxus. My mind was blown. Not only are they charged with hardcore energy and crude power on stage, with chaotic expansive vocals, rampant guitars and relentless drumming, they are also some of the nicest people I've met here so far. I decided to act quickly and nail down three quarters of the band for an interview and got some pretty cool insights on the inner workings of the Bay area punk scene.

Interview by Lydia Athanasopoulou. Photos by Andrew Underwood, Laura Camerato, Brian Herman, Wilfrido Palacios and PJ Kuda.



MRR: Hello, please introduce yourselves, a little bit of history on the band and what does Effluxus actually mean?
Jeremy: I'm Jeremy, the drummer.
Kat: Kat, guitar.
Andy: Andy, vocals.
Adam: Adam, guitar.
J: Will, our bassist, could not be with us today; he's leaving for Europe tomorrow so he is preparing for that. The band was formed summer of 2011.
Ad: The three of us started it.
J: The band began by Kat, Adam and Jeremy, 2011.
Kat: In August?
J: July. And it has multiple meanings. It's Latin for "lapsed time„ and another meaning is "radiation„ in Latin as well. Will joined the band around August and Andy came into the mix in September. We played our first show in November in Long Beach, California.

MRR: Are you all from around San Francisco and have you previously been in any other bands or projects?
K: I'm originally from Sacramento/Central Valley, neither of which had a punk scene, and moved here when I was eighteen in 2006. I jammed with people but I was never in a band that played shows. I've played guitar for a while, but this is my first real band that I've done anything with. Just went on my first tour, first record...
J: I'm originally from Seattle, I've played in bands for as long as I can remember.

MRR: Aren't you in Yadokai?
J: Yes, that is a current band, but not really, but we probably won't play again. I was also the vocalist in a band once called Blight. The first band I was ever in was called Rejects of Society, circa 1997. hahahaha
Ad: I'm from Long Beach and I lived up and down the Northwest. I was in Detonize with Jeremy, which was the last band we had.
An: I'm originally from western New York and I was not in any bands worth mentioning... The end. Jeremy was in Sanctum, they're famous.

HEADACHE HARDCORE

MRR: I know that a couple of you are involved in the Radical Punks Never Die efforts. What is that all about, how long has it been going?
K: It's a local independent DIY record label type thing, that Jeremy and I run. We book shows, we've put out three flexis. It's been going since late 2011. We put out our own flexi at the end of 2011 and we also co-released our 12„ with Rust and Machine records. We've been booking local shows since November.
J: We do silk screening for bands and provide tour service, van and backline.
K: Committed to Suicide came first, then after maybe a year of doing that, we started doing the record label and mostly started it just to book shows because there was really nothing happening. Then we were able to self release our own stuff and that was pretty cool. So now we're trying to release local bands on flexis so there's more exposure to their demos, because a lot of stuff stays local. We do tapes, we did our demo tape.
J: We did the Yadokai tour tape. Limited to 50.
Ad: I think a flexi is easier to mail out. So the band can do their own demo tape and if they like it, they put it out as a flexi so it's easier for people to fucking get.
J: Global exposure.
K: Worldwide exposure for Bay Area bands.
J: World domination.

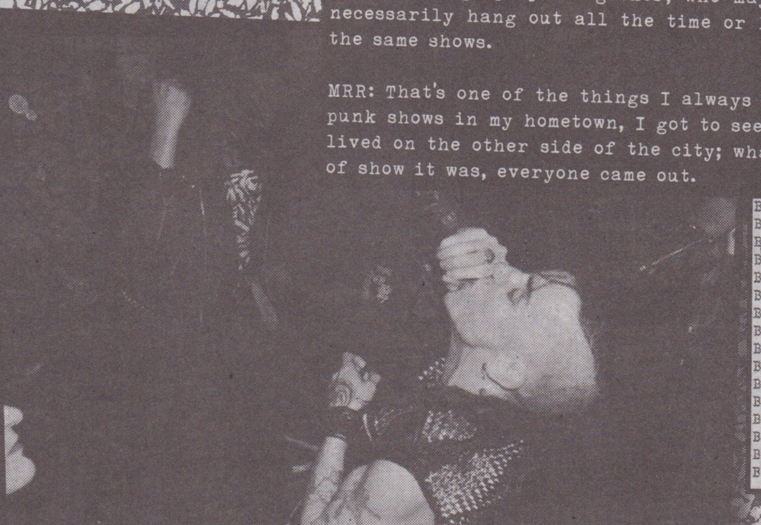
MRR: So have you taken many bands on tour yet?
J: Not really so far. I've only taken one band on the road. But it's happening again next week. I'm taking Creem and Urban Blight on the road. Before that was Nasum.

MRR: And you also did a mini tour recently with Effluxus. Where did you go, did everything turn out OK?
An: We did a mini tour with Mania. Just a couple shows in California in February. And then we did a West Coast tour with Bloodkrow Butcher from Boston□Boston's premiere D-beat band haha□that stretched from Seattle to Phoenix and everywhere in between. I think one of my favorite shows was Oakland, SF with Antisect and...what was that other one?
Kat: Seattle.
An: Yeah, Seattle was really fun. We played with Deathraid.
J: Yes we just did a ten-show tour with Bloodkrow Butcher, from Lowell, Mass, who play sick hardcore punk. Oakland and SF were the best shows. Bay Area □1.
K: Yeah Bay Area shows were the best, Seattle being a close second. Tour ruled. We are much tighter as a band now.

MRR: So tell us about how hard it is to be a punk, or be in a punk band, in San Francisco. Shit's got really expensive. Is everyone moving to Oakland?
An: Will and I live in Oakland. I just moved there after I stayed with Kat and Jeremy for a while. And everyone else in the band lives in San Francisco. But it's getting kind of expensive. And there's not a lot of places to book shows. Which makes it hard for bands to play. There's not really any house shows in San Francisco. So it's good that Kat and Jeremy set up these shows and put forth a really big effort to make that happen. Not only for local bands, but for touring bands to come through.

MRR: How do you go about playing shows and rehearsing in your area?
K: We have a practice space downtown. We usually rehearse twice a week. Will and Andy come over together from Oakland.
J: Booking shows in the city is hard, but we can usually pull them together if people give us enough time. Time is key. Playing is easy, we have a van so that's not an issue.
K: We used to share a space with Hunting Party but they moved out a couple months ago. Our spot is on Fourth and Bryant; it's really nice. I think we're the only punk band that uses it. We don't share our own studio, as it's really small. But about playing locally, there are a lot of venues, but there's only a few options for punk, unfortunately they're almost all bars, and it makes it really hard to try to appeal to the entire punk scene, because part of the punk scene's not 21 yet.

MRR: Or even if they are, they don't necessarily like to drink, or be in a bar area.
K: Yeah, or even like to come to San Francisco. There are lots of punks who don't like coming here.
J: I have not lived here that long but it seems there is tension between East Bay and SF. We are really hoping to try and end that. Unite both scenes!

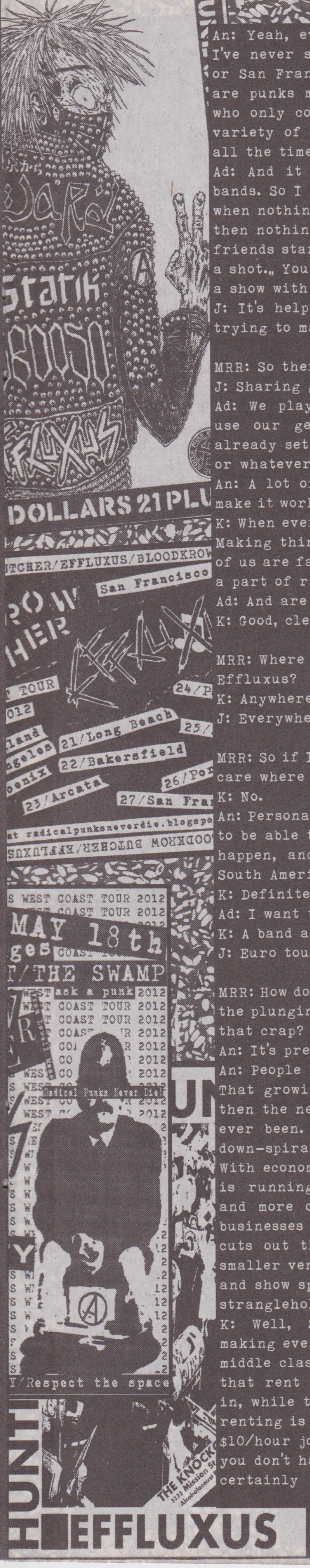


MRR: Do you think the majority of the Bay Area punk scene is now in San Francisco or Oakland?
K: Oakland.
J: Yeah, hands down.
K: There's hundreds and hundreds of punks that live there. In the City, there are less than a hundred punks, and I use the term 'punk' loosely. It's much more expensive to live here in SF than any other city in the Bay, or in the country. Yuck. I think there are a lot of older punks who still living in the city, but the majority of them don't come out to local gigs.

MRR: That's a shame...
K: But, punk-wise here, there's a small group of us that live here. Most punks that live here live in the Mission. There's not the biggest community basis yet, which is frankly up to the punks who live here, but we are being exposed to other punks, their bands and people constantly move here. It's an exciting time to live here and be a part of the scene.
Ad: Yeah, how expensive everything is here and how that changes how shows go; because a lot of people don't have just Monday through Friday jobs or work weekends, or work really odd hours. And then if you live in Oakland, you might have to leave before the last band plays just to get back to Oakland so you can get to work. So maybe that's why there are so many shows in Oakland; people there go to one thing, people in SF go to something else.
K: I'd like to add, that's why most touring bands will want to play both SF and Oakland: because they're totally different places. You'll have a totally different vibe from each show.

MRR: So would you rather that some things were different? Does the scene lack in some aspects?
K: I think there's a definite lack of community, partly because there are so many punks in the scene now. When I moved here and in prior years, I'd go to shows and there were people who didn't dress the same, like the same music, or even like each other, but in a weird way it felt like home. Everyone went to each other's shows, despite a line up not being anything you'd own or listen to at home, and I don't feel like that happens as much anymore. Ramen Days. Yet things are now changing for the better. Folks are starting to book more diverse shows and it brings people together, who maybe wouldn't necessarily hang out all the time or hang out at the same shows.

MRR: That's one of the things I always liked about punk shows in my hometown, I got to see people who lived on the other side of the city; whatever kind of show it was, everyone came out.



An: Yeah, every show we go to, I see new punks whom I've never seen before. Every time, either in Oakland or San Francisco, there'll always be new people, there are punks moving all the time. There are some punks who only come to certain shows. So it's cool to see a variety of punks and different faces and new people all the time.
Ad: And it seems like more people are starting new bands. So I think that's adding something. I think that when nothing's happening, when no one's doing anything, then nothing happens, of course. But when you see your friends starting bands you think "Oh, well, I'll give it a shot." You start jamming and pretty soon you can play a show with your friends...
J: It's helpful too that people are working together, trying to make that happen and make it easier.

MRR: So there are cross-collaborations?
J: Sharing gear and things like that.
Ad: We play and most of the time everyone else can use our gear too. It makes it easier, everything's already set up. Just bring your own head, your guitar or whatever.
An: A lot of time there's a time limit, so you want to make it work out, play a full set and keep shit together.
K: When everyone works together it runs a lot smoother. Making things difficult at shows is not something any of us are fans of. We want to make sure the shows we are a part of run smoothly.
Ad: And are as much fun as possible.
K: Good, clean fun.

MRR: Where would you guys like to travel and play with Effluxus?
K: Anywhere.
J: Everywhere.

MRR: So if I ran up a list of random cities, you wouldn't care where it was?
K: No.
An: Personally, I've roadied around the country. I'd like to be able to tour Europe, which we are trying to make happen, and I'd like to see Japan and Australia and South America.
K: Definitely Iceland.
Ad: I want to be the first band to play Antarctica.
K: A band already played Antarctica.
J: Euro tour in the works for June 2013.

MRR: How do you feel about the current state of affairs, the plunging economy, unemployment, corruption and all that crap? If you want to get into it...
An: It's pretty fucked.
An: People have always said that it's worse every year. That growing up, this is the worst it's ever been and then the next time round it's going to be the worst it's ever been. So it's just a constant state of perpetual down-spiraling and things are getting way harder. With economic decline and the way that our government is running, it's becoming less of a personal thing and more of everyone's business. The government and businesses have more say and more things to do, so that cuts out the middle-man. That even goes back to the smaller venues: when bigger businesses are buying bars and show spaces and things like that, it really puts a stranglehold on everything, on the lower end of things.
K: Well, San Francisco particularly, they're just making every effort they possibly can to eliminate the middle class here and that's why it's such a huge issue that rent is skyrocketing, and the rich keep moving in, while the poor are forced out. So, moving here and renting is a challenge. If you're a punk and you have a $10/hour job as a bar back or barista or retail clerk, you don't have many options of where to live, and would certainly have to share your space with many, many other people, usually strangers from Craigslist. So, naturally, people move to Oakland because it's a struggle to live here. You have to have a set up. And if you ask most SF punks that live here, they have a set up. A good job, or multiple jobs, a rent-controlled place to live, somehow they've done it.
An: Or they live with other people. But if you're trying to have your own spot, it's hard...
J: It's hard to come into it now, not knowing anyone. If you've already been here for years it's much easier, you've already had things set.
K: That's true. I guess that's true anywhere. When I moved into my house there was an independent market with murals from the '60s painted inside across the street. Well, developers bought it, tore it down and built million dollar condos. That's SF in a nutshell.

MRR: Is there something that could change this?
An: There's really not much that we can do ourselves. There are Occupy movements and thing like that, but it doesn't really have an immediate effect, especially on the scene. But I think what we can do is like what Kat and Jeremy are doing, putting a great deal of effort into trying to make it better, and working their asses off to book shows and find venues and things like that. Just give back to the community as much as you can. Don't just feel bad about how bad it is.
K: People complain, no matter what we do. Someone is always offended or unhappy about something we're doing.

MRR: It seems that talking is in, but doing is out.
Ad: A lot of punks talk shit but don't actually do anything. But that's a normal thing in the Bay Area, complaining, not doing anything.
J: I think in general, in the United States punks don't do much action, whatsoever. The people that are doing action, you're not going to see them at a punk show. Or you're not to going to see getting drunk in an alley breaking bottles. Don't get me wrong, a lot of punks are active, just not to the extremes necessary to get the results they need or want.

MRR: So you do think that punks and politics are, or should be, connected?
An: Going back to the last question, there's not a lot you can do if you're working three jobs and just trying to maintain. A lot of lyric content and stuff like that provides awareness. But other than that, there's not much that people are really doing to fight back.
Ad: And I don't really think that you necessarily should be politically active, or in demonstrations and the like. I mean, a lot of us should just be making sure that our lives and the people around us are all right and taking care of them. That's more important. If everyone was doing that, it would make things better. But I don't think we should be specifically setting out to save anyone or anything. I think it should be based on your daily life.
An: Basically just trying to live your life the best way you can and do as best you can and that's the only way you're really going to maintain through the shit storm. Will is going to hate all of our answers by the way.

MRR: Given that we are all still young in this tragically modern age of technology, how effective or important do you think the internet is in promoting things, whether that's a revolution or an obscure band?
J: The internet destroyed punk! Fact.
An: It definitely provided a way. As I grew up, we bought records at shows and we'd read who that band

thanked in their record sleeves, or we saw other records and we got mix tapes. And now kids just Google search "awesome punk„ and there's Svart Parad, Zyanose and the Bones.

J: I just wanted to say again that the internet destroyed punk. (laughs all around)

K: We were actually having this conversation the other day, with Jeremy and our friend Zach, the singer for Yadokai, about how when we first got into punk—or at least the three of us and I'm pretty sure the other two guys here—we got made fun of all the time, because we weren't into obscure bands or knew anything and wore plaid bondage pants because that was as cool as we could be. There was an uncoolness and an innocence about getting into punk and nerding out and getting picked on and trying to fit in and rebelling, that I feel is really lacking now. Because you can go on the internet, check someone's blogspot or tumblr and become punk overnight. As long as you can read, you can know about punk. Which is cool in some aspect but I feel like the whole "getting into punk„ thing is a lot different now, the way it happens. Whether that's good or bad, I don't know, but for some reason it kind of makes me feel violated.

An: When we grew up you couldn't just buy a studded jacket and tight pants, you had to make it yourself. I had to steal women's stretch pants from Wal-mart and sew them up so they actually fit.

K: This was before skinny jeans, people.

An: We're talking about the '90s here.

MRR: It's much easier to look up shit nowadays, whereas before you needed to put in that extra effort.

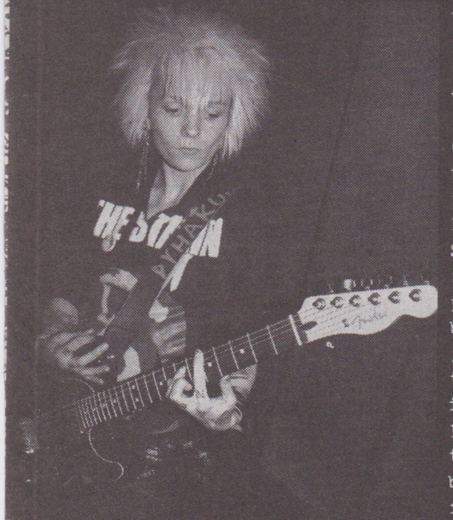
Ad: Everything is so instant. You can know every Finnish band and every Japanese flexi that ever came out.

K: You can own every Japanese flexi that ever came out. I feel like kids will know about obscure Japanese hardcore bands like Antiseptic and the Bones, but they don't know who the fucking Adolescents are. Then those kids wanna school others on punk and so on. It all gets lost in the trend and that's the fucking problem.

Ad: There is good stuff that comes out of the internet. You can meet people. Nowadays there are friends whose mailing address I can't even get a hold of their, it's all just email.

An: It seemed like people were a lot more genuine when you had to tape trade, when you had to bust your ass to find these things. I mean, it's cool that now there are so many more punks than there used to be, but at the same time I see kids walking round with fully studded jackets that have Gism painted on them. When I was that age, wearing homemade One Way System patches on my plaid bondage pants, I had no idea, but now you can just look that up on the internet and be instapunk.

K: I either had to read zines, or buy comps, or have friends into punk (yeah, right). Now you can live in the middle of nowhere, never meet a punk in your life and know every tattoo Lisa Nash had.



MRR: Knowing about punk doesn't actually make you punk.

J: Fact.

K: Although I will say that Adam and I are frequent eBayers. Actually everyone is. Adam and I do records, Andy does Star Wars figurines and Jeremy does vintage gear.

MRR: Wow, Start Wars figurines, nice! OK, I'll take a queue from there: Zombie-killing weapon of choice?

An: Morrisey! He makes me wanna kill myself, why not them?

J: Spoon. Gauge out some eyes.

K: Hammer.

An: Adam prefers pinching.

K: A hatchet. An axe. A chainsaw. A bazooka.

Ad: A piece of wood with nails attached.

K: What's the one they used in Kill Bill?

MRR: A katana Samurai sword?

K: Yeah, a katana! Or a sharpened toothbrush.

Ad: A robot duck.

MRR: One non-punk person whom you admire, dead or alive.

An: Phil Lynott.

J: A little late for that...

Ad: Haruki Murakami.

J: The guy who created Scientology.

K: I don't know anyone who's not punk. (laughs all around) Monty, my dog.

MRR: What's you idea of happiness?

Ad: Being on a desert island with records, alone.

(Long silent pause from everyone...)

K: Clearly a lot of us don't know how to be happy.

An: Robot ducks.

K: Living in a place where you can appreciate your surroundings.

An: Somewhere beautiful, isolated, in a cabin, in the woods, with records.

K: No yuppies, no babies.

MRR: Do you have anything else you want to add before closing?

J: Yes actually, we are recording for a four-song 7„ that will be released on Prank and D-Takt & Råpunk records. Release date is unknown, early 2013 I think. D-Takt and Trabuc records are releasing our 12„ in Europe. It's being pressed right now! Remastered, with gatefold covers and a slight change of artwork. And plans for the June 2013 Euro Tour are under way, going to be 21 shows. Thanks!

Discography:
- Demo Cassette: 50 copies, October 2011 on RPND
- Demo Flexi: 250 copies, December 2011 on RPND
- Demo Cassette repress : 100 copies, March 2012 on Raw/War (Russia
-"Life Destruktion" Cassette: 200 copies, May 2012 on Black Konflik (Malaysia)
-"Life Destruktion" 12": 500 copies, May 2012 on Rust and Machine/RPND

radicalpunksneverdie(at)gmail(dot)com

Soon to come:
-"Life Destruktion" 12" Euro Press: 500 copies, Sep/Oct 2012 on D-Takt & Råpunk / Trabuc records
- Four-song 7" coming out early next year.

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DAYLIGHT ROBBERY- Red Tape EP
PEDESTRIANS- Killing Season EP
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DAYLIGHT ROBBERY- Washtenhaw EP
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UNLEARN

Interview by Andrea Lukic

Photos provided by Unlearn

Layout by Stupid Grin

Unlearn is a four-piece raw punk band from Vancouver, Canada. The band avoids the qualities you might associate with the Canadian northwest, i.e. hippies, hockey and weed, (maybe the last one), but they are currently one of my favorite bands in Vancouver. Having previously released two demo tapes, Unlearn just recently put out a 7" on Deranged records and a split 7" with Kruel on Crucificados records. Both new releases were wonderfully packaged by the band themselves and feature an all-powerful assault that has them treading on dark and foreboding waters that have been lacking in punk lately.

I've been friends with their singer Sam for a while now, but it wasn't until last summer, at a backyard show for Vancouver's Distort fest, that I first bared witness to them live, and to be honest it came a little bit out of nowhere. Blasting through what seemed like fifteen minutes of fuzzed out, pummeling fury, I was confused as to why I had never heard them before, or how these four nice boys were capable of making that much noise and chaos. I recently met up with them at a local hole called Funky Winker Beans and we talked about their band, recreational activities, magic and plans to tour.

MRR: Who are you and what do you do?
Sam: I'm Sam, I sing.
Matt: I'm Matt and I play bass.
Nick: I'm Nick and I play drums.
Todd: I'm Todd I play guitar.

MRR: How did you get into playing music?
Nick: My dad plays in cock rock bar bands. So when I was twelve, I started to jam on his band's drums.
Sam: I got a drum kit when I was ten and taught myself how to play. Then in the seventh grade I started a band with some kids from school.
Matt: I picked up a bass when I was twelve.
Todd: Boredom mostly. My cousin got me into punk when I was twelve. I started playing bass when I was sixteen.

MRR: Does your upbringing have anything to do with the aggressiveness in your music?
Matt: Growing up around a bunch of hippies and chongos made me get in to punk.
Sam: I grew up in a city full of lame ass cowboys and spoiled rich brats. Mostly I was just bored a lot of the time and frustrated with the fact that the world is not a very nice place to live.
Todd: I had a rough childhood; I was a bad kid. Maybe it does subconsciously, but I would say it has more to do with my current daily life than anything.

MRR: How did Unlearn start?
Todd: Sam and I played in bands in Calgary. We both moved to Vancouver around the same time and I started writing songs about a year later. I wanted Sam to sing, so we asked Matt and our first drummer Jay to jam. Jay played on the first demo and our first show before leaving the band. Someone told me that Nick was moving to town soon, whom Sam and I both knew from Calgary, so I gave him a call and we started jamming with him about three weeks later.

MRR: Are you all originally from Calgary?
Sam: Nick and I are from Calgary, and Todd lived there for a while.

MRR: So that's how you guys met?
Sam: Yeah, I used to get drunk and stoned every Sunday at Todd's house.
Nick: [laughs]

MRR: How long have you guys been playing together?
Todd: Since October 2009.

MRR: Where was your first show?
Everyone: Alf House.

MRR: Do you remember when?
Sam: Upstairs at the Alf House in February. It was before the Olympics and I remember some girl grabbing the mic and trying to rally people against the Olympics, so I turned the PA off.
[Everyone laughs]

MRR: Do you remember the other bands?
Todd: It was supposed to be Arctic Flowers and Salted City but they were denied at the border. Spectres and Suicide Children played.
Matt: Infamy played too, but they suck.
[Everyone laughs]

MRR: I think the first time I remember seeing you guys was at the Alf House backyard Distort fest show and I remember being really impressed. I thought finally there's a good punk band in Vancouver. 'Cause I felt like Vancouver was lacking a good straight up punk band. In a lot of other cities the complaint would be the opposite.
Nick: People try too hard to do something new, unique and innovative, but they end up coming out falling flat on their face with too many different influences and lack a driving sound underneath it all.
Sam: Yeah, I think that raw and simplistic music has a great capacity for delivering some kind of energy or feeling or whatever. There's a reason music sounds good when it's really loud and 4/4 time never fails to make people dance or freak out or whatever.
Matt: I would rather hear a band that sticks to one kind of vibe/style than a crossbreed of all types of shit bands.

MRR: What do you guys think of the Vancouver punk community?
Todd: The shows are awesome. Lots of people come out.
Sam: I like it.
Todd: There aren't enough bands. It's hard to find committed people to start bands with.

MRR: Why do you think that is?
Todd: Most people don't even have gear.
Matt: A lot of people say they want to start something, but then end up getting busy with other things or just get disinterested.

MRR: Are there any other houses in Vancouver doing shows?
Everyone: The Chateau.
Todd: We've played almost all of our local shows at the Alf House—all except two.
Nick: Besides bars, the Alf House is one of the only other places to play.

MRR: And it's still standing strong?
Sam: It's standing.
[Everyone laughs]
Sam: I'm interested to see what happens when there is no more Alf House.
Todd: It's gonna be a lot harder to book shows.

MRR: What are your musical and non-musical influences and how does that influence Unlearn?
Sam: Crass was probably the first and biggest one. From there, it's just lots of international hardcore from the eighties like GISM and Kaaos, as well as Throbbing Gristle and some of the other Industrial records/TOPY bands. Modern life is no fun; I don't like it.
Nick: I'm into a bunch of metal, like Judas Priest and whatever and playing along to stuff that's a bit harder than punk has helped me get better at my instruments for sure.
Matt: Motorhead and Discharge.
Todd: Where do I start? Mostly early '80s Japanese and Finnish punk; Stuff like Bannlyst, Svart Parad, Deathside, Disclose obviously, Kansaan Uutiset, Disarm, Disorder and I can't go without mentioning the Smiths, David Bowie and Neil Young. Daily life is really the only non-musical influence for Unlearn.

MRR: What is "raw punk" to you?
Todd: Noisy and loud.
Matt: Blown out.
Sam: I believe the most perfect term in rock'n'roll history is raw power: Energetic, primitive, simple and anything that will grab people and make them freak out.

MRR: Sam, how important are lyrics?
Sam: A lot of people write lyrics they know nothing about.

MRR: Like what?
Sam: Like all kinds of stuff. People write about shit they've never seen or experience in all of their lives. Churning out tons of songs describing the horrors of war without any thought or criticism, I think, serves to degrade how awful it really all is. It can trivialize these really awful things; just for aesthetics. These things still happen all the time and most people will never have a firsthand knowledge of how fucked up and awful it really can be, or even think about it.

MRR: What about your guys' aesthetic, who does your artwork?
Todd: I've pretty much handled everything. I approach these picky assholes with ideas and then go from there.

MRR: Matt, every time I see you you're wearing a ski mask/balaclava, it certainly lends itself aesthetically to the way you guys sound, but where/when did this come from?
Matt: OK, so the ski mask thing started when I created a facebook account because nobody uses a goddamn phone anymore. So I thought to myself "how can I be on facebook without actually being on facebook?" and that was the birth of Mark Hoydan.

MRR: So you've done a west coast tour and a western Canadian tour. Who were some of the bands you play with?
Everyone: Kruel
Todd: Nerveskade, Free Radicalz, Vaccuum, In Disgust.
Nick: Verraterisch, Warcry and Burial, Nightgaun.

MRR: What was the best show you played on tour?
Todd: The last In Disgust show ever.

MRR: Where was that?
Nick: The Hazmat in Oakland
Sam: In Disgust's set was insane; they trashed all of their gear after their set.
Todd: They were maybe one of three good grind bands to come out in the last twenty years. A broken guitar was thrown at my head.

MRR: Where are the best places you've played so far?
Sam: Portland and the Bay Area.
Nick: Long Beach.
[Everyone laughs]
Todd: That was one of those insane druggie/drunk punk shows.
Nick: People were smoking crack in the living room and stepping on my face.
Todd: Earlier that evening I told everyone and I was gonna sleep in the van and they all made fun of me and called me a pussy.
[Everyone laughs]
Sam: Yeah, we were like "Fuck you, we're real punks! We're gonna sleep where we play!" Matt slept in a piss-covered dog bed. Some poor soul who was up puking in the toilet all night sounded like he was having the worst night of his entire life. Most inhuman puking noise I've ever heard. It was still awesome though, 'cause none of us had to drive the next day, Todd drives us everywhere. Big daddy.
[Everyone laughs]

MRR: San Diego?
[Everyone Laughs]
Matt: That show was awesome!!!
Sam: We always seem to play with stoner bands when we're down there.
Todd: San Diego was one of the worst shows we've ever played, there were four people there, and some shitty band from Ontario played who were homeless, camping in California hopping on any bill they could get. They were sooo fuckin' bad! Sam and Nick couldn't stay because they weren't twenty-one at the time. We had to stay until the end to get paid, so I watched them for a good 40 minutes. After they played, two members got into a yelling match while they were loading gear off the stage about one of the dude's performance. It was hilarious. One dude was hucking shit at the other guy, passive aggressive bullshit for twenty minutes—great entertainment. On the up side, we did get some good pasta salad.

MRR: What is your connection to Portland?
Todd: I have more friends in Portland than I do here. It's a punk paradise. There's a huge Vancouver-Portland connection. I try to go down at least once every couple months. It's extremely relaxing compared the craziness in Vancouver. Good shows, good records stores, good people and good weed.
Sam: A lot of bands from down there come up here to play, and vice-versa. I have dear friends who live there.

MRR: What are your current favorite local bands?
Todd: White Lung and Spectres.
Sam: Nu Sensae.
Nick: Infect Propaganda.

MRR: How did you hook up with Deranged?
Todd: I've been buying records on and off from Gord for years. He said he might be interested in helping us out, I sent him the recordings and he was into it.

MRR: Where do you record?
Todd: With Stan Wright at Buzz or Howl Studios in Portland. We've recorded everything besides our first demo there. We will probably continue to record all of our material with Stan.

MRR: What can we expect for future releases?
Todd: Our self-titled 7" just came out on Deranged records. Huge thanks to Gord for helping us out. A split 7" with our dawgz Kruel from LA will be out by the time this interview is printed; as well a self-titled LP that will be out in September.

MRR: When and where are you planning to tour next?
Todd: Five-week tour in the fall. A good chunk of the US and western Canada.

MRR: Last words?
Sam: Punk forever! I love punk!
Matt: Kill me. I love cigarettes.
Nick: I got nothing, fuck it.

UNLEARN
WHEN THE REAPER COMES TO YOU
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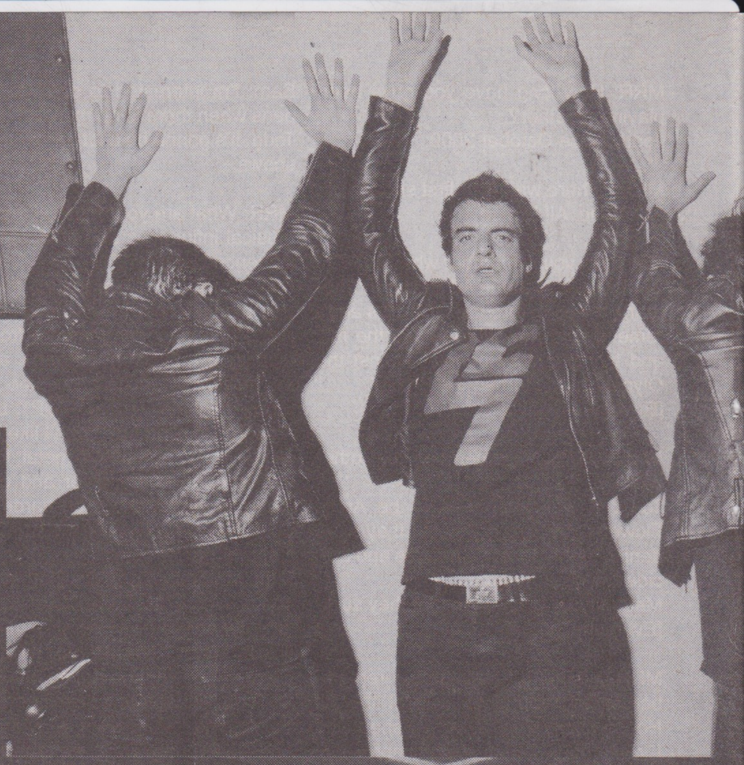

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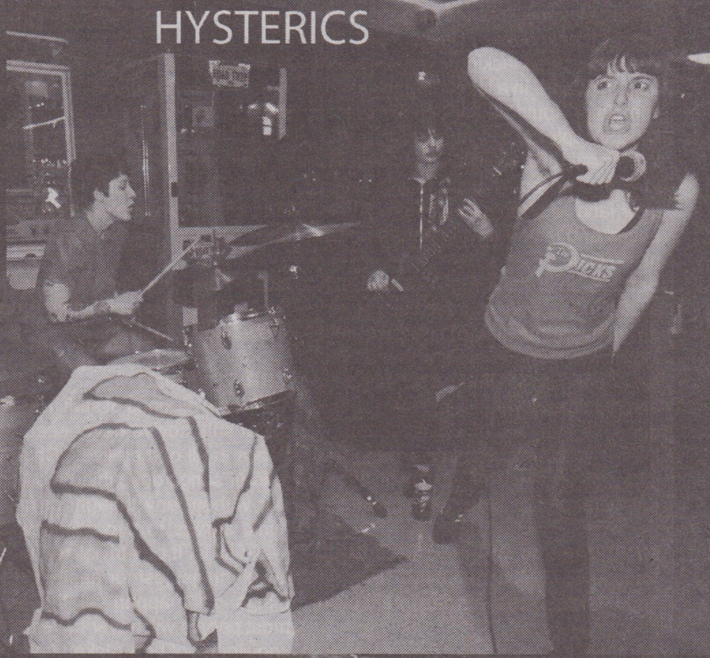
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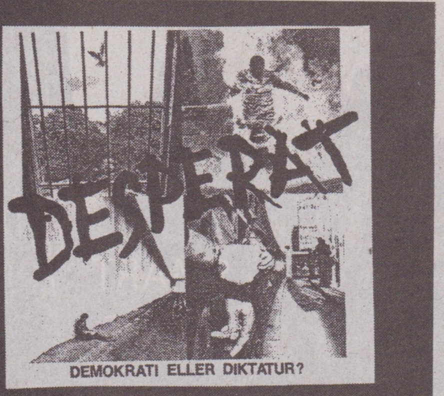
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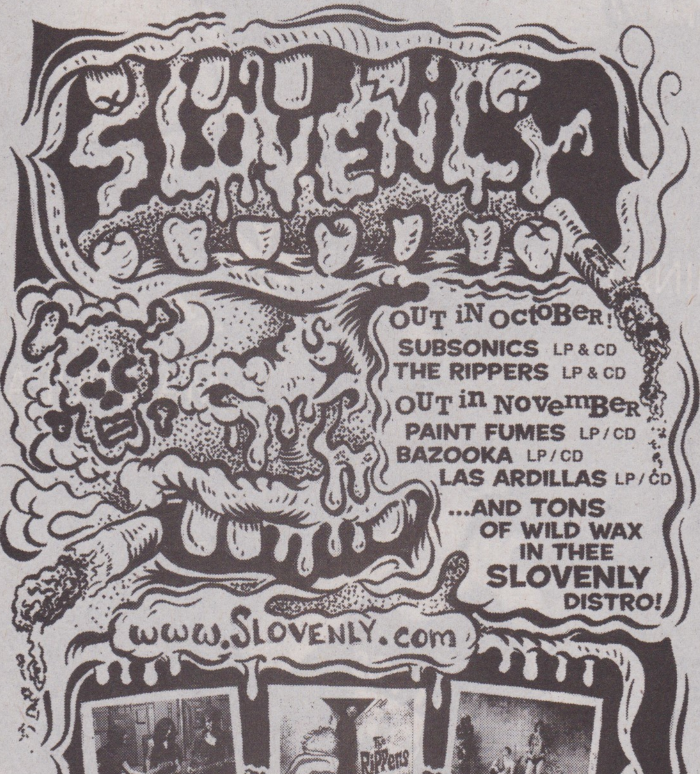
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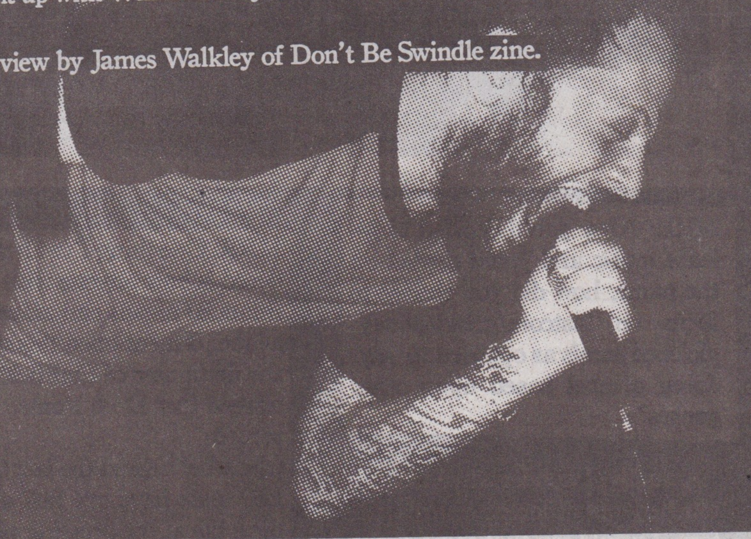
TO LIVE A LIE

Will Butler runs To Live A Lie records, a grind/fastcore/powerviolence label whose releases have appeared frequently in the MRR review section, from the lovely city of Raleigh, North Carolina. In addition to releasing many laudable bands in that chosen genre, such as Shitstorm and Suffering Luna, Will somehow still finds time to produce his Fastcore Photos zine, coordinates the music zine Don't Be Swindle, not to mention a forthcoming collection of his best photographs will soon be published in book form—if you ask me, that's more than a full day's work. Is Will in some sort of "bonus" time zone where they give out extra hours in the day!? If so, I'd like to trade him a Capitalist Casualties seven inch for an extra hour of productive time! Joking aside, I caught up with Will Butler by email to elucidate the story of To Live A Lie records and fill in a bit of background on its main man.

Interview by James Walkley of Don't Be Swindle zine.



MRR: Let's start out with a little background. Did you grow up in the Raleigh area, or nearby? What was your childhood like? I understand that you used to play soccer, but had to take a break from it after you had knee surgery. Tell readers what your life was like prior to starting To Live A Lie.

Oh, there is a lot to that story and all of it is boring! I grew up in Winston-Salem (home of Big Tobacco), which is an hour and a half from Raleigh... very close nearby, but two totally different towns. Growing up, I was odd and awkward in many respects, but deep down I have this weird ego; looking back, I think I was actually fairly cool in my own right. I jumped through phases that would last a couple of months to a couple of years. I was immediately drawn into music really young because I didn't comprehend it in the least. I bought Green Day's Dookie as my first CD, then I slowly fell into the world of punk one band at a time. Shortly after the Green Day album, I got the Offspring's Smash. Right after that, I found a Minor Threat CD, then a TSOL CD and it was all downhill from there! I also picked up a love for industrial music and would listen to Skinny Puppy's Cleanse Fold and Manipulate on repeat and sit in my room jamming out to Ministry's "Psalm 69". I still find a special place for all these albums and I feel like they influenced my tastes later on.

I did play soccer for many years when I was young. In fact, I had a patch sewn on my soccer shorts for every year I played and it ended up completely full by the time I stopped. I got hit with the anti-establishment bug at around seventh grade and started skateboarding a lot. I neglected playing soccer because I'd wake up and skate to the other side of town or hit the doctor's office ledge or go to the old Exxon station, rather than keep up with a sport where I was good at defense. Fast-forward up until a few years ago when I started playing pickup games with friends in town here. I started playing once a week, twice a week. Then I started playing indoor soccer, so I was playing four times a week. It was a ton of fun and I dropped down in weight, but I tore my ACL playing indoors and got both scared and had to take the time to heal. This was all as recent as the TLAL days; I remember getting TLAL skateboards (which brings this response full circle) in the mail right after I got out of surgery.

MRR: Many people who know you are aware that you're vegan straight edge. What led you to straight edge? Were you a vegetarian before committing to veganism? Did you become straight edge through listening to bands like Minor Threat, Youth of Today and the like, or were there other reasons for your choice?

I was initially made aware of straight edge from those aforementioned bands. I got into Minor Threat really early and never stopped caring for them. Recently, I was at my parents' house, where I happened to rifle through my old zine collection, and found four or five DIY zines that were named something like xZineNamex. Back then, I remember thinking that the aesthetic of the X's was cool, and wore X's to school at an early age. It really is weird in retrospect, but I grew up thinking my parents were super strict; when I came into my own, they allowed me to "X-up," wear combat boots to middle school, wear NOFX shirts and attempt to bleach my hair any way I could. Glad I got all that out of my system! Getting back to the question, I never did much drinking or smoking, and I've never done a drug recreationally in my life...it just wasn't a path I was interested in. Another influence on that decision was being stuck in a town known as Camel City, where teenagers not only loved to smoke, but also loved to drink at any moment they could. Straight edge is something I do and never think about. I don't condemn anyone who wants to partake in anything. Veganism is definitely a worthwhile movement and a more important topic than worrying about if someone drinks or not, because veganism involves ethical, ecological and economical concerns. I first became vegetarian for Lent (side note: I was never the most pious person, but why not give something up?) at age sixteen, when I worked at Jersey Mike's. I made myself the biggest meat-stacked sub the day before and never looked back. I went vegan years and years later, but felt so dumb that I'd thought it was so much to give up. I can't imagine going backwards on this path now that I've reached it.

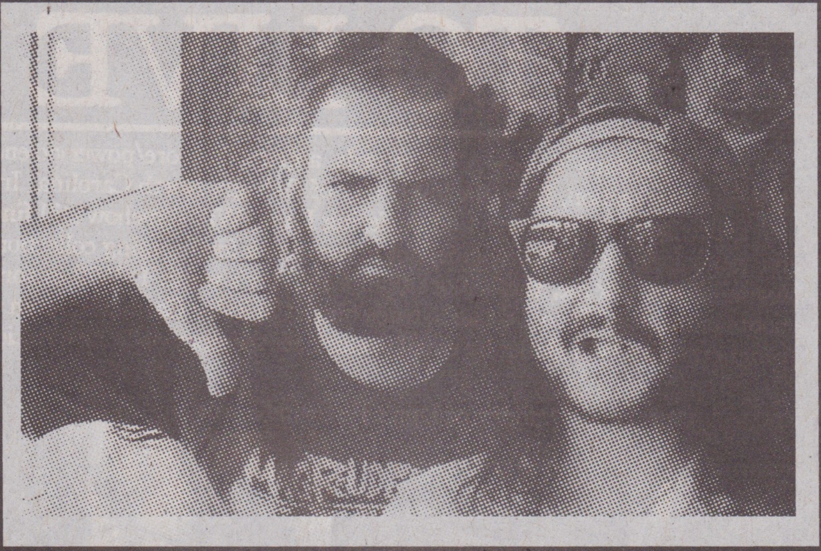
MRR: Rewind the clock back to that one record you held in your hand or band you saw live, that prompted you to start releasing music yourself. What's responsible for sparking your desire to do To Live A Lie and why did you decide on that name? What year did the label officially start and what was your first release?

I started TLAL in 2005 with the Godstomper/Magrudergrind split EP. Prior to putting this out, I had caught the powerviolence record-collecting bug. I hounded after every Neanderthal record I could find, searched high and low for rare Capitalist Casualties jams, looked near and far for Disrupt EPs. I just had to have the next jam like a bug. I grabbed whatever stuff I could off eBay/Skylab/VLV/etc. for as cheap as I could here and there, careful not to break the bank. A lot of the stuff that I found, I still love and jam to this day. That was the spark, really. That spark pushed me into the path of starting Stronghold Distro back in 2003.

My first release resulted from coming across a band by the name of Tunes For Bears To Dance To and me staying friends with them. These people are in an amazing array of bands now: Shitstorm, Torche, Capsule, shortly Kylesa, Devices—to name a few. Rick and Pdub from the band had talked about doing a Godstomper/Magrudergrind split and were getting me hyped to do a label and put it out with them. Shortly after that, I saw Magrudergrind at Charm City Art Space in Baltimore and was blown away not only by their sound, but also by how nice they were. Ricky and Dub ended up not having enough funds to do the record, so I split released it with the third label—Nuclear BBQ Party. To this day, I keep up with Ricky and Dub—awesome folks. Most of that band has now folded back into Shitstorm and it's also amazing to see how big Torche has gotten.

The record label name comes from back in my punk days. I was in a street punk band called the Dead Body Men and I used to book all our shows through an AIM account by the name of ToLiveALie. When I tried to think of a label name that represented music and me, that was the one I kept coming back to. Sometimes I find it a slightly odd name, but in many respects it means the world to me. It represents my early stages, as well as current stages, of musical interest. Ultimately, it spans a timeline of more than a dozen years.

To Live A Lie
Records
RHINO CHARGE



MRR: After you'd decided to release music and you'd settled on the name, how did you choose to focus on fastcore/grind/powerviolence bands as opposed to, say, doing a label based upon other genres?

Actually, I wonder why I haven't touched on different genres before. I would say that some of the bands I deal with cross boundaries. Regardless, when it comes down to it, I put out records that I would flip out to own. Some might argue that Unholy Grave records are a dime a dozen and TLAL did a few of those…but I saw them play in 2005 and they are totally worth the buckets of releases they produce. Also, grindcore/fast hardcore sounds amazing on an EP format. It is so brief and biting. When I did 62 Trax of Thrash for Magrudergrind, I really saw how harsh it is to listen to so much of the same thing. You get that warm feeling of amazement, but then it washes away after the tracks continue to pummel. I think that other genres outside of fastcore/grind/powerviolence are great, but I've found a little clutch of music that I love. Through my support, maybe I can help other people get into it, too. Sometimes, I look at record labels as curators (almost as if they're working for an art museum), so perhaps I'll find that next "puzzle piece" and introduce someone's new favorite band to them!

MRR: One thing I've always wondered is how anyone with average financial means can afford to run a label. I mentioned this subject to the drummer of Caulfield and we agreed that Dom Romeo of A389 records (the label behind the last Caulfield LP) must have one hell of a running tab at the pressing plant! Seriously, how much cash/credit is required?

Well, I look at it this way: it costs a grand or a grand and a half to do an EP, a grand and a half or two grand to do an LP and when you start stacking up releases, you amplify it. Also, remember that if you don't run a distro, no one wants to order it from you unless you have other records they want. It all requires some planning. Luckily, I've been doing this long enough that I have a good sense for things. I don't always listen to my senses, but sometimes those are the most rewarding stories to tell later. For instance, very few people were aware of the band Sex Prisoner (at least on the East Coast) until the EP that I released. That EP blew me out of the water. We have gone on to press 1,000 copies! It's the same story with the Rhino Charge EP that I did seven years ago. I love the cutting edge of music. Hell, I remember saying "no" to doing an Insect Warfare record once, just because they had no music online and I hadn't heard them yet!

MRR: The layperson's understanding of the music industry is that it's in serious decline. It's accepted knowledge that record sales aren't what they used to be and independent record stores have to shut their doors in frightening numbers. Commentators argue that the "business" has shifted to the internet, which would theoretically auger well for online distros such as your own. Let's not forget about downloading, however, which has been increasing rapidly every year and has been deemed by "those who know" as the way of the future. Bluntly, how does To Live A Lie remain afloat in such a grim environment?

I respect the direction that this question comes from, but there are quite a few things that I don't look at my label as. My main, overarching concern lies with the music. If I tried to work with bigger bands in order to make more money just to stay in the game, I would have failed my main objective. I will run this record label into the ground if people decide they don't care about the music I love. At that point, I can go about my life as a music fan again and things will be a lot easier. Fortunately, I don't run a storefront where I have to carry Top 40 albums just to get by (and where I live, I'd have to, unfortunately). I must say that I have the utmost respect for Mom and Pop record shops across the country. They are the DIY of the music landscape! I deal with a distributor that runs on DIY values and supplies my records to those shops.

Honestly, I feel like downloading won't hit DIY too hard. Through downloading, people can hear the record and decide if they like it; they'll realize how limited each run is and, presented with that information, finally conclude if they should purchase a physical version online or at an independent record store. That's part of the logic, but also I've found that people involved in this type of music are very real people and will actively support it. The biggest impact of downloading ultimately affects CD sales. Why would someone put out a CD if music fans will just choose to download it and skip buying it? TLAL still releases CDs; the main reason is to get them overseas. Trading and selling CDs overseas is huge and I love it. I put out CDs every now and then mainly for this purpose. I feel like bridging the gap internationally is great. Additionally, people who don't own a record player are super happy to see someone use this format.

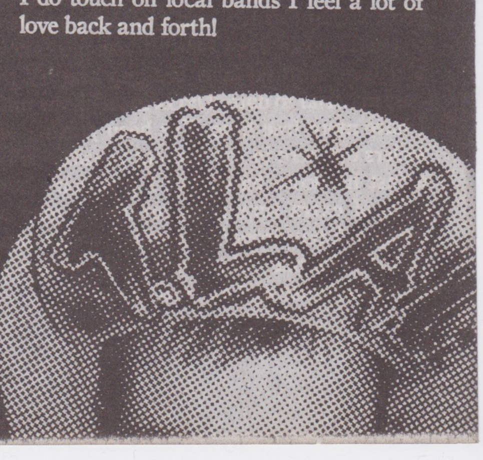
RSR
NOWHERE

MRR: Let's talk about the forthcoming Crusher 10" by Magrudergrind, which you are set to release in the United States. Given the controversy surrounding both the band and the release (due to Magrudergrind's dealings with Scion, the Toyota-owned car company), did you ever have second thoughts about putting To Live A Lie squarely in the middle of that contentious debate?

I never once thought about this, actually. My feeling about the 10" is that it is the perfect disconnect from any "bad" that this car company could have done to DIY grindcore. In truth, I think Crusher is Magrudergrind's finest album and I'm proud to be putting it out as they intended it. I've been friends with the band from day one of my label; I know where they're coming from and I've never seen any weird, money-grubbing aspects to their personalities. In all reality, if they hadn't gone through that debacle, many people might not have heard of them, so people wouldn't have learned about the release and ended up finding the real DIY version. Fans that have been around since Magrudergrind's beginnings can now get the noncommercial version, too. Either way, it's really win-win. I got the original version of the 10" just because it's awesome, and that company didn't make a dime from my purchase. I also have the French DIY version on Bones Brigade/Kaotoxin. Magrudergrind has the backing of some larger DIY labels, but I know for a fact that they've said "no" to sketchy big-name deals in the past, so I really believe that their Scion affiliation was a move to help the average Joe Grinder get a free jam. All that aside, I'm not entirely sure that my budget would have allowed them to record at such a high level with Kevin Bernstein and then have the tracks mastered by Scott Hull, which the affiliation did enable them to do.

MRR: You've released a lot of records/CDs/tapes (and various other things) over the years. What are you proudest of and why? Please don't say that all the bands are like your children and it's impossible to choose between them! There has to be one project that stands out.

It's hard! I don't want to offend anyone here. I think the proudest moments are the ones that I never imagined releasing, such as the Assholeparade record, or the Capitalist Casualties/No Comply split. I'm also proud of releases where the music turned out incredibly well, such as the Sex Prisoner EP, Magnum Force EP or Beartrap EP. I've been stoked for months about the Crusher release and I have a little information, so I'll go ahead and leak that I'll be doing the upcoming LP by the Kill. I'm freaking out about that one. It's a tough question; every jam I do is awesome...hahaha! I'm also very lucky that I've never done a record and later heard about the band being sketchy. No regrets, no resentment, only a ton of love for musicians, friends and people working hard together in the scene. I've always felt a lot of love in the times that I've put out local bands like Thieves and the upcoming Torch Runner LP. North Carolina isn't a hotbed of grindcore and powerviolence as you'd imagine, so when I do touch on local bands I feel a lot of love back and forth!



MRR: What's coming up in 2012 for To Live A Lie? I know you're doing a tape for Suffering Luna and there's talk that you're releasing a book on To Live A Lie as well.

The book is taking quite a bit of work; I'm laying it out myself. It is #6 in the Manchild series by punk-related comic book author/O.G. punk personality Brian Walsby. I've scanned most of the pages myself and created layouts for interviews, as well as assembled the project through InDesign. If it looks bad, it is entirely my fault. I'll just list each release I have coming out so I don't blabber on forever. I have some projects that aren't quite up yet, but this is what should be out soon: (ed's note: the list was four times as long, but by the time this went to print, most of it had already been released)

TLAL76—Decayed Race/Angst split tape

TLAL79—Nashgul/Malpractice Insurance split 7"
TLAL89—Cthulu Youth TBA tape

Additionally, I have some secret stuff planned up until TLAL100 (which will be the TLAL Volume II Comp, featuring several of my favorite fast hardcore/powerviolence bands—including some local ones).

MRR: Are you still playing bass in your powerviolence band, Iron Crow? Does Iron Crow have any live shows planned in the foreseeable future? Any talk of a follow-up to your demo, such as a debut 7" or a split with another band?

Well, that band ended abruptly. There were some interpersonal issues and the band just kind of fell apart, not to mention the drummer moved away for school. Our guitar player is in a new band called Abuse, who play music that isn't too far from what we were doing with Iron Crow, except with perhaps an even heavier Crossed Out/Suffer sound to them. Iron Crow had talked about doing an EP, but things were severed a little too early. I would have liked to put something out with the band past that poorly recorded tape.

However, I still play in No Comply. Readers might recall that No Comply was originally from St. Augustine, Florida and active in the '90s, but the band has now transformed into a recording project. We have two really amazing split records planned, which are on the hush for now. The band is going back to live drums (unlike the first EP I appeared on). Sporadically, I still do my noise-grind project Don Garnelli and I recently released a non-TLAL-related tape. It was professionally done with no label backing and it's the best material to date. DxGx is on hiatus until I have more free time. I've been putting my feelers out here in town about possibly doing a fast hardcore band, but I just don't have a lot of extra time lying around. I may be doing a doom/drone/noise collaborative band with Christophe (who I mentioned earlier as being in Abuse and ex-Iron Crow).

MRR: You've made it a point to help keep print zines alive. You distribute them at your web store but, more importantly, you've created zines of your own, one of which I helped out on. Please tell everyone about the different zines you've done. Are print zines still important/relevant/viable?

Well, flying back to my youth, I always preferred DIY zines to large, full-color, glossy mags (minus skate magazines, of course). I liked the aesthetics better. I did a few totally uneventful ones when I was young, including a zine about skateboarding/computer exploits. Fastcore Photos materialized when I started taking pictures a few years back and encountered the concept of a photocopied photozine for the first time. I thought, "Wow□it never occurred to me to produce a magazine of just photos." I had always been interested in getting pictures in MRR and Profane Existence, but hadn't thought to do a fun DIY project focused solely on my pictures. My old roommate helped me mega on Distort Raleigh (local house show zine)—as well as the two issues of Fastcore Photos—by doing the InDesign layouts and teaching me the basics of that software. He helped with 90% of the Don't Be Swindle layout. I kind of took everything and finished the rest of the project (again, with huge help from you, James, as the editor; I was more of a curator/organizer)! I incorporated everything I'd learned to date, added a mixture of knowledge about InDesign and applied it to putting together Brian Walsby's Manchild #6 book. It's a killer book—overall, it's been a super rewarding project. In a world where everyone is stuck in the blogosphere and on Facebook, an honest zine or book is amazing and I feel like it lasts. To further my belief in keeping things cheap, DIY and free to those who really want them, I provide PDFs of all my zines. Manchild #6 may have to be a paid download to honor the author (who spent all that time making so many awesome drawings), but I want it to be fully available online, too.

MRR: You talked a bit about one of your past "day jobs" in the first issue of Don't Be Swindle. Where do you work these days? Are you pulling some serious late nights after work in order to complete all your creative projects and record label duties?

No serious late nights if I can help it, but it definitely involves some planning, especially to stay a well-rounded person. Some weeks I have to do work every day after work. Occasionally, I've taken the web store down to have some breathing room, but after that, it's nice to be busy again. It is completely a passion of love. I'm an I.T. geek by day; I work for North Carolina State University with a group that focuses on security. It is a great place for me. At my last job, I tried to cram as much label stuff in at work as I could because that was where my passion was but, now that I love my job, I don't want to be disrespectful and I separate the two as they are meant to be. Ironically, a lot of my label principles (maintaining the DIY ethic and keeping prices low on records) also translate very well into the working world.

MRR: Thanks for the interview, Will. Please tell everyone where they can find To Live A Lie and its web store on the internet, as well as any other places to follow/contact the label. As XBRAINIAX put it, Hail Fastcore!

Much love and deep respect to everyone out there reading this. Thanks again, James and huge respect to MRR for everything they've done and continue to do. Here are the places TLAL is on the Internet that matter:

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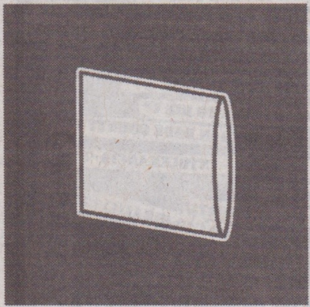
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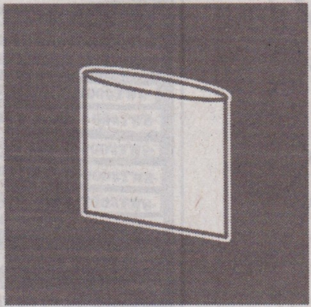
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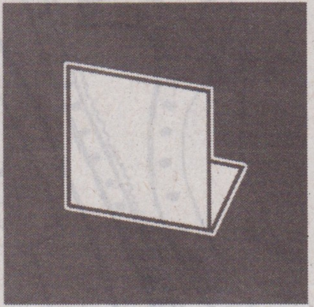
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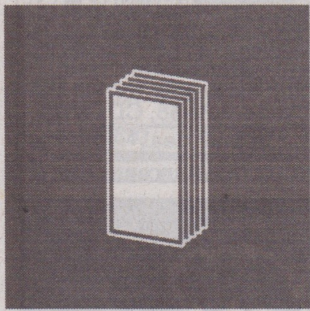
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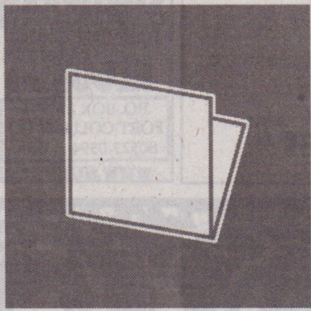
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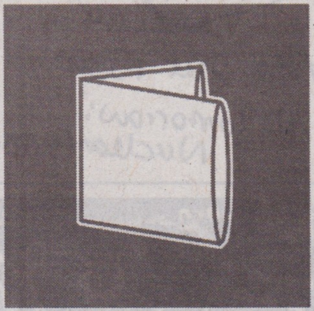
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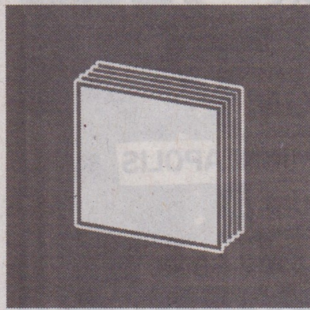
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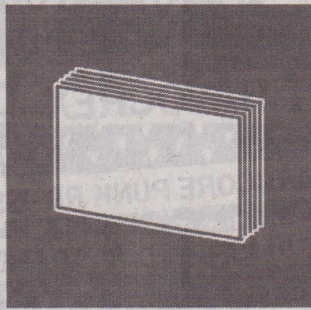
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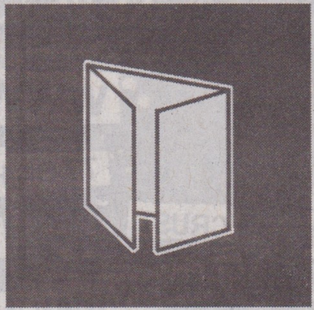
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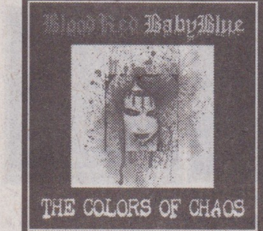

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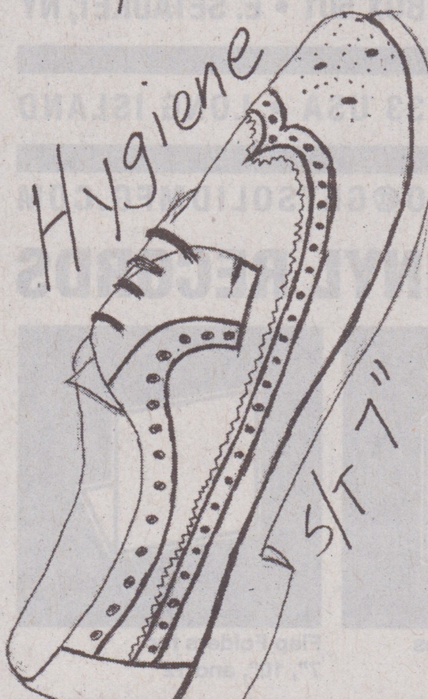

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Warsong are from Zaragoza, Spain. They have been playing for a few years now and developing a powerful identity as a band unique unto themselves. The sound is dark, melodic punk packed with blistering bass lines, catchy climbing guitar rhythms, and prominent vocals that sound as sincere in delivery as they are urgent and intense. Unlike many of their contemporaries who are happy to trudge the paths already forged by the likes of The Wipers, Leatherface, and countless other old time classics, Warsong seem to always forge their own path. The self-recorded and released Ancient Times LP proved that they could be the masters of their own destiny in the most DIY sense of the words. The Caravan 12" EP out now on Sabotage and Erste Theke Tonetraenger is their newest effort worthy of notoriety and some conversation.

WARSONG

Interview by Will Kinser • Photos by Carlos Canales Ciudad

MRR: Ok let's start off with name, age, and instrument.

Jose: Jose, 27, lead guitar.

Jorge: Jorge, 33, bass guitar.

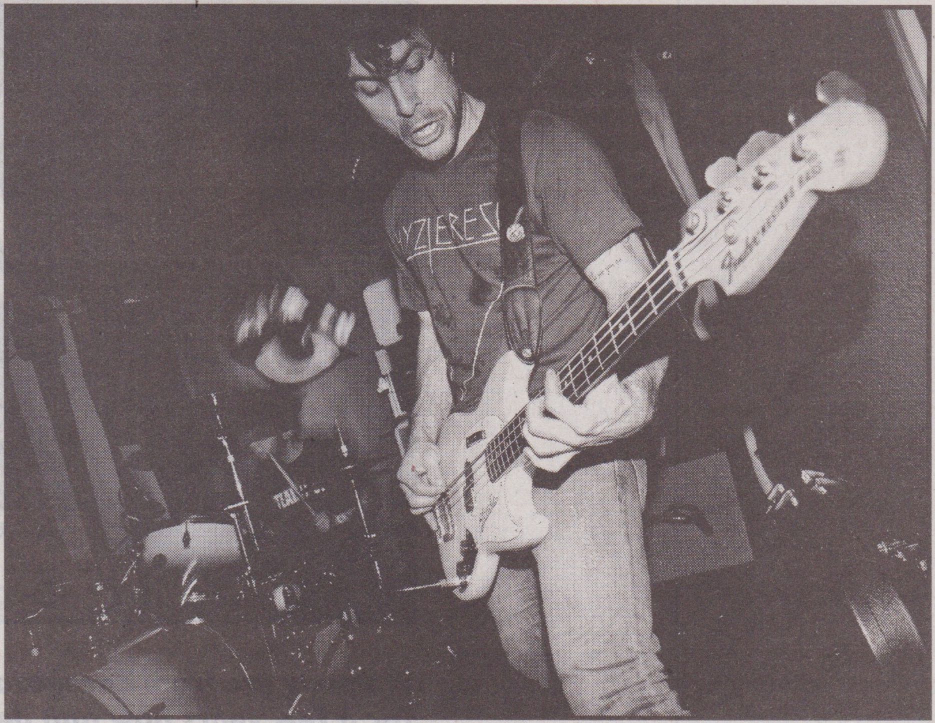
Diego: Diego, 28, drums.

Carlos: Carlos, 32, vocals and rhythm guitar.

MRR: How is living in Zaragoza? I mean, apart from playing in catacombs and eating Spanish jamõn?

Jose: Zaragoza is cheaper than Madrid or Barcelona, but we have one of the worst climates in the country. It is cold and very windy in winter time, and super hot during the summer. Worst of all, we don't have a decent record shop here. By the way, I don't eat Spanish ham, I am a vegetarian.

Jorge: To live in the "wind city" gives you the strength to take on extreme climates. It is not a bad place to live, but we are trying to be a city we are not, copying the model of a modern and cosmopolitan city. In the streets of Zaragoza you can still feel the fear and envy of your neighbor.



Some people's attitudes here remind us that we are still in a conservative old-styled city, a city where youth has an end.

Carlos: Haha. Will, you still remember the show we played together last year with Red Dons in those catacombs? Well, Zaragoza is a middle class city and it is big enough to have interesting things going on. Of course it is not as "alive" as Madrid or Barcelona, but it is a nice city to live in. Even though it is a large city in terms of population (700,000 inhabitants) we can go walking everywhere. Most of the people here are originally from small towns and villages near the region, so the way of thinking in this city is still conservative and narrow-minded. Anyway, it has always been a small underground scene with a good reputation in the rest of the state.

MRR: You guys are all of working age. How is Spain these days on the job front? Are you guys struggling, or are you more or less all professionals?

Jorge: The labor situation of Warsong's members is a good example of Spain's situation. Twenty-five percent of the people are unemployed, and the rest of us have underpaid jobs where we have to fight everyday just to keep them.

Carlos: As a professional, I still keep my job and work in something I always wanted to do. That's a privilege these days, and that is exactly the problem. They make us think that because we keep our jobs, we should feel lucky, and because of that we are supposed to submit to all the shit from our employers. The conditions of people at work are getting worse and worse, but with all of the unemployed people around, people think there is no room for complaining. The future doesn't look very nice either, and Spanish youth are beginning to think that best choice to make in life is to get away from the country, look for something abroad.

Jose: No school, no job, no problem. I didn't go to college and I have never had a long-term job. I am trying to survive with whatever bullshit job I can get some money from to keep on living. I spend the rest of my time on punk rock, so I guess everyone in the band could say we are professionals in our fields.

MRR: Does Zaragoza have a good punk scene? Most non-Europeans probably don't even know where the city is located geographically I'm guessing? What is the closest city to you? Is there a pretty good crossover of bands playing other cities, and bands from around playing in Zaragoza?

Jorge: Zaragoza has more bands than audience or venues. However, there has always been a remarkable amount of free-radio stations, fanzines, squatted social centers, DIY record label, but we are missing more participation in the events. It's hard to book bands because of the high risk for organizers who lose their own money because there isn't an audience. A decent record shop would be nice, too. Geographically, the location of Zaragoza is excellent. We even have logistic centers of international companies placed here, something that is not noticed when hosting gigs of international bands on tour.

Carlos: Zaragoza, in terms of location, is a good city. We are just three hours driving form the most important punk scenes in the country, Madrid, Barcelona, Basque Country, Valencia. As a crossroads, Zaragoza is a great city to arrange gigs for bands travelling from one city to another. The people from Arrebato (DIY venue) are always ready to host a show, and we have other places hosting shows. The problem perhaps, as Jorge remarked previously, is the risk for organizers when arranging a show for international bands. You never know how many people are going to show up to a gig. However, Zaragoza's location is very practical for local bands. Besides, we have a very good relationship with people in the scenes of Barcelona, Madrid, and the Basque Country. It's nice for us to load in the van and use the weekend for a couple of shows somewhere, and be back home on Sunday evening.

Jose: In Zaragoza we had bands like IV Reich, one of my all-time favorites.

MRR: Any rivalries? I hear from some people that Spain has a pretty dramatic culture? From the days we spent on tour together, I didn't really feel that from any of you.

Carlos: I think the atmosphere inside the band is very good. We have all known each other for long time, and we already know each one's personal peculiarities. We do this because we love it and because we like the people we do it with. We work very well as a band, and it is something you can feel when coming to our shows or spending time with us.

When talking about the band's relationship with other bands or other people in the scene, I might say we try to be very respectful and grateful to everyone. People are not in this for the money, or fame, or bullshit like that. They are using their time for something they really feel passionate about. That is probably the greatest thing in the punk scene, and the engine that moves it all. We would not have been able to play anywhere or release any of our albums if there weren't people unselfishly working on this, and that's something we always have to keep in mind.

Jorge: Inside a band there are always different points of view. It is the same as with individuals. We face it more politically or more hedonistically, we put more effort in the background or in the front, melody or message. It is a matter of putting it all together, shake it, and serve it. And that is where the spirit of the band lays.

MRR: How did Warsong begin? Some of you were playing with Insomnio and the short lived No Escape. Why did those bands breakup? What is the difference between Warsong and those previous bands?

Jose: Carlos and I played together in a hardcore band ten years ago, and then Carlos moved to Finland for three years so we quit playing together. When Carlos moved back to Zaragoza, Insomnio had just split up. It was three years, three albums, three tours…too much intensity, and No Escape did not have much of a future since it was formed by people from three different cities. So that's when Warsong began rehearsing. We didn't have a name for the band. At the start, it was the same people that had been in Insomnio, except for Carlos on vocals, and we were trying a slightly more rock-influenced musical direction. From the people who were in Insomnio, now it is just me left in Warsong. Warsong has nothing to do with Insomnio or No Escape. The vocals and lyrics are totally different in all three bands. It is true that the same person is composing the music for all three bands, and I guess it is noticeable. Anyway, it is not my intention to do the same thing for three bands. I feel more fulfilled with what I do in the present than with what I did previously. I do what I do now because I think it's better. Otherwise, I wouldn't be doing this anymore.

MRR: So not everyone currently in Warsong are the original members? Do you think that has an effect on the band's sound?

Carlos: Warsong's life has been full of changes. From the original line up there is only me and Jose. As Jose previously said, the band originally comprised Insomnio's line up, except I was singing instead of Pin. Before recording our first album, our bass player left the band, so we had to ask to our friend Jorge Bolea, bass player in a local mod band, to help us record *Ancient Times*, and to play the remaining live gigs that were already confirmed. We knew Bolea was something temporary, so we decided to look for a bass player who wanted to join the band permanently, and who would collaborate with us in a positive way.

The truth is, we did not have to look much, and our first choice, Jorge, who was playing with a band we were sharing a rehearsal space with (Zorras Adolescentes), said yes immediately. We played most of our shows in Spain, toured Europe last December and January, and we recorded our upcoming 12" EP, *The Caravan*, with this line up. We thought this was going to be the definitive line up, but after the tour, our drummer Alberto surprised us by saying he was moving to the south of Spain where he had found a job. Well, this was very bad news. The band was working very well and we didn't know of any other drummers to play with. We met Diego, the drummer from a local garage band called The Corrigans. He has been already played with us for over a month, and he is going to be our drummer for our upcoming shows. We hope everything goes well and that this is the final line up for Warsong.

Jorge: The loss was a huge surprise and we made a big effort in searching for a new drummer. We were very excited and we really wanted to do things well. This was a big test for the band, and I guess the result has been positive. We are stronger now.

MRR: Carlos, you lived in Finland for three years. Could you tell us about that? It must have been a total culture shock I suppose?

Carlos: Well, in 2003 I moved to Rovaniemi, in the Finnish Lapland, and I spent three years in the university as exchange student. At that time I was totally fed up with everything I had here in Spain and I needed I huge change. That is why I decided to go as an exchange student somewhere far away from here, and the farthest place I could find was that little town in the polar circle. That place is simply amazing. It is just in the middle of the Lapland forest, surrounded by thousands of trees, lakes, and big rivers. The winter there is hard with two months of almost total darkness, and everything is covered in snow for half a year. The feeling there was like living in a bubble apart from the rest of the world, and that was something I really needed then. In a place like that, so isolated and with such an extreme climate, it was very interesting to observe the differences in people´s ways of living and behavior. I was very surprised how different things are there compared to Spain or some other more populated countries. Due to the extreme conditions, they need to work together as a community in order to keep things working there. People are very quiet and respectful to each other. Taxation is very high, and people pay taxes with almost no sign of evasion, and that's very easy to notice when looking at the quality of the public education and the Public Social Care service. They work perfectly as a state. There, politicians and civil servants seem to work for the people and not for themselves, and this is something I miss a lot now that I am back in Spain. On the other hand, sometimes they are too quiet and too cold, and it is easy to miss the hustle and bustle of the city. The truth is, I am deeply in love with Finland, and I think the time I spent there has a lot to do with the person I am nowadays. I have very good friends there and my brother lives in Helsinki. There, I had the chance to meet people from very good Finnish bands like The Enemy Pilot, Zacharius Carls Group, Hero Dishonest, Endstand, I Walked The Line, etc.. you all should check it out. I am trying to visit Finland once or twice a year. It is a good place to relax and rest my soul.

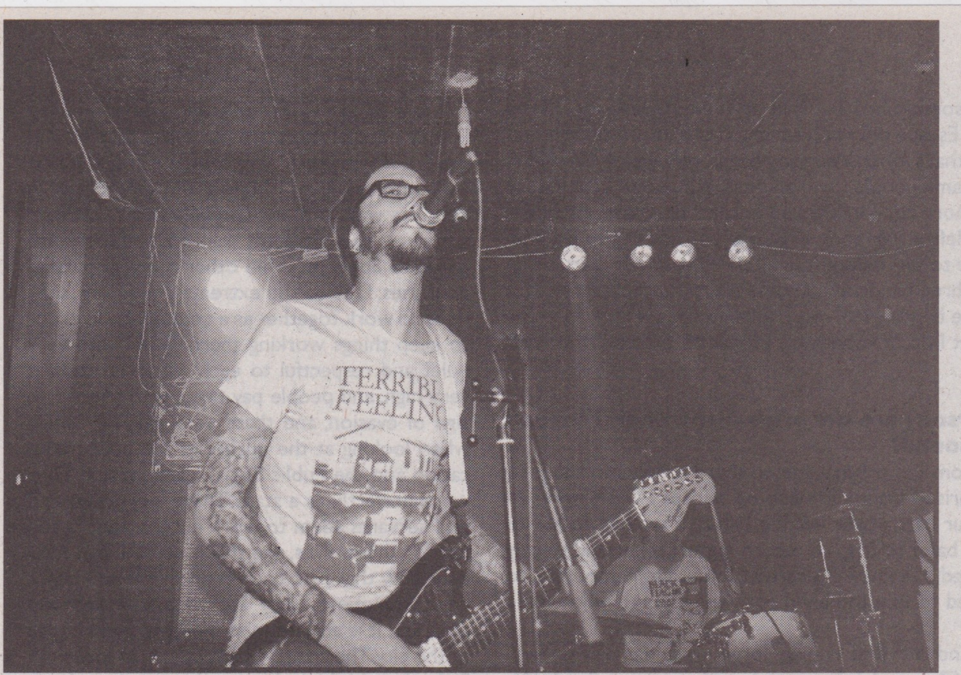
MRR: I don't want to get into why you named the band Warsong, because at this point almost every band name has been used. Sometimes it's just as easy as looking through a dictionary. But why did you use images of war on the cover of your first LP? Is that a theme that is important to the band? Is art important to you guys as individuals, or as a group? What is the deeper meaning of the *Ancient Times* lyrics, if you don't mind my asking?

Jose: I think our concept of war is not the meaning we want to give to the band in general, but it is a subject we wanted to use for this album. I am a big fan of Spanish Civil War history, and of the meaning to us. At the beginning the album we had a cover with pictures from the Spanish Civil War, but Alberto, our former drummer, came up with another design we liked more, and we finally used his idea for the cover. With the other one, we made a limited edition of 50 copies that we sold at the album release party here in Zaragoza.

Some people see the name and the album and the think we are a crust band, and they get quite surprised when they listen to it. I think it is important, the first impression people get, but it is always what is inside that counts, and that's something you have to build with every album. Art is important as a part of a band, but there are awesome albums with horrible covers, also.

Carlos: With the *Ancient Times* LP, I wanted to use the full war concept of the band and the album to express something I was fighting with inside for a long time. I had something inside I wanted to get rid of and Warsong was a good chance to throw it all away.

The lyrics in this album are very personal. Each



text is a part of a full personal story. I will not explain what it is all about since I would like each person listening to the album to think for themselves and to get their own conclusions about it. The ancient times are something we cannot change, but we can make efforts to deal with them, and to live with them, and to avoid repeating them in the future.

In the new EP you can still feel some of this war spirit in the cover and in some of lyrics, but this spirit is becoming diluted and turning into something else. I would consider this new EP as a band transition into something else. We want the band to develop as the people inside the band develop.

MRR: You released *Ancient Times* on your own. Was that pre-planned or was it out of necessity? I also see that you recorded, mixed, and mastered the record yourselves. How important is it to have creative control over every aspect of the band? Who is the control freak in Warsong? Do you record other bands, too?

Jose: The reason we released this album ourselves was the need to get it out as soon as we could. We had a few labels interested in it, but we were afraid the release was not going to be ready for our European tour. I run Thepression Records, but for this release we made an exception. We used the label name, but the money came from the band, and the little profit has been used for the band, too.

I am the control freak in the band, hahaha. The band knows how they want to sound, and I am not saying I do it better, but at least I do it the way I want. It is an important way of saving money as well. I have all the gear to record and we are used to doing it like this.

Besides my bands, I have recorded many local bands. The latest recording I did was Pol Pot's LP, which I am very proud of. We are good friends with them, and we share other bands.

MRR: On tour we were discussing that you would like to get over to the US for a tour. I know that Insomnio also wanted to tour there. What happened? Is that a concern with Warsong? It is getting harder and harder to cross borders it seems these days.

Jose: Yes, it seems it is becoming more and more difficult to play in the States. You cannot travel there with instruments or anything that shows you are playing in a band, otherwise you are not allowed to get into the country. We are used to hearing stories about people playing in bands who got their visas denied by American authorities. This is what happened with Insomnio. One of us had a criminal record, and his visa was denied.

Carlos: We really want to go there, and it is something that all of us have wanted to do for very long time. We know it is going to be very difficult to deal with everything until the tour is fully organized. We are going to work hard to arrange everything. We will need a lot of help from people there, so get in contact if you would like to help.

The best part of being in a band is the chance to meet new people and to visit new places. The experience on our European tours has been more than positive, and we have had lots of fun. I cannot wait to go to the States and to experience how things are there. I have been travelling a lot in Europe, but not so much in North America, and it is going to be interesting in all aspects. Due to globalization and new technologies, the world is becoming smaller and smaller, and wherever you go things seem to be done in the same pattern, but still, there will always be things that will make people different, culturally and personally. I find it very interesting.

MRR: It seems like worldwide repression is on the rise. What do you think? Can you feel that in Spain?

Jose: Absolutely. Spanish government has spent 1.5 million Euros in one year on tear gas and police riot gear. This is a huge increase compared with the 150,000 Euros they spent for the same material in 2007. Knowing this, you can imagine how much the demonstrations are being repressed lately. Apart from that, the right wing party won the last elections with absolute majority, and they are already putting into practice budget cuts in social care and services, as we are ordered to do from Europe, in order to continue in this huge fraud called the European Union. Spain has the highest rate of unemployment in the first world. More than 5 million people, a 25%, and a 50% rate for the youth. Corruption cases are on the news every day, even within the royal family. We are in the same place Greece was a couple of years ago, so here we will probably repeat the situation there. Everything has to blow up at some point.

Carlos: Something is changing in this world and in the way it has been ruled so far. We are living in a very important age and we cannot stand by just watching things happen. We need to play an active part in this. In Spain, as a state, we are losing many of the civil rights we used to enjoy in the past. At least in Europe, Capitalism is removing its social democracy mask little by little, and people seem to be more concerned with their own economical issues. Sooner or later we will realize our way of life has changed, but then it will be too late to avoid it.

MRR: Please tell me about the new record. It should be out by the time this interview is in print. Are there any future plans for the band? Any final comments?

Jose: The new album will be out in June. It is going to be a five song, 12" EP. At the beginning we thought it would be nice to release it as a 7", but due to the length and distribution of the songs, we finally opted for the 12". The sound is quite different from the previous album, and the songs are more elaborate musically and lyrically. They are longer and probably more complicated to listen to. It is not something we have planned, just the natural evolution of the band.

In terms of how the album sounds, I guess this work is more similar to how we actually sound live, much more than *Ancient Times*. It sounds more powerful. In this aspect, we owe a lot to Daniel from Red Dons, as he mastered the EP, and with it he gave a big push to the original recording, and the final mix I did myself. This 12" is going to be out on Sabotage Records and Erste Theke Tonetraenger, both German labels. It will also be released by Doomtown Records from Croatia. In the US, Passion On Plastic from Florida will put it out, together with *Ancient Times* on cassette. Our next goals are to tour the US or Japan, and of course to work on the next album, with no stress.

Carlos: The songs on the new EP are more elaborate than the ones on the LP. The band is more mature now and, we know each other inside the band better. Maybe the songs on the EP sound a little bit more rock, but it is not something we did on purpose. I am not very sure if they show a new direction the band is taking, or it is just a reflection of a moment. Anyway, we are happy with the result, and how we made things while doing it. We tried to keep the same philosophy and way of working as on the LP, but it was done in a different time, and that is something easy to notice when hearing both.

For further information check out our webpage *www.thisiswarsong.com* or our facebook: *www.facebook/warsongmusic.com*.

Will, Thanks a lot to you and to *MRR* for the interview.

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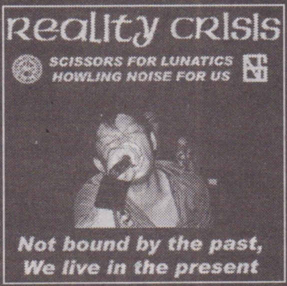
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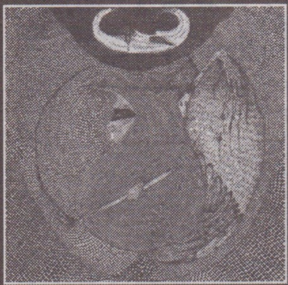

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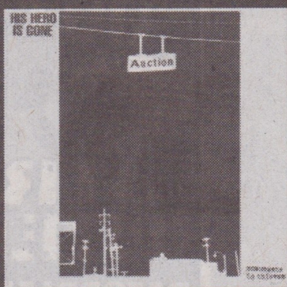
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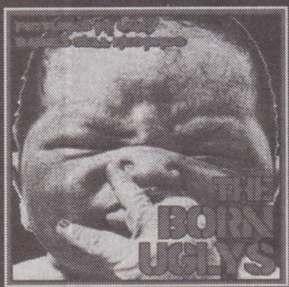
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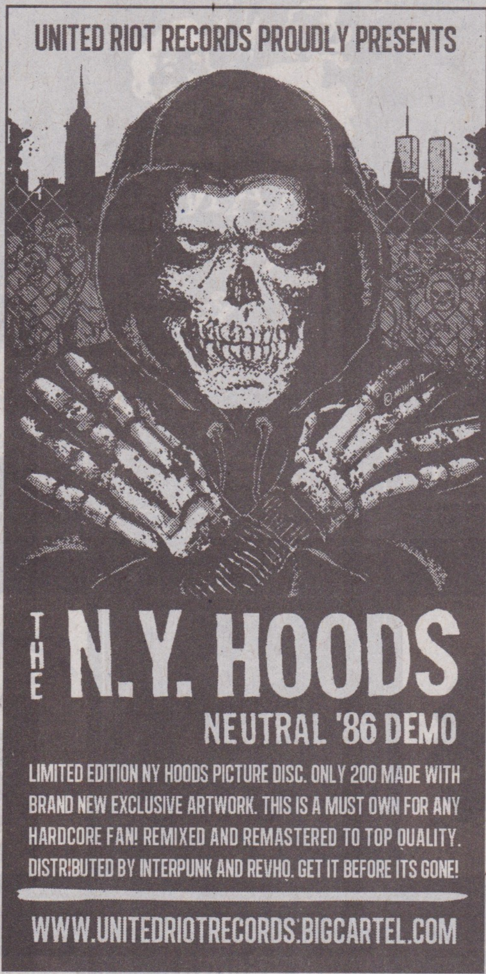

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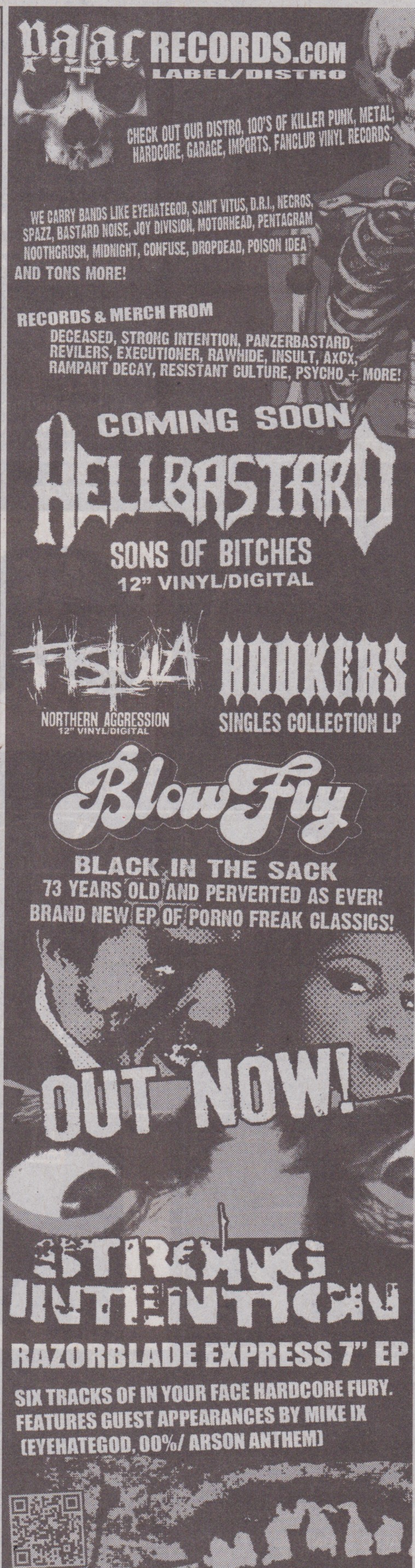

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BRAIN TUMORS

For years, the Twin Cities Hardcore scene was synonymous with the crusty and political side of hardcore punk. And rightfully so, with institutions like Profane Existence and Havoc records proving to be veritable D-beat Motowns right in our own backyard. The years following the millennium saw a shift. Bands like Formaldehyde Junkies, In Defence and Useless Wooden Toys helped usher in a dressed down, confrontational and less-blatantly political take on the sound. In the wake of this wave, bands such as Condominium, Much Worse, Wild Child and others have emerged causing enough of a ruckus to get droves of bodies out to shows again. Festering like a virus in this crop, one would find Brain Tumors.

They're not for everybody. The music is fast and brutal, peppered with non-moshy, mid-tempo breakdowns. Too clever for their own good, their shows can, at times, be as funny as any stand-up you've ever seen. Until a band member throws a drink in your face. The presentation may be sarcastic, but it's a desperate sarcasm—like four individuals confident only in the fact that they simply can't give a shit anymore. For real, their live shows are like a tractor beam for the genuinely frustrated. The records are top notch as well. To date they have a 7" on Pass Judgement and a 12" on Dead Beat. Good luck finding them. This is an interview with Drew, the singer. He's out to lunch.

Interview by Paddy Costello, the skinny guy from Dillinger Four, photos by Martin Sorrondeguy

MRR: Well, I can be honest with you before we do the interview. I stole all these questions.

From where?

MRR: AMP magazine.

AMP magazine, that I used to write for.

MRR: I'm not terribly good at writing interview questions, so I figured I'd go to the professionals so I went to AMP magazine.

I hope you stole some of my questions to New Found Glory.

MRR: I can't guarantee all of that, but probably half of that. Also, some of them are from AP. And by AP, I don't mean Associated Press.

I almost did web editing for them.

MRR: You're not supposed to admit shit like that when you're in a hardcore band. Tell us you dug graves.

Yeah, I dug graves for AP Magazine. I buried that side-project of Blink 182. Angels and Airwaves.

MRR: Is that the one that had the song in the shampoo commercial?

I don't know, but first of all, our bassist Joel is an incredible fan of the band, Shampoo. Second of all, one time I saw Mark Hoppus in an airport and we gave each other the stink eye out of nowhere. I didn't recognize him at all, but I kept thinking, "Who is this fucking loser?" and I'm sure he was staring at me thinking, "Why is this loser staring at me?"

MRR: Yeah, this is terrible. I was going to transcribe this in English, then translate this into Japanese, then read them.

Perfect. We had this good review in this Japanese distro. Imagine that, a good review in a distro. But it basically called us "Twelve Pound Hardcore, the toughest."

MRR: Twelve pound? Is that the heaviest bowling ball you can get in Sendai?

Haha, I don't know. It also called us "table-flipping hardcore."

MRR: Which you guys were, Sunday night.

Sometimes.

MRR: Sometimes as in three days ago, when I saw you flip a table. Okay, so if any of these questions are so stupid that you don't want to answer them, just tell me. I have eighteen of them. And these questions are taken word-for-word from the interviews. If any of them are yours, tell me. Introduce us to each member of the band and tell us what song they did that they wouldn't want us to know about.

Um...I'm Drew. I'm the...vocalist...of...Wolfbrigade.

MRR: Is this from the Wolfbrigade interview? I did take interview questions from a Wolfbrigade interview!

No! I just said that because that guy walking by was wearing a Wolfbrigade shirt! So to answer your question, as far as I'm concerned, "In Darkness You Feel No Regrets" does not exist.

MRR: By Wolfbrigade? You actually know Wolfbrigade song titles? Wow, that's amazing.

Just an album title. Thank you. Well, how I got into hardcore was that I was always really into thrash metal and grind, then I got into dummy D-beat. So, Joel hates everything of ours, I bet. He's a wonderful dude but I think deep down he thinks everything he's ever written is horrible. I also found the Faint on his iPod. But he claims he does not know who they are and that a girl gave it to him. He likes Kraftwerk too. And I think Vivaldi?

MRR: Vivaldi! Vivaldi, Kraftwork and an iPod full of Japanese hardcore. He's the coolest guy in Minneapolis. You can't get much more eccentric than that.

Joel is one of the most eccentric dudes on the planet—and one of the coolest. Pat, our guitarist, is this lanky, weirdo, who listens to a lot of jazz and the Wipers.

MRR: Tell me about Pat. Pat doesn't seem like a music guy. What's the deal with Pat?

Pat is a guy whom I met in high school through my friend's older brother. I knew Pat because I'd be upstairs in the kitchen with my friend, smoking weed and I could hear downstairs someone playing every Metallica solo perfectly. Many years later, he found me on facebook and messaged me, asking if I wanted to do some covers of Big Black songs and I agreed as long as we could cover Cows' "Hitting the Wall." Pat agreed to that. So then we met up and had breakfast at the Uptown Cafe and it was awkward. He had just lost his job and was living with his dad or something.

MRR: You realize we're doing an interview for your hardcore band and we just established that you started by you guys talking over facebook, meeting at the Uptown Cafe to have brunch, to discuss covering a song by the Cows. Felix Von Havoc is going to shoot you square between the eyes.

Felix Havoc thinks we're an improv grindcore band with a stand-up comic singer, I heard. So the first incarnation was me singing, Joel on bass and this guy Tommy who is in a band with the singer of Motion City Soundtrack playing guitar. Seriously. Pat was playing drums on this kit that was held together by duct tape that he had to stand up to play. He wasn't a very good drummer. So I talked to Tommy originally and told him to just play some songs like the Observers or something. And Tommy played some shit that didn't, so we ended it and told him "thank you." So I called my friend Tim Java, who is an amazing Neil Peart-obsessed drummer who used to play in this Victory records mosh-metal band called Dead to Fall, and he agreed for some reason. The first song we wrote was called "Midnight Surgery" and it started because I yelled at Joel to just "play something that sounds like Motörhead."

MRR: That's the best way to start a band. So wait, your drummer's name is Ted?

No, that was Tim. We have Dan now. Dan "The Kid" Johnson. Tim left to play with some other pop-punk band and we had Dan fill-in and he replaced him. Now Tim plays for like, Darkest Hour. I heard Darkest Hour was the reason the Triple Rock no longer gives infinite drink-tickets to bands.

MRR: No, that's Modern Machines. They were a huge reason we don't do unlimited free drinks for touring bands. They showed up and got everyone in for free and gave everyone free drinks, then they were totally bummed out when we were like, "Wow, it's crazy, the entire show made $12 but there's 150 people here." Oh, I know a question that ties right into this. Let me find it. "What's the main idea behind Brain Tumors? Is there something you're trying to represent with this band?"

That's the fucking worst question I've ever heard. As this gal from here who once messaged me said, we're a dumb punk band that doesn't believe in anything or stand for anything. I got mad and tried to explain to her that it's personal and we are four extremely uncomfortable and odd people who do not feel right doing anything. And the only way we can feel better about ourselves is by playing as fast as we can and head-butting people and breaking everything.

MRR: Why do you think you guys feel like that? You come off to me as an extremely well-adjusted dude.

There's something fucked up about me. I want to alarm people and torture them, partially. Not like, stick pins in their scrotums or something like that—

MRR: Albert Fish.

Albert Fish. I don't want to make any lasting damage, but I want to scream in someone's face because sometimes that's the only interesting thing they've seen all week or all year, even. I guess my thing is just about fucking with people as much as I can because I always hated it when singers did that to me at shows. Pat is a masochist who likes being hit, I think, and showing up to shows wearing dresses and make-up. Joel is a self-sabotager who wants to ruin his life, probably, but is too talented and intelligent to actually do it. He's a math genius. And Dan is a wonderfully talented, nice dude, who grew up the first fifteen years of his life being diagnosed with Tourette Syndrome, depression and OCD, because his parents listened to this fucked up psychiatrist he had growing up.

MRR: So how did you end up playing the genre that you did? You guys are the Midwest answer to proper Tokyo hardcore. You guys sound like a Japanese hardcore band.

Well, the Japanese say we sound like Void. Americans say we sound like Gauze and Lipcream and the Japanese say we sound like Void and the Fixx.

MRR: So how did you end up sounding the way that you do? What were you guys doing when you first started?

We were playing songs that sounded like Motörhead and Joel was ripping off some No Side and Mess songs. And maybe some Crossface. It's all weird Joel shit; and then Pat is such a unique guitarist and he pounds his guitar, hitting every string. When he plays he looks like he's trying to strangle the life out of a child.

MRR: Yeah, and he's also extremely violent.

Pat is violent.

MRR: He smacked me the other night.

He also kisses people. He basically runs around hitting everyone and kissing everyone. And Joel is just wandering around shirtless, trying to feed everyone baba ganoush or Armenian string cheese. Dan just talks to everyone and makes jokes and I'm standing around trying to make sure no one is dying.

MRR: No, you're not. What the fuck are you talking about?

Well, I'm trying.

MRR: You have a bizarre habit of referring to what you guys do live as a nervous reaction. I've heard you do it three different times as if it's a nervous reaction to what the crowd is doing.

We're not reacting. The way Joel put it, there are bands that react to what the crowd is doing and bands that force the crowd to do something. To me, we force the crowd to do something. I don't care if everyone's going to stand there. By the end of it, everyone is going to be right next to me, or ten feet away where they don't think I can reach them, then I'll drop the mic and still run at them. Or spit on someone.

MRR: At least in Minneapolis, it has been a very long time since there has been a reaction like this. What is it you're doing that makes everyone come up front?

Well, we wreck shit...?

MRR: It's not that simple. Wrecking shit is no big fuckin' deal. There is something going on when you guys play live that almost begs urgency and it's not common. There aren't a lot of bands that are making that happen in the Twin Cities. But there's also a sense of community in a fucked up way.

That's what it is. We may have seven people flying off chairs and pushing each other, but maybe we've got three people doing it too who have never seen us before. It's the fact that we talk to everyone around, we go to shows, we see people and people know us as just weird dudes. Look at me, I'm wearing light blue wrangler jeans and a dumbass vintage t-shirt.

MRR: You do look special. The minute I saw you today, I thought you looked like a piece of shit.

Cool. That's perfect! We talk to everyone and try to make a personal connection. We're not fucking salesmen, it's because...if you try to compliment me, I can't take a compliment from someone I don't know who I have no frame of reference to.

MRR: So this begs the next question. Minneapolis has a rich heritage of ugly music. At times, that ugly music was not necessarily en vogue. Pretty much the torchbearers of it would be Profane Existence and after Profane, Havoc records. And with those came an aesthetic. It was definitely a political mindset and a set of dress. Currently in Minneapolis, there's this whole resurgence of ugly music played by dudes, who aren't necessarily wearing spiked leather jackets and charged hair; you guys, Much Worse, Wild Child, to some degree, In Defence. Did you guys get anything from that "other Minneapolis" that existed, literally, until the early 2000s?

No, we didn't go to shows. Dan maybe did. I went to shows at the Mala and the Alamo House, the Slaughterhouse, just because I heard there was something fun going on. I saw Tear it Up and ran upstairs because it was too violent and weird and it scared me.

MRR: But Tear It Up is the shit.

Right, I know. But I didn't get it. And then when I moved back here, Joel and I didn't go to shows because the crowd was intimidating with all these people that knew each other.

MRR: But Joel is super into Japanese hardcore...?

Yeah, in Raleigh he's an expert. I think on some site they promote our shit as "Joel from Raleigh who listens to Japanese hardcore has a band."

MRR: Really? But in Japanese hardcore violence was the order of the day. Flamethrowers, chainsaws.

Hah, but we didn't go to shows because we didn't know people. It was through Andy Peterson from Fashionable Idiots/Formaldehyde Junkies that we got put on shows. He's the best, he's nuts. But we got thrown on these shows and sooner or later we had people who were scoffing at us because we look like dorks asking, "Who the fuck are you guys?" It still happens where we're about to play and some dude with a spiky leather jacket calls me a poser, then leaves buying a 7".

MRR: Did you have any attraction to early punk? Or is this purely organic?

I mean, I guess? I didn't know bands like Government Issue. I didn't know Hüsker Dü. I didn't know any of that shit until like, 2005. Joel introduced me to all of it. Hüsker Dü was some band that influenced Nirvana with cheesy pop songs. I had no idea there was anything before it.

MRR: Well, but Hüsker Dü is not exactly the band that was throwing pint glasses at people's heads.

Yeah, but they were fast, rough and well thought out, and they were organic. There's no other way to put it.

MRR: There was no *Land Speed Record* before Hüsker Dü.

Absolutely not. But it's organic I guess because we're separate from the "punk" experience most people had growing up. I grew up listening to death metal. Joel knows fucking everything about hardcore. Patrick is some freak who loves Greg Sage. Dan is a metal drummer who just wants to play drums as hard as he can and as fast as he can.

MRR: And smoke weed in his parents' basement. But it's kind of weird that you ended up with the sound that you did.

Yeah, and that's probably because of Joel. But my knowledge of punk...I saw Formaldehyde Junkies and I had no idea what the fuck it was. It was their first show, which was also their first practice, with Garmonbozia or something at the Mala. I just knew them as the band where I could not hold a beer near them because it would get spilled on me with people getting thrown around. It was them ruining everything that taught me what I now think punk is. Just being irreverent at all costs.

MRR: In a way, you could say that was the rebirth of it here—the irreverence, Formaldehyde Junkies... I haven't thought of it like that. And at the end of the night, people had a good time.

Hopefully: and if they didn't, they didn't come back. We played this show at Medusa a few weeks ago where, as I tried to knock a beer out of some girl's hand, ended up hitting her in the face. I felt awful and stopped and started apologizing as everyone was still playing and she was mad, but understood I was making an effort to apologize to her. So then I knocked some other girl's beer out her hand and she starts punching me, yelling, "That was my second beer you spilled," punching me in the face and head. So I freaked out and went on this big rant about how she should move to Iowa City, read a book, dye her hair or whatever she has to do, but that she doesn't fucking get punk music and to just leave. And then I just got really mad and started punching the wall over and over again.

MRR: In 1995, we had a DIY place across from the Triple Rock where we did shows. At the time we had this collective. There was a huge debate on which neighborhood to do the shows in and I remember Felix brought up specifically that he didn't want it to be too close to the University of Minnesota, which takes up a whole part of the city. He said part of the thing about punk is that it needed to be threatening. It didn't need to be a guarantee that you were going to get hurt, but he also said he didn't want it to be,"Hey, everything's great and feels good, let's hold hands." And that was the first time I had ever thought of that. How would you apply that to Brain Tumors? I don't think of it as a threatening thing, but I'm 230 pounds, you know? And I see an extreme cross-section of people at your shows.

There are people who come to see us because they're curious, people I know personally and people I sort of know. And then there are people who show up because they want to break things and act dumb, I guess. So there's this layer of people who are standing in the back, trying to figure out what's going on while there are people in the middle of it. I mean...what was the question? Making punk a threat...again?

MRR: Can I ask you another really important question? It's one of my "important music industry" questions. Uh... "Have there been any live incidents that you regret?"

No.

MRR: Awesome.

We played at the Hexagon and I kicked a mic stand at this dude and he had a bad ankle and it hit him. I felt bad about it and I apologized to him after. But I still don't really regret that.

MRR: My girlfriend books the Hexagon. The day after your show she was really bummed because she got all these emails from the guy who got the mic stand thrown at his ankle.

Yeah, I spent about a half an hour on the phone with him the next day apologizing. He wanted to sue us. You could tell he was angling towards that. He was talking about his band and how they like to get fucked up and party and "put on a good show." Everyone I talk to who says some shit like that, I see them and they're standing around, bobbing their head at a country bar or something, head banging and looking like Monster Magnet with fringed jackets.

MRR: You can't mean literally fringed jackets.

Yeah, like Ozzy fringed jackets. Just standing there. Everyone has this idea that they want their band to be tough and entertaining and crazy. But to them, crazy means their guitarist lifts his guitar over his head and plays the solo.

MRR: Why don't you have inserts? Why don't you have lyric sheets?

We do in the new record, on Dead Beat records, which we publicly disavow.

MRR: Oh! "Tell us about being signed to Dead Beat. How did that come about and why?"

Some loser named Tom emailed us and offered to put out our demo. We didn't care and figured people had already heard it on cassette or online. We said okay and then I made some art and he didn't like it. Then made more art and he didn't like that. Then I said, "Hey, everyone in the band likes it and we asked some people outside of the band and they like it too." And he said, "Yeah, well, I checked with my girlfriend and she doesn't like it either." So then we cleaned it up the way he wanted it, because he said the layout was too much like a Fucked Up record, but it was actually like Hüsker Dü's *Land Speed Record*.

MRR: So it actually looked like the Sub Pop singles club?

Yeah, who cares. It's our record and we'll do what we want. They're not going to buy it because it's on your label, they'll buy it because they've heard of us. More or less, the agreement was that he would give us 50 of 500 records and then would sell us the rest at cost. Then when we tried to buy more at cost he charged us the same amount he charged all of our friends' distros—eight bucks. So we had to pay eight bucks a piece for our own record. Plus shipping! So if we want to sell our own LP for $10, we're making like, one dollar. It's not like we're trying to make money, but we had an agreement and he fucked us on it. I showed him the email and he just ignored it and said some horseshit. The guy is insane.

MRR: What are you doing with it now?

Oh, it's done. It's done. He'll sell the rest of them and make his money. I went and found the test presses on eBay and saw it was made at a place called Rainbow records, so I went and called them up and told them that if he tries to repress it, he's not allowed. I guess he's fucked a bunch of other bands over too and we've stopped a bunch of our friends and other people from putting out records with him.

MRR: Here's another awful question from AMP Magazine: "Are you guys into hippie drugs or raver drugs? What about furry porn?"

What?

MRR: Yeah, this is verbatim. We have to print this exactly the way it is.

Seriously? Uh...these are real questions? Are we into hippie drugs or...

MRR: OK. "Can you tell me a little about the Minneapolis scene and how it influenced the development of Brain Tumors?"

I know this is a joke question, but, really, no influence. We did not like anyone, we did not pay attention to anything, we did not care. We found shows, we played them. We threw shit, we punched people and we destroyed things. People kept coming back and asking us to play more shows. There are a lot of good bands here, but we don't care what the rest of the scene is doing in regard to us. As far as I know or care, everyone at a hardcore show can stand around, nod their heads and tap their feet. You can do that forever while I punch myself in the head with a microphone until I bleed and then go to work the next day.

MRR: Well, that's the end of the interview. Ha!

See you!

Really?

MRR: I can't think of a better way to end it.

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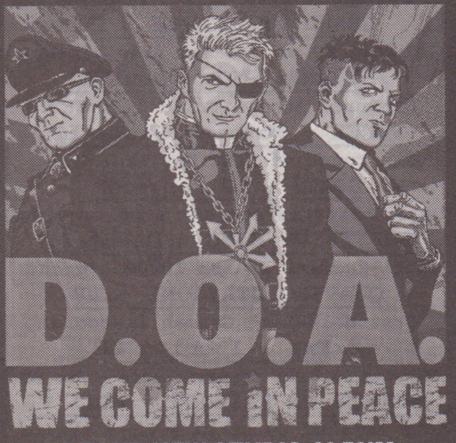

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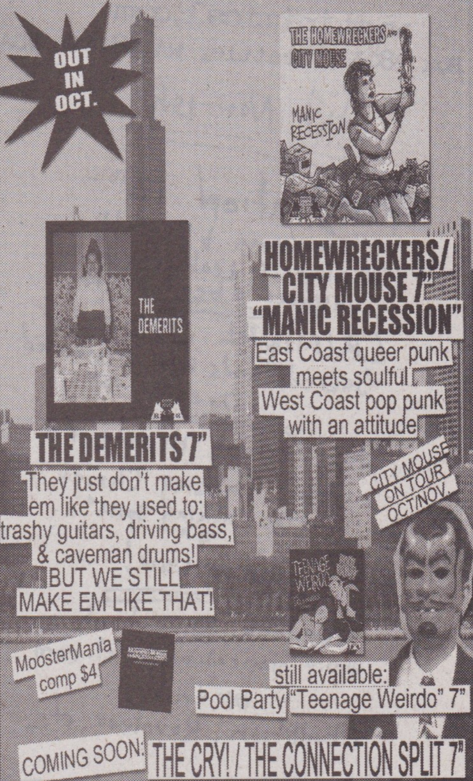

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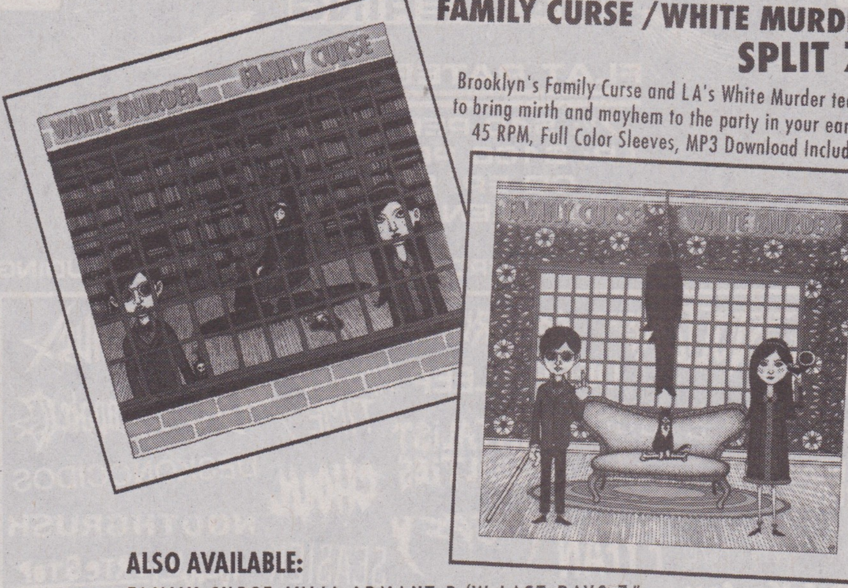

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ANTI-CIMEX

Not long ago I caught up with Charlie Claesson, a founding member, and the original drummer, of the great Anti-Cimex. After we got to know one another, I kindly asked if he wouldn't mind doing an interview, to which he agreed. Being a huge fan of Cimex, I'm well aware of most of the information available on them—the outrageous costs of their original releases, the later days with Cliff and the cloudy ending to what I would consider the literal foundation of hardcore punk in Sweden. So, I felt very much obliged to dig up any unrevealed information I could about Anti-Cimex as we know of them today... and I feel that after speaking with Charlie I may have done just that. But who knows, the only way to find out is to continue reading. So, please sit back and enjoy the epic tale of the one and only... Anti-Cimex.

Interview by Zach Flanary, originally published in *Your War* #4.

MRR: Now, Anti-Cimex formed in 1981 in Sweden from the ashes of Bohman Brinner, right?

The band was formed in Mariestad, Sweden one evening when I was visiting my friends in Bohman Brinner. We spent some time in their rehearsal room and played a few songs, found out that we had the same musical visions (if such a thing is possible at age fifteen) and decided that I should be the new drummer. We also thought that a name change would come in handy. Our first rehearsal was in Skovde, at my place, a couple of weeks after the decision had been made. Eventually, we moved to Gothenburg until 1982-84.

MRR: Were any members playing in other bands aside from Shitlickers? I've read that Jonsson was in four bands (Kloak, Bombhot, etc.) before Cimex and Shitlickers—is this true? Were any other members of Anti-Cimex in any of these bands or other lesser or well-known bands during that time?

As mentioned, 75% of the band played in Bohman Brinner and I played in a band called Piller (meaning pills) who was more of an R'n'R punk band. Shitlickers was nonexistent when Anti-Cimex began. They didn't form until we all had moved to Gothenburg. Jonsson did play in a number of bands before Cimex, but from what I understand they were short-lived. None of Anti-Cimex was in these bands; they were all Mariestad bands. Not sure, but maybe Jimmy, the guitarist of Shitlickers, and Jonsson played together in one of these bands.

MRR: Wasn't there an issue over the name with an insecticide company who also went by the name Anticimex? Did they really demand an explanation with every new release the band put out?

At least until the *Absolut Anti Cimex* LP. When we started the band, Nillen and I went to their office to ask if it would be all right to name our band Anti-Cimex. They said that it was no problem at all, but after every release they would call us and say that we couldn't use it. We had to thoroughly explain that we weren't in the pesticide business, we were an orchestra. I think it was after the release of the MLP that we actually received a letter from their lawyers stating that we couldn't use the name. But after a discussion and the same argument we previously had, they let it be. It was worse after the release of *Absolut*. The lawyers for Systembolaget, who have the sole right to sell alcohol in Sweden, wrote us and accused us of stealing the logo from *Absolut* vodka and said that they wouldn't allow it. We managed to let the copies we had already released go untouched, but any new pressings of the release required a different cover.

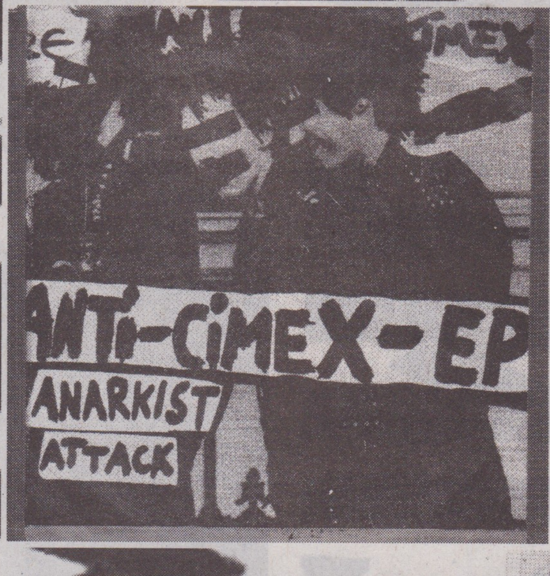
MRR: You were playing the drums when Anti-Cimex formed, weren't you? Jonsson initially played the bass guitar, didn't he? Is it true that Bonni from Asta Kask had a brief stint as the vocalist in the early days?
Jonsson and I were the only original members in the end and I was the only one still playing the same instrument. Bonni joined the band in between the release of *Anarkist Attack* and *Raped Ass*. In the beginning, he was supposed to play the guitar, but after a short while he was also singing beside Nillen. Our plan was to smoothly get Bonni in as the vocalist and let go of Nillen. But when we let Nillen go, Bonni also left to join Asta Kask. That is the reason that Jonsson took over the microphone. It was easier for us to find a bass player than a vocalist.

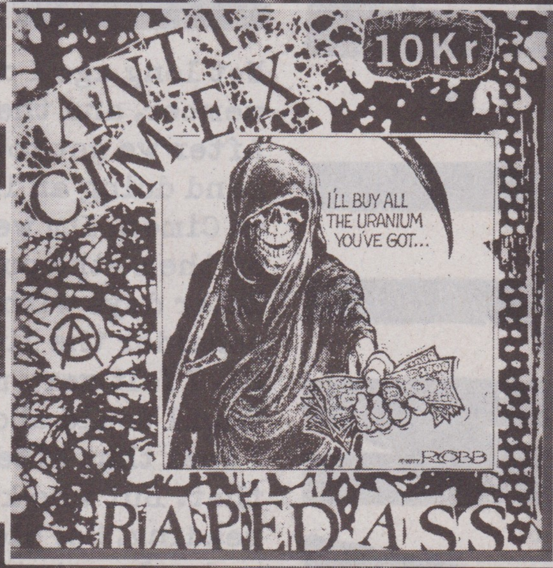
MRR: Wasn't the first EP *Anarkist Attack* recorded in December of 1981 not too long after the band formed? Where was the EP recorded and why did Nillen depart from the band shortly afterward?
The band had only existed three months when we went into the studio to record *Anarkist Attack*. In fact, we didn't even play live before that recording session. The studio, if I remember it right, was a place called Studio 66 in Skovde. Jonsson paid for the session because he was the only one of us that had a job. After we recorded the EP, we noticed that Nillen wasn't sharing the vision of our music. He wanted to write long, political lyrics and we wanted to do the opposite. We didn't work on the same side of the field that he did. I don't know if he was aware of our plans or if it came as a surprise for him. After we kicked him out, we moved to Gothenburg and continued on our path.

MRR: Once Jonsson took over the vocal duties, how many bass players did Anti-Cimex go through before taking a break in '86? I'm asking because I've heard stories of many a bass player passing through during that time. You even played bass periodically, didn't you?
Let's see: Jonsson, Conrad, Cutting, Sixten, Lefty and me. Six bass players in twelve years ain't that much. Or is it?

Anyway, after Jonsson moved to vocals, we found Conrad in Gothenburg. He was a kind of special guy. Great bass player, but he had a few problems with his social skills. Cutting was the exact opposite—great guy, but not so good on the bass and he also lived in Skane (almost 500 km from Skovde), which made it hard to practice. Sixten...I don't really remember if he left the band or was kicked out. Lefty joined in the end, having played with Cliff in Black Uniforms. Great bass player, but a complete tornado in life. When it comes to me, I only played the bass for four or five songs during a single gig before it was transformed into a big fight with skinheads.

MRR: When *Raped Ass* was released in 1983, did Anti-Cimex anticipate a large response to the record? Did you ever imagine it would become the definitive sound of Swedish hardcore during the early '80s or that a single *Raped Ass* test pressing would sell at a value of around $600 almost 30 years later?
We didn't anticipate anything at all. We just created the record




ANTI CIMEX
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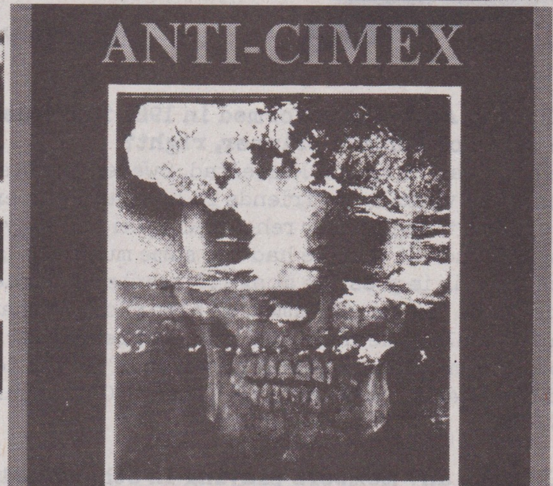
ANTI-CIMEX
Victims of a bomb raid

NEGATIVA BARN
BORED TO DEATH
DISCHARGE

that we wanted to. And to be honest, not much happened when we released it. I must admit that it feels kind of odd that, 30 years later, it still inspires people. I'm so proud that it went this way! It's proof that what we did really was good stuff. It took me a while before I understood how important the EP really was. I didn't fully understand until I was in Ipswich, recording the Death Dealers' album *Files of Atrocity* in 2010. Dean Extreme and Phil Vane told me that it was our record that inspired Extreme Noise Terror to start playing. I also spoke to a whole bunch of the Ipswich punks at Phil's funeral and they all said the same thing. It was the EP that made the biggest impact, it made me so proud that I almost couldn't speak.

Regarding the prices on our records...I must say that it is totally crazy! The price of that test press would have been enough to pay for the entire first pressing. I have never been a collector myself and I would never pay so much money for an EP, but it's a free world (or is it?). I've still got my copy of the *Raped Ass* test press and I got an offer to sell it for 10,000 Swedish kronor (approximately $1,500), but I didn't. It's a piece of memorabilia and it means more to me standing beside my other records than the money does.

MRR: In *Problem Child* #2, where you were interviewed around '84-'85 (I'm assuming), you said that Anti-Cimex had only played two gigs outside of Sweden, which took place in Finland. You also said that you thought Disarm and Headcleaners were among some of the Swedish bands to be successful. What is it like now looking back at these predictions, how accurate they were, and thinking about those first two gigs in Finland?

Disarm were our friends and we lived right next to each other. We used to call them our little brother band. We had a close cooperation on things between us. Jonsson even drew the cover for their first EP. We also used their rehearsal room when we didn't have one of our own. But, we considered Headcleaners more of a competitor. We didn't know them at all in the beginning and their first EP was/is a killer. At one point, they contacted Jonsson and wanted him to do the vocals for them. I didn't like that, but Jonsson decided to stay with us and I was glad! If he had left at that time there would surely have been no more Cimex. A member of the Headcleaners later released the *Victims of a Bomb Raid* EP so they can't be all bad, ha-ha. I don't remember a thing about the Finnish gigs. We were drunk as fuck and had a pretty chaotic trip. I can also say that this is true for all of our trips to Finland. Finland is very close to Sweden but in a sense far away. We had problems understanding one another because they weren't familiar with our language. The biggest problem was that they were even bigger drinkers than we were. Chaos times two! Finland is always good to play but there is a lot of chaos included. That's my own, personal conclusion.

MRR: Before taking a break in '86, following the release of *Criminal Trap*, Anti-Cimex toured England. Can you tell me about any interesting tour stories? Did the band really drive around looking for metal parts that Jean-Louis could use for percussion during the gigs? Did people actually throw trashcans at Discharge when you played with them, in response to the then-new *Grave New World* LP?

Well, touring England was kind of special for me in 1986. That was the place where all of the music I loved came from. To tour there was a dream come true for me. But as usual, the dream was better than reality. We didn't get the money we were promised and we had problems finding places to sleep. And on top of all of that, the pubs cut the power at 11 o'clock. During at least four dates, we were stopped in the middle of a song because all of the instruments excluding the drums went silent. That's what pissed me off the most! And the guy who arranged the tour seemed to be afraid of us. He rarely even socialized with us. One night, we slept at Rat's (Varukers/Discharge) place. He told me recently that he remembers it very well because Jonsson was lying in the middle of the street, drunk as hell, screaming, "I wanna diiieee!"

I also remember all of the dogs running loose in Leeds, the fish'n'chips in real newspaper, the Samantha Fox frenzy that was going on at the time, the difficulties of driving on the "wrong" side of the road and watching Maradona's "Hand of God" at a pub in Gateshead during the soccer world championship.

We always looked for stuff that Jean-Louis could beat on. He had some favorites with him but we couldn't bring a big car spring to England, so we had to find other stuff for him to use and we always did—anything that we could attach a microphone to that sounded interesting. In Leeds, people booed at Discharge and screamed "Cimex! Cimex!" in between their songs. It was strange for us, because they had influenced us during their earlier years, but the *Grave New World* LP wasn't good. Of course, it was great for us to hear that the audience wanted us on stage instead!

I don't remember any trashcans being thrown but there might have been some. There is a funny fact about the tour, dealing with the support band we had with us during part of the way. Four really shy guys riding in a Fiat, playing chaotic music and too shy to talk to us. Later they would have some more success than we had; they were called Napalm Death.

At the end of the tour, I was beaten by an Irish madman at a pub in London. Despite that, it was great to be on tour in England. It took me 22 years to do it again, this time with Driller Killer. England is England, but I think I'll wait another 22 years until I tour there again.

MRR: Why did Jocke decide to call it quits in '86 and why did he use the alias "Ronald" on the MLP? How come the band decided to take a break following his departure instead of getting another guitarist? Did Cliff from Black Uniforms really decline to play in the band when he was first asked or is this untrue?
Well, I think Jocke got fed up with the music. He wanted to play more Alice Cooper-ish and we wanted to keep on the path we already had. I think that the tour in England was also a reason. The touring thing wasn't like he had expected it to be. He quit playing guitar and changed his life after he abandoned us. Ronald is his middle name, named after his father who had just died at that time. It's in homage to him. We didn't decide to take a break; we wanted to continue so we discussed it and came to the conclusion that the only person who could replace Jocke was Cliff. We called him and explained the situation and he came to Gothenburg. But somewhere along the way he changed his mind and turned us down. I've asked him about it and there were several reasons. One, he didn't like the Jean-Louis thing. And, he was scared of doing a bad job in the band. Anyway, he said no and we had no other choice other than to put the band to sleep or in the grave, whichever came first.

MRR: In 1990, Cliff ended up taking over the guitar duties when Anti-Cimex reformed. Did you guys get back together with the intention of re-developing the sound during the recording of *Absolut*? The later releases obviously carry a more noticeable metal influence than the earlier releases. What is the reason for this or did it just kind of happen that way?
We had no other intention than to reform and continue playing. Jocke used to write most of the riffs and now it was left to Cliff. He was a little more metal-influenced than we were, but it suited us well. We had been playing D-beat for almost ten years so it was fun to change things up a little bit while still sticking to the same D-beat feeling of our music. We were not the only band at that time going for a more metal sound, but we got much mouth about it. Someone said we went from being Sweden's most well known punk band to Sweden's least known metal band. As usual, we didn't care.

MRR: I read an interview with Cliff where he mentions that Anti-Cimex found Discharge to be the band's main influence, is this true?
Yep, the first EPs and the *Hear Nothing* LP are still great. But they weren't our only influences. I listened more to Disorder and Chaos UK, Jonsson listened to Vice Squad and older punk, Conrad was a sucker for Throbbing Gristle and Jocke was into Alice Cooper...And we all loved Black Sabbath! There is the recipe for Anti-Cimex.

MRR: What led to the final disbanding of Anti-Cimex?
In 1993 the Trallpunk (Swedish for "melodic punk") scene was huge; almost no one in Sweden wanted to listen to the hardcore stuff anymore. We didn't get anywhere; there were still fifty people watching us at the gigs and it felt that we were out of tune with the punk scene. Jonsson started to become a big problem with his drugs and drinking. He got violent and he could not show up at gigs and destroy recording sessions with his attitude. So we decided that it wasn't worth it anymore. I had a son in 1992 so it suited me fine to have more time for him.

MRR: I know that Jonsson went on to play in Wolfpack for a time and Cliff went on to form Driller Killer. Are there any other projects that started from members of Anti-Cimex?
Jonsson went to Wolfpack and he also did a one off CD project with the Marduk guys called Moment Maniacs. Cliff started Driller Killer and was very productive for about ten years. Nowadays he is not so productive, but he and I have plans on starting something new. Jean-Louis plays in a band called Skull Defekts and they are still touring around Europe. It's some kind of electronica music. Jocke is doing nothing. Conrad is in bad shape in his head, talks to people in the bushes and only plays trumpet and flute now! Sixten is still playing bass in a Gothenburg band, I think. Cutting and Lefty are dead. Nillen lives a normal life in Gothenburg. I played and play in various projects; D-beat band Not Enough Hate (1995-2000) and punk'n'roll band Troublemakers (1999-2008), Driller Killer (2005-2009). I also have a project with the guys from Extreme Noise Terror called Death Dealers. We released one CD in 2011, which is the last record Phil Vane does vocals on. But there will be more from that constellation. There's more, but who cares! I'm still active and I hope I will be for many more years.

MRR: Is it possible that Anti-Cimex may ever perform again or reform for another release?
I don't think so. Jonsson, Cliff and I have been talking about doing something together, but the ghost of Cimex hangs over us. But who knows, one day there's suddenly a brand new Cimex record. Or maybe we'll call ourselves Comix or something. Or we could just keep the recording for our own ears. We have been offered 150,000 SEK (16,500 Euros or $22,500) for a 30-minute gig but we've turned it down because it isn't worth it. But, we are all prostitutes and if the price is right then you might see the old fat bastards jiggle their butts again.

MRR: It's been nice speaking with you Charlie, I really appreciate you taking the time to let me interview you. Thank you!
Thank you!

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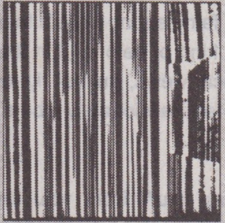

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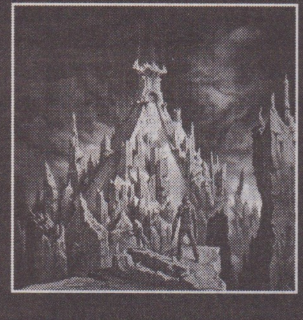

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IMMINENT DESTRUCTION RECORDS

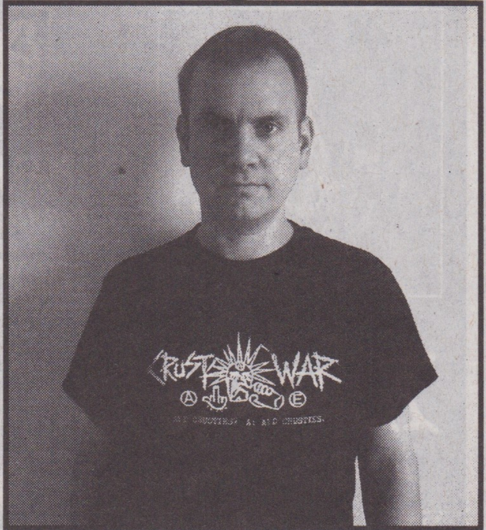
In the DIY scene of today, it sometimes seems like there is a lot of focus on big punk bands and big punk labels. It feels like some people have forgotten that they're dealing with punk, instead going on about punk musicians, money, sustainability, record release business strategies, limited editions, promotions, advertising spending, bonus tracks and white vinyl editions. Someone needs to tell these dinosaurs that punk is not about recreating an identical capitalist economic system in miniature! Fuck the unity, let's even say fuck the politics, but whatever happened to being involved? No more consumers! Punk is being a nobody, struggling on your own, against a dominant pop culture and your own weaknesses and just fucking doing it yourself. Be a retard. Release a record. Get involved. Stop being just another American consumerist kid and get involved in the scene—release a record, make a zine, start a band! Everyone's doing it now! Gargh!

I was gonna interview Phil O'Grady of Imminent Destruction records about his record label for my column, but decided it makes much more sense to give him a more prominent place in the magazine because this is, after all, the ultimate underground DIY music magazine in the world and if that means anything in 2012 then it should be this: To give support to grassroot DIY record labels. Now start your own label!

Introduction and interview by Tony Gunnarsson.

MRR: Hi, Phil. Can you start by saying something about yourself? Where do you live and what you do for a living and why? How did you get into punk?

Hi Tony! Well, I'm 38 years of age, I now live in Milton Keynes, UK, which is a "New City" project that is totally weird and different to anywhere else I know in this country. I used to live in London but recently moved away and I don't miss it one bit! I work on the Railway Network as a safety manager so I do all sorts of different jobs, sometimes in an office, sometimes outside on the tracks. It's a job I have done for fifteen years now so I don't know much else and the pay is pretty good compared to other jobs I've had, such as factory work, bars, etc. I first got seriously into punk when I was thirteen years old. I was a metal-head first, I bought my first record at the age of seven (Iron Maiden – S/T LP). I remember when I was very young there was a mobile library that visited the small village I grew up in and it carried music as well as books. I used to borrow records for a week and go home and record them to cassette on my parent's sound system. So, I had a healthy collection of NWOBHM by the time I was nine! I loved Dio-era Sabbath, Samson, Motörhead, Hawkwind, Rainbow, bands like that. I was much more interested in that kind of music than Frankie Goes To Hollywood or Duran Duran. I have always been a sucker for a guitar solo! Punk came about for me at twelve or thirteen when I first heard bands like the Sex Pistols, Clash, the Damned, Uk Subs, etc. Within a year of that, I was hooked and listening to Anarcho stuff like Crass, Conflict, Discharge, Dezerter, Lost Cherrees, Icons Of Filth and just about anything I could get my grubby little hands on. Around that time I used to hang out at a local squat and some of the older guys who were there were surprised I was into that kind of stuff and showed me letters from bands and distro lists that I could get more stuff from. Obviously, there were no shops stocking that kind of music back then so I had to write off for stuff and wait about 6-8 weeks for records, tapes, zines to arrive!



MRR: More importantly how did you manage to stay interested in punk all these years?

Basically due to the fact that I have never heard anything I like better. I guess the only music that came close to punk for me was two-tone/ska, as that was so exciting and really addictive to listen to. When the indie-thing kicked off in the late '80s-'90s, I liked some of the bands' music but what did they have to say? Lyrical content is also important and they all seemed to be whining on about how depressed they were or how high on drugs they had gotten. Then there was the dance music explosion in '88 and whilst I liked some of the acid stuff, I was never a full on raver and after about two or three years of being different, it soon got very commercialised which totally put me off. Punk has always been about more than just music for me. I have always had fairly strong beliefs that I've tried to keep over the years and I felt like I kind of belonged in the punk scene and the morals of the music, political views, animal rights etc. were something I felt passionately about, and still do.

MRR: I've been buying stuff from you on eBay, more times I've been watching your never-ending auctions of new and old records, and you've bought stuff from me as well. Please say something about your seemingly insatiable appetite for punk!

I seem to have been buying music my whole life! I buy stuff on a weekly, sometimes daily, basis. There's always stuff to collect for sentimental reasons or new bands that arise that still excite me. Due to that fact, I have more music than I have room for so I kind of sell stuff I get bored with to buy new stuff! I have sold stuff on eBay for about seven years now and I hope it says something good about me that in over 6000 sales I've never had any "negative feedback." To be honest, eBay sucks and I hate it but it became an easy way to get rid of stuff to a wide audience so I guess it served its purpose. I've also become friends with a lot of punks around the world because of selling stuff to them, but the downside of Ebay is that it's so ridiculously expensive now and is really only any good if you're buying stuff rather than selling. They got greedy and I think the bubble has burst for them now, or at least I hope so anyway! Nowadays I sometimes use it, but I'm just as happy to sell privately to people or through my Big Cartel store.

MRR: I am like you, obsessed to the point of addiction, and sit and read websites for info about what's happening everywhere. How do you find out about new records?

Usually by word of mouth or by checking websites around the world daily, sometimes by complete accident! A fisherman can spread his net but he can't catch everything in the sea! I try to get ahold of new stuff all the time but it's impossible to keep up with the amount of releases these days. So like many, I miss out on some good stuff and then it becomes a quest to obtain it. I guess that's half the fun sometimes. Talking of obsession...I've been after a demo tape for many years now by a band called Experiment. The demo was called *Sort It Out* and the band featured Paco (of Conflict) on drums and Pauline (of Conflict) on vocals. I saw them live a couple of times sometime around '91. I used to have two copies of the demo tape but one snapped and the other one was stolen from me by a guy I used to lend things to. I actually asked Paco if he had a copy but he couldn't even remember being in the band until I reminded him!! I would have thought somebody out there must have a copy (hint hint) but I've not seen one since about '93.

MRR: Tell us about your new label and the ideas you have for it.
Well, the label is something I had thought about for a while and I felt the time was right to give it life. I guess I got inspiration from several other labels that always put out releases that I would buy every time. In some respect, I feel like I'm jumping on a bandwagon, as there are now so many labels around the world and more than enough to sustain the output of bands on the whole. The thing is, some of these labels don't stick at it long, for whatever reasons, and I wanted to produce a label that I would love if I were a record buyer (which we have already established that I am!) My main reason for starting the label was to give new, young bands a chance of getting wider exposure. It's hard to find the balance between releasing a band that nobody has heard of or has no interest in and a band that is in its infancy but still causing ripples in punk circles. I like to think I am a good judge of talent and of what people would like, although I won't ever release anything I do not love myself. I have to feel a passion for any release I make and would not release something I didn't like personally, even if it was guaranteed to sell thousands of copies. I have many ideas about future releases for the label but will try to maintain the original objective of releasing quality, new and exciting stuff.

MRR: Can you say something about how you managed to get Vendetta to agree to your repressing their EP?
I am glad you asked this question as it gives me a chance to mention a good friend of mine in Japan, Kotaro! He runs Narm Discos and has a similar love of punk as me. We share a lot of views on bands and have spoken to each other for some time now. We were discussing bands one day and both picked up on the Vendetta EP and agreed that it would be a good idea for all concerned if we could make it available outside of Japan. Sadly my Japanese is limited to say the least, so he should take the credit for getting Vendetta to agree to the re-release. He worked closely, liaising between the band and I, and set about putting things together to ensure the release came to light. So I must say thanks to Kotaro for his help with this!

MRR: Why release bands from millions of miles away, like Japan? Have you been to Japan? Maybe you and I should go together!
Good question! The honest answer is because I think Japanese punk is the best in the world! Certainly, it is much more difficult to release bands from Japan, but also much more worthwhile in my personal opinion. The language barrier and time difference are problems sometimes, but not insurmountable by any means. During the '90s I started listening to Japanese bands and felt the same buzz I got when I first heard punk. To me, bands such as Gloom, Defector, Slang, Warhead, Life, Contrast Attitude, etc. were ahead in both energy and musical power. I also had a great love for Swedish bands but the enigmatic nature of the Japanese people really fascinated me and I fell in love with the whole punk scene over there. The UK punk scene had gone stale, I was going to gigs and feeling quite bored with what I saw. There weren't any really good new bands coming through, people were stuck in a sentimental rut and you can only see the same bands so many times before they lose their appeal (Icons Of Filth were the exception to that rule). It's sad to say, but when you look back at the last fifteen years and compare the amount of great bands produced in Japan, Sweden, USA, Finland, or Spain to what has come out of UK then there really is no argument. As for visiting Japan, that's a sore point! I have twice made arrangements to go but had to cancel at the last minute due to health/personal reasons. I had the flights booked, paid for and everything, so I lost money. When I couldn't go, it just rubbed salt in the wound! I fully intend to make a trip over there in the future though so yeah, let's get drunk on the plane together sometime soon!

MRR: What are your upcoming releases? Please do give some exclusive info for this interview! It will be published at least one month from now so feel free to be liberal with the truth! Hahaha!
The next release will be out in August or September and it's a compilation EP called *Acceleration to Doomsday*. The bands taking part are Lastly, Desperdicio, Against The Grain and Disturd. All bands are recording new tracks especially for this release. The title refers to the Mayan prediction that the world will end on December 21, 2012. They made this prediction thousands of years ago through their 'calendar' which mapped out future world events, many of which are considered to have come true in a Nostradamus-like fashion. It was something that fascinated me and even scared me a little, as I have not finished with this planet yet, plus I have young children too. Having said that, I got told a few days ago that apparently they're not sure about this prediction, all of a sudden, and it might be wrong. On the one hand that would be great, but from a selfish point of view, it rather pisses on my concept—hahaha! I'm joking, of course, and I would have put these bands out regardless, as I'm a fan of all of them and just wanted to make the release a little more interesting really. The artwork is being hand drawn

by the legendary Sugi and that's something I am very excited about! I am a massive fan of his work and am honoured that he has agreed to draw for this release. I am sure that whatever apocalyptic vision springs forth from his imagination it will be magnificent! The bands' new sounds are also sure to be absolutely crushing! I am really pleased that these bands have agreed to participate. They are all amazing and I hope that other people will share my love for them also. There is also another release planned for 2012 that is a different change for the label, but no less exciting or important. I *could* tell you about that one but I'd have to kill you afterwards. Seriously. It's so secret you have to be ordained in a blood ritual to be enlightened! But like some messianic prophecy, I can promise you will know when the day comes, it is a special release and that day is drawing ever closer…

MRR: About starting a new label in 2012, how did you find the practical side of it? Finding the record plants and then the distribution side of it...is it difficult?

It has been a learning curve for sure and I certainly have an insight now into things I took for granted previously. A lot of work goes into these releases and it takes a lot more time and dedication than I first imagined. I guess it gets easier as time goes on, but to begin with it was a real eye opener. Luckily for me, I know some great people who have been very helpful in assisting me and I also have a good relationship with the pressing plant I use. They are easy to work with and make you feel like they actually care about your project. Starting the label itself was no mean feat at all. I had to set up websites and I had no previous experience of anything like that. It was difficult to know where to start. A big thank you to Darren Bourne (Tadpole records), Mike Yearsley (Blitz Hardcore Punk) and Aston Stephens (Boss Tuneage records) is due here, as the three of them gave me valuable advice and helped me get things up and running. I am surprised and flattered by the level of interest shown in the label by punks around the world so that has made things a lot easier and encouraging.

MRR: There's a broad critical attitude about DIY doing the rounds, which holds that DIY is unsustainable because punk records have been wrongly priced at cost price, and there's this general non-for-profit ethos in punk. All this means punk bands have to work on the side of playing in a band, etc etc. What do you think? Is the traditional DIY ethos out of date?

Well I'm not aware of this criticism, to be honest, but if that's the case, then I don't agree with it. If anything, DIY is more alive than ever! What constitutes DIY anyway? In the truest sense, it is being self-reliant and producing something independently, which I'm sure a lot of folks are still doing in 2012. I don't agree that punk should be used purely for profit and I frown on people who are involved in the scene for financial reasons, but I don't really see the sense in doing a hell of a lot of work and spending a lot of hard earned cash to then make a loss either. The days of "pay no more than xxxx" are long gone as everything costs more these days. You may argue that everything is relevant cost-wise, but it seems to me that daily living is more and more expensive these days and the squeeze is getting tighter and tighter. I'm sure that a lot of labels out there are making a business and a big profit out of releasing bands, but I prefer to focus on the ones that are clearly passionate about stuff they put out. You mention pricing at cost? I can't speak for others but morally I think you should look at who is likely to buy your record and price it fairly. I think most people will understand that if they want bands and labels to keep creating good stuff then it cannot be produced for free or at a loss, as then yes, it will become unsustainable. As for working a day job whilst being in a band, well, I'm sure most bands wish they could just make music for a living but we all have mouths to feed and rents to pay, so sadly we have to face the reality of labor.

MRR: Also, I want to hear your thoughts on this other debate, namely the issue about pressing numbers of records. 300 copies of an EP were more than enough copies to go around the world 20-30 years ago. Today a record released in 300 copies will sell out faster than you can say, "Hashish is the best thing ever". At the same time, it seems quality control has gone out of the window completely, what with a million C-rate punk bands' EPs clogging up those massive distro tables you see at gigs. So on the one hand, too few copies and accusation of creating limited edition/ebay millionaires versus large presses resulting in landfill wastage. Where does Imminent Destruction fit in?

I certainly agree with your comments about quality control. Whilst I would hope that peoples' intentions are well meant. There is an awful lot of crap out there each week that I wonder who would release this and why? I'm not one to say what's good and what's not but some of it is so blatantly unnecessary and pointless. I struggle to understand why someone would spend time and money working to release those records. I also have concerns about the reasoning behind making releases so ridiculously limited that the demand way outweighs the supply. My fear is that some labels strive to create a "cult status" and hype by releasing small quantities of a band's release, knowing full well that they could sell maybe five times the amount they produced. It doesn't even make financial sense to me, as if you're pressing such a small number and then it's more costly to get made. Some labels will offset this cost by charging high prices as they know they can do so due to the clamour there will be to get a release before it sells out in a matter of days (or even hours in some cases). I would have thought it was more important for a larger amount of people to obtain copies and enjoy the release, than to help create internet posers who upload photos or tracks from a sold-out-fast record like they've won a trophy! Then these same people will sell the record for many times the price to less fortunate people who failed to get hold of it when it was first released. The opposite of this as you rightly point out, is that a lot of records simply do not sell due to being poor quality and so distros end up stuck with them and selling them at less than cost price to get rid of them.

I like to think Imminent Destruction falls somewhere in-between, although at present I cannot afford to release a huge amount of copies, there will still be a substantial amount made available for those who are interested in obtaining releases I issue. I can pretty much gauge this by announcing a release some time before pressing, but you can never be sure of how much interest a release will receive, so you have to be both cautious and optimistic at the same time. My greatest fear is to have hundreds of copies of a release lying unsold and boxed in my already overflowing cache of music!

MRR: How are you financing this shit? Is it from your never-ending eBay auctions?

Hahaha! Yeah that and my lottery jackpot win a few years back, but I don't like to talk about that! In fact, I did mainly finance the first two releases from selling stuff, you're correct. I'm lucky to have a regular job, though not a secure one by any means, which gives me a weekly wage that I can subsidise the label with. It still carries a lot of risk as I have plenty of outgoings, as well and if things took a turn for the worse or a release flopped, then I would suffer financially for sure. Never-ending auctions? Well, as I stated earlier, they may well be a thing of the past in the near future as it's very time consuming and quite a headache sometimes. Over the years I've had a lot of regular repeat buyers and I think in future I might just sell privately to them instead. Suffice to say there is still an awful lot of surplus stuff that I need to get rid of, if only to make space for more shit!

MRR: Ok, cheers mate for this, how can inmates in the US (and others who read *MRR*) get in contact with you?

It's been my pleasure, Tony! If people want to contact the label for information, music for release or review or just a friendly chat or moan then they can reach me at:
imminent-destruction@hotmail.co.uk. I will always reply, even if it takes me a few days!

DESPERDICIO

Acceleration to Doomsday is the title of a forthcoming compilation EP from Imminent Destruction records in England. It includes four Japanese raw punk bands—Lastly, Desperdicio, Against The Grain and Disturd. Here, Immediate Destruction records owner, Phil, interviews all four of them, except for Disturd who were fashionably late—but who gives a fuck!? Smash punk businesses! Anarchy and beer, not punk record professionalism! Cheers! Kanpai!

Interviews by Phil O'Grady. Introduction by Tony Gunnarsson.

LASTLY

MRR: Please introduce the members of the band to the world. When was the band formed?

Lastly: Vocals, Negi. Guitars, Michael. Bass, Maeda. Drums, Yosuke. We formed about five years ago.

MRR: What or who inspires you to make your music?

Negi: Discharge and bands influenced by them, Amebix. I listened to many Japanese bands like Life, Confuse, Ability and Disclose when I was in high school. Well, I like Kenichi Asai and '90s Visual-kay bands.

Michael: All kinds of Japanese hardcore punk and Discharge.

Maeda: A lot! But I keep them secret.

MRR: What are your views of the current punk scene both in Japan and overseas? Which bands do you listen to?

Negi: I think the Takayama scene, which we are from, is getting better. We've played around with a band called Bloodshot and another band called Backtable came to our scene! I'd like more people to come to our gigs, so I try my best to make it happen! I often listen to Frenzy's EP. It's good!

Michael: I don't really know how the scene is. I think the Takayama scene is more fun. I don't know much about overseas. I listen to black metal quite often.

Maeda: I'm doing my best in my city. I have to make the scene bigger. I have never been to other countries, but I hear rumors, so I don't know what's going on overseas. But, I know a lot of young punks like Perdition, Mauser, Warning//Warning... I've listened to their records so many times!

MRR: What are your future plans and ideas for the band? Any upcoming shows in 2012? Any plans to tour overseas?

Negi: I'd like to play at many various places. We are going to South Korea for two days in September with System Fucker and Folkeiis. I'm looking forward to Korean beer!!

Michael: Play hard. That's all. I'm grateful for being invited by many people in Japan. We don't have any tour plans other than the Korean one.

Maeda: I want to play in many places. I played a lot and enjoyed it this past year.

MRR: What are your top five releases in the past year? Are there any new bands you can recommend that are unknown outside of Japan?

Negi: I have a lot - haha! Life's *The World Lies Across Them,* Gloom's *Recommendation of Perdition,* Amebix's *Arise*, Discharge's *Why?* and Venom's *Black Metal.* I love Mötley Crüe's *Girls Girls Girls.* It's good with beer! My recommendation is Backtable. I want to listen to their demo now!

Michael: Death Side's *Bet on the Possibility*, SDS's *Past and Future*, Warhead's *What to do with this Yearning...?* and *The Lost Self and Beating Heat*, Anti-Sect's *Out from the Void*; and Discharge's *Hear Nothing See Nothing Say Nothing.* I don't know what's not known overseas.

Maeda: Judgement's *No Reason Why,* Gloom's *Recommendation Of Perdition,* Device Change's *One Last Sin* split, Minor Threat's *Complete Discography* and more! I recommend a four-way split, which was released by Floid records last year, Ultimo Rausea/Excrete! Exhaust!/ Upset Behind/ the Fellars are on. My top ten in 2011.

MRR: Please tell something to listeners and fans.

Negi: Thanks to everyone who likes our music! Please buy beer!

Michael: Thank you very much!

Maeda: Let's see you at gigs! I prefer talking face to face to chatting online.

DESPERDICIO

Interview questions answered by Hisashi

MRR: Please introduce the members of the band to the world. When was the band formed?

Desperdicio: We formed in the spring of 2008. Vocals, Tsuyoshi. Guitars, Wataru and Yu. Bass, Yusuke. Drums, Hisashi.

MRR: What or who inspires you to make your music?

Desperdicio: Teodoro (Destruccion, Firmeza10). We love his band's sounds and artwork!

MRR: What are your views of the current punk scene both in Japan and overseas? Which bands do you listen to?

Desperdicio: I haven't thought about such things before, but it seems good, doesn't it? I love to listen to '80s Spanish bands. R.I.P., Toreros After Ole, Eskorbuto. I've also recently listened to Rayos X 12", Mundo Muerto 12", Sudor 12", and Los Monjo 7". They are best!

MRR: What are your future plans and ideas for the band? Any upcoming shows in 2012? Any plans to tour overseas?
Desperdicio: It's a secret! Haha! We are playing with Death Token in August and Geriatric Unit in September at Sendai Birdland.

MRR: What are your top five releases in the past year? Are there any new bands you can recommend that are maybe unknown outside of Japan?
Desperdicio: Rayos X's *Mirando A Traves de Sus Mentiras*, Fracaso's demo, Mierda's *Hardcore Poble Nou*, Sentencia's *Vida o Muerte*, DHK's *Odio Tu Kumbia Moderna*. I know great bands in our area, Sendai, Consocio Sentencia, Bye-Ass, Tasmaniandevil Never Die, Coversation Zero, Shootmaster and Dreamin Drippers, No Grave For Us. Vatiatari, Band Of Accuse and Strange Factory are near our prefecture and they are great, too!

MRR: Please tell something to listeners and fans.
Desperdicio: If doomsday comes, proof of our existence will disappear, too. So, even a single day is very important for me. Thank you very much!

AGAINST THE GRAIN

MRR: Please introduce the members of the band to the world. When was the band formed?
ATG: Hi, we are a "non-stop, tuneless, hyper-fast, speed-core, thrash" band call ATG!
The members are Eiji on vocals, Zakiyama on guitar and me, Kei, on drums. ATG formed in late 2002. We started as a three-piece, like DC-hardcore. Shit!!! Now the only original member is me.

MRR: What or who inspires you to make your music?
ATG: On the sound side, all the hardcore bands influence us, and the attitude of the band comes a lot from our environment. If I have to choose a particular band that we are influenced by then it's got to be Heresy, definitely.

MRR: What are your views of the current punk scene both in Japan and overseas? Which bands do you listen to?
ATG: Of course, I am always buying new vinyl from overseas and Japan. I follow and am interested in the new scene, but there are no bands that give me feelings as when I started listening to hardcore. It's just my personal opinion, as a listener though. Amdi Petersens Arme was one of my favourite bands from those days. I felt so disappointed when they split up. Oh! Sorry, I forgot about the Japanese bands! Filthy Hate, Consocio Sentencia, and Isterismo are some of the best recent bands.

MRR: What are your future plans and ideas for the band? Any upcoming shows in 2012? Any plans to tour overseas?
ATG: We've got a new line-up now, so I want to make new material sometime soon. Before that, we need to find a new bassist though. Seriously, this band has had no stable bassist. We want to find the greatest bassist ever, as soon as possible! If there is any chance, I want to do some shows overseas. Especially in the UK!

MRR: What are your top five releases in the past year? Are there any new bands you can recommend that are maybe unknown outside of Japan?
ATG: Our band members' top five is: Haava's 7", Desperdicio's 7", Skizophrenia's second 7", Antichrist *Forbidden World* LP and Momoiro Clover Z *Battle and Romance* LP. Japanese bands who are not known in other countries? Well, that's gonna be *us*, for sure!

MRR: Do you have a message to listeners and fans?
ATG: What are your hardcore rules? Where's your support? Voice your opinion!

DISTURD

Dr. curry couldn't be part in this interview.
MRR: Please introduce the members of the band to the world! When was the band formed?
Age: Vocals and guitar: Age, bass and chorus: 072 and drums: Dr. curry. This is our line-up right now. We formed in 1999 and then we have changed members all the time by now. The original member is only myself.

MRR: What / who inspires you to make your music?
Age: Antisect, Amebix, SDS, Bastard and all the bands and people we played with.
072: I saw Corrupted at Namba Bears in Osaka when I was in high school. I was inspired by them very much and that is the power of playing in band right now.

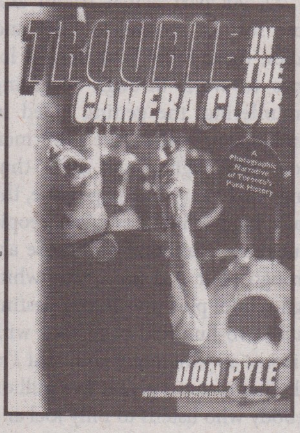
MRR: What are your views of the current punk scene both in Japan and overseas? Which bands do you listen to?
Age: There are many colors in internal scenes, so I always get surprised when I play in those scenes. Gigs themselves are very unique and fun—I like it. There are many bands coming to Japan from all over the world and I love them very much, too. So, I want to go to see foreign scenes. Although old bands are cool, I still like bands playing *now*! I always listen to those bands.

MRR: What are your future plans and ideas for the band? Any upcoming shows in 2012? Any plans to tour overseas?
Age: We are going to release splits with Machetazo (Spain) and Ruinebell (Finland) sometime soon. Our gig schedule is below.
6/9 - Takayama, Gifu
6/16 - Kobe 108 From The Darkside
7/14 - Ooita Athall
8/1 to 4 - Kumamoto, Miyazaki, Nagasaki, Fukuoka. From The Darkside tour w/ 悪AI意，Urban Head Raw)
8/24 - Namba Rockets
9/1 - Kobe 108 Hard Core Inferno Kobe
9/14 - Kobe Blue Port
9/22 - Osaka Kingcobra Squat
9/29 - Osaka Kingcobra Squat
10/6 - Nagoya Huck Finn
11/3 - Okayama Pepper Land
12/23 - Kobe 108 From The Darkside

MRR: What are your top five releases in the past year? Are there any new bands you can recommend that are maybe unknown outside of Japan?
Age: Antisect *Out From The Void*, Amebix *Monolith*, SDS *Never Arise*, Bastard *No Hope In Here*, Bolt Thrower *In Battle There Is No Law* and I recommend Organism, Osaka!!
072: Gut *Spermanys Most Wanted* 7", Ulcerous Phlegm *International Problems Can't Be Solved By Intern Nationalism* 7", Disastrous Murmur *Extra-Uterine Pregnancy* 7", Lord Of Putrefaction / Mortal Remains split LP, Grudge demo 2004 CD-R. I recommend Zenocide (Tokyo) and Anti-Spectacle (Kyoto). Also I like the Sex Messiah 7" released by Me Saco Un Ojo records (UK)!

MRR: Do you have a message to listeners and fans?
Age: Go and look what's going on at real gigs!!
072: Cheers From The Darkside!

BOOKS


TROUBLE IN THE CAMERA CLUB
A Photographic Narrative of Toronto's Punk History
DON PYLE

Trouble In The Camera Club
Don Pyle
300 pages • $29.95
ECW Press
ecwpress.com

How lucky would you be if you were fourteen years of age and came upon something that you knew was fresh and dangerous such as punk? Who can't relate to wanting to be part of something that you know is trouble and that your folks won't approve of, nor would most of your peers around you? Don Pyle was that kid that let nothing get in the way of what he happened to be growing into. A high school photo student that used the school photo lab, as well as the converted family bathroom-turned-darkroom, to process and print from negatives that captured what he was experiencing. Sneaking into eighteen-and-over bars to get a piece of the action, how fucking exciting!

Don Pyle was onto something, as any teen that obsesses over and gathers any piece of paper, flyer and ticket stub, as well as images of all this amazing new music and bands. Starting at the end of the '70s, Pyle ended up with a treasure that he has chosen to share with the rest of the world. The book features photos of all the bands that played Canada, as well as bits of ephemera. Pyle provides the reader with anecdotes of what occurred each night, which is such a treat that helps contextualize some of the images or moments displayed. The viewer is also allowed to witness the growth of a photographer as he shot through his rolls of film. We first see underdeveloped shots or underexposed negatives and as Pyle continues his exploration into this new scene, the quality of his work becomes much more sophisticated and fine-tuned.

Expect the best of the best here, the old guard of punk i.e., RAMONES, IGGY POP, DAMNED, BLONDIE, DEAD BOYS, the RUNAWAYS, PATTI SMITH, as well as local heroes such as the DIODES, VILETONES, TEENAGE HEAD, DOA and honestly too many others to mention. This book is an amazing visual narrative of one's journey into new territory.

What is most exciting about this book and set of images is that it was not done by some hired out rock photographer who took on some job following a bunch of "untalented weirdos" or who took this on as a "side gig for extra cash," but rather this work was done by a kid who loved what he had found and was just as fired up and excited as you were when you first stumbled upon this thing we call punk. Killer!!!

—Martin Sorrondeguy

RICKY ADAM
DESTROYING
EVERYTHING

Destroying Everything…Seems Like The Only Option
Ricky Adam
180 pages • £29.99
Holy Land Pros
rickyadamphoto.com

As a photographer myself, as well as a high school photography teacher, I have been following Ricky Adam's work for quite sometime. Introducing his photos to students when we cover the unit that looks at documentary photography has always been a pleasure for me. The subject covered in this book ranges from BMX biking, punks and moments that captured the attention of the photographer. With such a generic description do not expect bland or typical imagery from this body of work. Adam's vision is channeled through his lens and we get to see the bold, the beauty and the bloody of these multiple worlds. There seems to be no hesitation in picking up the camera when shooting his subjects, as told by the expressions of some of those captured. Adam uses color and black and white and both exquisitely portray the subject. Images of bikers become beautiful shots of decaying landscapes; a bloody gym shoe and sock become as pleasing and horrific as the image of a gutted rat. The photographer's compositions and sense of space, both close up and distant, are wonderfully executed, providing us with more than just a close look at a moment, but also point to the not so immediately obvious. Excellent job! A must have photography book.

—Martin Sorrondeguy

AGAINST
ARCHITECTURE
FRANCO LA CECLA

Against Architecture
Franco La Cecla
120 pages • $14.95
PM Press
pmpress.org

Despite the name, *Against Architecture* isn't actually about architecture per se; it's about the field of architecture. While that might seem like a subtle difference, in reality it's a huge one. The author Franco La Cecla, originally studied to be an architect, but disgusted by the field, decided not to be one. La Cecla's main criticism of architecture seems to be around the standard liberal guilt formula of "people not doing enough" and being a "slave to corporations." He laments that architects aren't trained as public health officials, nor are they encouraged to understand the way that space is really used. In fact, he passionately tells us: "If we don't want to hear the swan song of architecture…it seems to me essential that the profession as a whole must change…if architects want to enter the changing times…they have to consider the city as a whole. This may seem ingenuous, but in reality we have arrived at a situation where the simple things need to be recovered, for example, the choice between a community that makes a livable and habitable neighborhood and a white washed quarter for disciplined inhabitants and their bodyguards." Passages like these make me wonder about whom the book is exactly written for. Who is La Celca addressing, architects or the general public?

On the one hand, the book is written so conversationally, it's clearly meant to appeal to a broader audience than just industry insiders, but on the other hand it references a lot of people and books I don't know and haven't read. Rem Koolhaas's books *Mutations* and *Al Manakh* are both mentioned so offhandedly that it's clear that the assumption is that you know the content of them well enough to understand La Cecla's comments on them. He also name drops people like Suketha Mehta, Michael Sorkin, Pietro Laureano, Aldo Aymonino, Jorge Luis Borges…any of these names ring a bell? Yeah, me neither. Just about the only person whose name I did recognize was Rebecca Solnits. In fact, La Cecla mentions Solnit something like six or seven times—and in a book of only 120 pages, that's a lot. He even goes so far as to call her "the poetical punk," which should amuse the shit out of anyone who is both a punk and knows who she is. La Cecla's obsession with Solnit sort of answers my question as to the intended audience of this work. It's clearly written for the kind of person who thinks that Rebecca Solnit is a legitimate intellectual. My advice is to skip this book and go straight to *A Pattern Language* by Christopher Alexander, Sara Ishikawa, Murray Silverstein, which addresses all the things that La Celca wishes architects would address.

—Ariel Amend-All

UN LUGAR
borrador editores

Un Lugar – Fotografias de Raul Garcia Pereira
Raul Garcia Pereira
96 pages • $15.00
Borrador Editores
borradoreditores.com

This photo book takes a look at this wonderful thing we know as punk, but laid out for us is a view that is siphoned and projected through a South American lens; specifically a Peruvian lens. Pereira, being from Peru, has documented the scene in Lima and has lured our eyes onto the more recognizable and expected show shots, but taken with such attention to details, light, faces, that make one notice the place and its unique qualities. We get to see the portraits of bands like Leusemia, as well as members of other bands such as Narcosis, Aeropajitas, Mangazoides and Voz Propia, to name a few.

The style in which he shoots is very dark. The majority of shots have a vignette where the edges fall into darkness of an already dark image/scene, overall leaving the viewer with zero opportunity to have their attention fall off the edges, you are trapped in to observe and see what Pereira has brought to our attention. A particular image of "Festibalazo," shot from above looking down onto a pit where the outer edges of bodies are in focus and the pit is a beautiful blur, is one of the best photos I have seen of slam dancing. The selection of images portrays what I would assume to be an accurate view of this particular scene and Lima should be happy that Raul took it upon himself to work on this project. All the action, ugliness and grit are transformed into beautiful stills. *Un Lugar* is a wonderful look into a different face of punk. Fans of photography, specifically punk photography, should jump on this one. Great!

—Martin Sorrondeguy

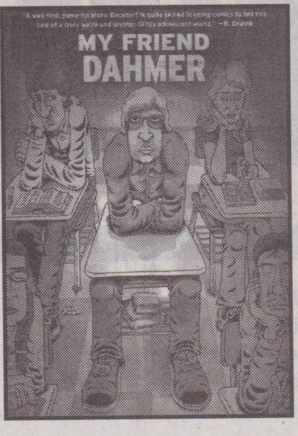
ALTERNATIVE VEGAN
INTERNATIONAL VEGAN FARE STRAIGHT FROM THE PRODUCE AISLE
DINO SARMA WEIERMAN

Alternative Vegan
Dino Sarma Weierman
142 pages • $17.95
PM Press
www.pmpress.org

I've been vegan (or, uh, freegan, if you wanna get technical about it) for about twelve years, so I feel like a pretty old hand at vegan cooking. Since this book is called *Alternative Vegan*, I was expecting something new and exciting. And, I guess if you're a junkfood vegan or tofu addict, this book will be an alternative to your usual crappy eating habits.

With its focus on fresh produce and South Asian cooking styles, this book is a pretty good introduction to eating beyond gardenburgers. However, if you already own *How It All Vegan* or *Vegan With a Vengeance*, I don't know how useful this will be to you. In the introduction, the author says he began writing this while in college and you can definitely tell. About half the recipes were too simple for me to bother with, but the couple things I did make—dry-cooked chickpeas, Kashmiri biryani and winter melon soup—were all good. If you already know how to make food, I can think of a bunch of other books that would be more useful for you. But if you're a beginning vegan or are trying to win over a younger sibling or well-meaning adult this would be a pretty good intro: nothing is too daunting and it tastes good.

—Thera Webb



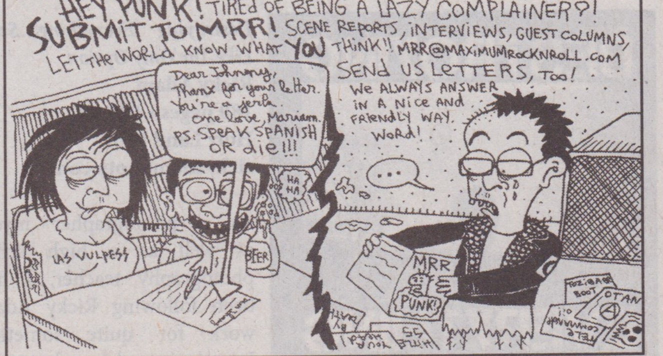
My Friend Dahmer
Derf Backderf
224 pages • $24.95
Abrams ComicArts
www.abramsbooks.com

This is what you need to know: Derf Backderf (cool name, true story) lived in Ohio and went to Revere High School with a pre-serial killing Jeffrey Dahmer class of '77. As part actual friend and part some sort of mascot to Derf and his buddies, there must have been a lot of feelings to work through regarding all the murdering, the getting killed in prison and especially the Dave Letterman making bad jokes about someone you know from high school stuff—thus these comics were born. After self-publishing one twenty-five-page issue, the people demanded more! I mean, traditionally, high school has given people *tons* of artistic fodder to exploit throughout their adulthood and those are usually just the stories about bleeding through your pad onto your white pants. Give the people what they want! High school plus murderous destiny fulfillment! Thankfully we've now got an entire two-hundred-page book with which to pass our time. Really this comic is just so inherently cool that I'm sure everyone is going to want to read it whether or not I give it five million thumbs up. Which I *do*, but I am also somebody who listens to Billy Joel and thinks that Captain America is the coolest superhero. You won't necessarily learn a lot from my thumbs so you should probably just read the fucking thing, okay?

It is hard not to compare Jeffrey Dahmer's high school self with people that we knew way back when. You know, like how I'm not surprised that dude David from my ninth grade English class is totally a cop now or that Amy Godart has 651,654 kids. I don't have a mohawk or wear black lipstick anymore, but I'm sure nobody would be surprised to find out what I'm doing with *my* life these days (birth, school, Frozen Teens LP, death). So I thought about it and after dwelling for a little while, I have come up with at least two or three people that I went to high school with that I'm pretty sure could've ended up being killers too… or maybe *did* become killers and I just don't know about it because their privacy settings on Facebook are seriously turned all the way up. Not that I have very good reasons for coming to any of these conclusions, but I do feel justified in making the generalizations on account of my being teased so much a long time ago or whatever.

Derf's graphic novel, on the other hand, really does do an amazing job of showing Jeffrey Dahmer as a human and how he might've ended up on the path that he did. The whole story manages a realistic portrayal of what it's like to be in school and have weird friends. The tone just feels very honest. He's not trying to make himself look like the cool friend of a killer or jump onto any weird bandwagons. Unless he didn't actually have that cool Ramones poster on his wall back in high school and just added it for radness' sake. Honestly, reading this book and already knowing how the story ends is pretty heartbreaking. The comic was not only written by Derf Backderf, but drawn by him too. It looks awesome and he did a great job.

—Jessica Hughes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MOVIES

BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, CONQUER THE WORLD OVERNIGHT?

As I am getting older I find I have less tolerance for junkies. Not that I really had much of it to begin with, but growing up within any sort of "alternative" culture, you do come into contact with at least a few. It is not some sort of value judgment. Everyone is free to do what she/he wants to do. I just prefer to avoid these types. But there is no doubt they are out there. Some of the more famous and/or successful ones are worshipped, so inevitably the public gives them more leeway. However the ones who seem to waste what small talent they have, while expecting everyone to clean up their shit and take care of them, can get to be too much.

Bobby Liebling is a fine example of the latter. Liebling is the singer of Pentagram. **Last Days Here** is his story. At the beginning of the documentary Liebling, a fifty-three year old man, is living in his parents' basement. He smokes crack and gets his mother to make him lunch. He lives in haze of self-delusion that he was a rock star and has the potential to become one again. The fact that he can barely move and looks like crap makes this doubtful.

Sean Pelletier is a fan who has taken it upon himself to help Liebling get one more chance at fame. He becomes his manager and starts to try to negotiate a record deal. First he has to get Liebling cleaned up and ready to make music again. In most instances, someone like Pelletier would probably be seen as taking advantage of a situation. However this situation is unlike the classic sex, drugs and rock'n'roll scenario. Liebling is mostly unknown, is a mess and really seems to have no ambition to make music again. He is all talk.

Last Days Here interviews everyone in Liebling's orbit. His parents are amazingly supportive. Not only do they house and feed him, but they speak honestly about his music and his addiction. They believe he is as talented as Bobby and his fans say he is. There are the fans that can't say enough good things about Pentagram's music. It changed their lives and it speaks to them. It is his former Pentagram band members who dish out the dirty details of Liebling destruction of Pentagram's promise. Not surprisingly, there are some grudges still being held. It is here that you get to hear the interesting stories. The most amusing being when Paul Stanley and Gene Simmons from KISS showed up at the house where the band rehearsed. They were forced to wait on two band members who were working as janitors and had to hitchhike back. When they finally heard the band play, they were unimpressed. Conversely, Murray Krugman, producer of Blue Öyster Cult, did like their sound and was interested in helping the band out by producing some demos. However Liebling didn't like the way the demos were being recorded and was not nice about it so Krugman walked out of the sessions.

Since I am not a metal fan, I don't really mind the lack of Pentagram's music in **Last Days Here**. However it does seem odd. The film gives you the assumption that it is about the music first and foremost. Yet, that is deceptive. Liebling is definitely the center of things. How he pulls off the happy ending of this film astonishes me. But, if he could do it, there's hope for everyone. (www.ifcfilms.com/films/last-days-here)

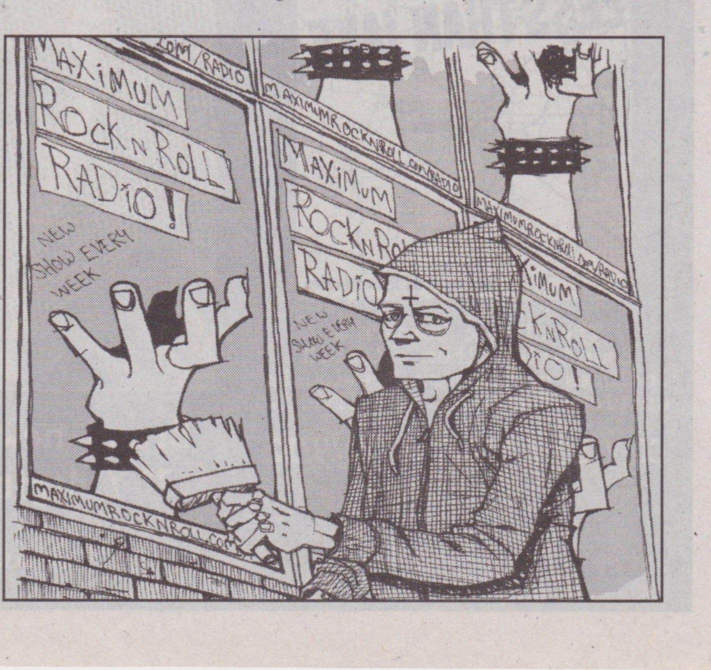
Cycling Shorts is a collection of short films by Joe Biel mostly about bicycling. The majority is set in Portland, OR where bicycling is a popular and utilized form of transportation. The films cover mostly serious issues surrounding the safety of bicyclists and pedestrians on the roads with cars. I ride a bike as my main form of transportation, so seeing other cities' bicycle activities can be interesting.

My favorite film is **One Less Truck,** a documentary about Tom LaBonty who makes cargo bikes. These bikes have a flat surface in front of the handlebars that can be used to carry heavy items. LaBonty taught himself how to modify bicycles into these cargo carriers after a friend asked him if he would make one for him. He didn't know how to, but he agreed to try when he was offered a bike to work on. From there he began to make more and more. He discusses his craft while you get to watch him make one. It is very fascinating though it is hard to imagine how riding one of them would actually feel.

Some of the other topics include a burger joint that allows bikes to use the drive thru, the customization of the biking figure adorning the bike lanes in Portland's streets, a group that helps you move using their bicycles and a group that travels around town checking that regulations were followed when making bike lanes. Non-bike related issues include a controversial wall, constructed down the middle of a busy Portland street. This topic was so hot it resulted in two films. There is also a short history of train travel called **Last Train Out Of Town**.

I don't doubt the sincerity of Biel's cycling obsession. However, occasionally the films of **Cycling Shorts** veer off into self-parody. But that can always be amusing even if unintentional. Also, the same shots are used in different films often making things seem a bit redundant. Yet watching twenty-four short films in one sitting is probably too much for anyone. It is best to take these a few at a time. (www.cantankeroustitles.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com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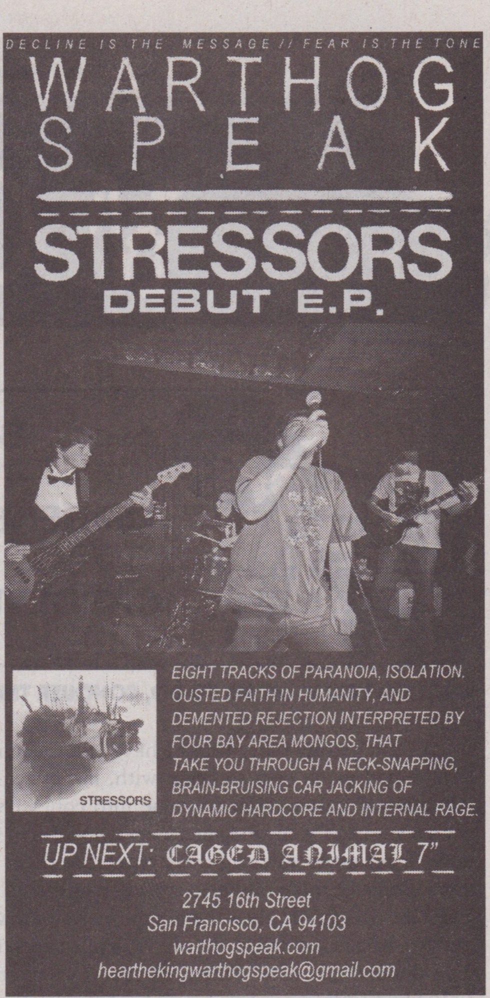
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AMPUTEE – "Convulsions" EP

AMPUTEE are a new grindcore band from New Jersey. The band has at least one member from DOOMSDAY MACHINE SCHEMATIC and CHAINSAW TO THE FACE. Their take on grindcore has a death metal influence, maybe a tiny bit like REPULSION but with more from the hardcore point of view. I liked this EP but I wasn't compelled to listen to it again. Something is missing and I can't place what that is. (MH)
(RSR)

ANTISEEN / BRODY'S MILITIA – split EP

I don't remember if this is the second or third split record these bands have shared but here we go. Not sure if this is ANTISEEN's newest song but it was on the singles collection I reviewed last month and it's pure gold. Unfortunately instead of another new song we get a live version of the classic "N.C. Royalty" which I've heard them do much better. I love this band but they frustrate me of late. BRODY'S MILITIA is sorta like a more hardcore ANTISEEN but definitely stand on there own. I remember Mr. Roehrs trying to drag me to see them at Gilman but I think I was too dopesick or something back when I did such things, which is a shame 'cause I think these boys would be great live. Fast and smokin' with some little banjo ditty thrown in. They win points alone for a song called "Punks On Golden Pond." Of course it's very un-PC so if you care don't bother. (RO)
(Give Praise)

BRODY'S MILITIA – "Covered in Violence" LP

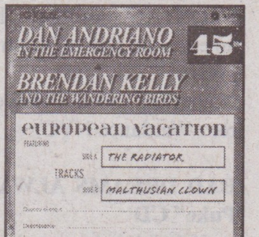
An all-cover-song LP is always a particularly tricky proposition, because covers can often act a comparative mirror to the band itself, particularly when you realize you love the bands they're covering way more than the band's own songs in the live set or album. By choosing a somewhat diverse set of twelve covers recorded over a ten year period, Kentucky's BRODY'S MILITIA avoid those comparisons by largely highlighting their strengths—a lightning-quick ability to play excellent fast thrash (NUNSLAUGHTER, NAPALM DEATH covers) and some equally good rock'n'roll chops a later RUPTURE cover and some great high speed renditions of ANTISEEN), but also show some of their weaknesses—a RAMONES cover fumbles melody pretty unevenly and a MOTÖRHEAD cover also misses a little of the subtle melodic grease in the wheels. Their classic rock covers work a little more successfully—a completely punked out stab at BLUE OYSTER CULT's "This Ain't the Summer of Love" and then this amazing transition in and out of LED ZEPPELIN's "Dazed and Confused" straight into DEATHSIDE's "I Just Live My Life," that pretty much alone says everything you need to know about this album and is one of its best moments. Even with someone unfamiliar with the band, the choice of covers itself informs about where they're coming from—selecting some of rock'n'punk's outlaw bands musically and lyrically, with both ripping thrash and ripping solos. The whole mess ends with a snippet of them covering "Sucks" by CRASS! Despite the multiple recording sessions, the LP is largely consistent soundwise, making for a well rounded, fun listen. (KS)
(RSR)

DAN ANDRIANO IN THE EMERGENCY ROOM / BRENDAN KELLY AND THE WANDERING BIRDS – split EP

What we have here is one song each from Dan Andriano (ALKALINE TRIO, TUESDAY, FALCON and SLAPSTICK) and Brendan Kelly (LAWRENCE ARMS, also in both the FALCON and SLAPSTICK) under full band monikers when essentially it is just each of them. Dan's songs are very similar to his work in ALKALINE TRIO, which are generally the more moody introspective pieces in my opinion, and work very well in a stripped down setting. Brendan's piece, as BRENDAN KELLY AND THE WANDERING BIRDS, comes across as actually sounding like a more serious departure then his other work. I almost hear a TOM WAITS yowl in his vocals and they are more gruff than snotty. There are still some underlining melodies in the song that remind me that of his work in the LAWRENCE ARMS, but they are subliminal. While I am sure this is not the thing for many readers of this magazine, this record makes me curious to hear their respective full lengths. This split 45 was put out by Red Scare in support of these two acts European tour together. So unless the label has some left over you may be out of luck. (JF)
(Red Scare)

ASHKARA – "In Absence" LP

"TRAGEDY" would be the simplest review, and not too much would be left out. I guess you could say modern epic Euro crust with some old (mid-'90s) Euro emo, a touch of black metal riffing, dual vocalists (yes, one bellowing and hoarse) and some violin. If this is your jam, there's noth-



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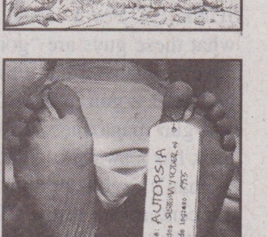


EXCALIBUR
BEAST
DEVIL'S THROAT
In Stereo

ing wrong here, but it doesn't transcend the style enough to make me love it. Lyrics are in English or German, appropriate for the genre, and brief explanations are provided in both languages. (JM)
(Rinderherz)

AUTOPSIA – "Sistema y Poder" CD

Legendary '80s Peruvian hardcore punk. It's difficult to write about something so simple and so powerful, songs that influenced hundreds if not thousands of punks over the years. This is the first AUTOPSIA demo, sixteen songs of primal, raw hardcore punk filled with hooks and choruses and tempos that *demand* energetic dancing. The entire tape is presented here, along four songs from a much rawer and more brutal session that give you an idea what this band must have been like live. This band spawned G-3 and ATAQUE FRONTAL after they split, but this document is an essential slab of South American punk history. (WN)
(Càlambre Discos / Helvetet / Pasajeros del Horror / Wardance NYC)

BAD DREAMS ALWAYS – "You Make me Puke" CD

If I didn't know what the lyrical content or message was behind this band, I may actually find them tolerable. There's a very SKITSYSTEM and DRILLER KILLER sound here. I feel bad comparing them to decent bands, as these bald dudes fall into the total loser realm of B-grade old men scumbag territory. There is a metal undertone here with the vibe of hatred and shock value of GG ALLIN & THE MURDER JUNKIES. For a visual of their marketing and what these guys are "going for" I'll say that the cover contains a hairy man in his skivvies, on a bed, with a gun in his hand, surrounded by guns and gun magazines, as well as two guitars. The back has a swastika on it and on the CD itself, a woman's vagina tattoo with her "hole" as the cut out centerpiece of the CD. These guys are keeping things really classy…all you scum bags and washed up racists and sexist dirt bags, listen up! (AE)
(Mash, no info)

BAD INDIANS – "Sun People" EP

I played this on the wrong speed for an entire song and didn't notice. It's a real niche to be able to create music that is near palatable played at either 45 or 33 rpm. Psychedelic tinged organ and bass heavy garage rock. Might do well at a day show at Goner Fest. (GG)
(Urinal Cake)

BASTARD – "For the Betrayed" EP

This is pissed off hatecore from Vegas. Of course it's pissed off, is there any other kind of hatecore, really? It's a fairly thudding collection of jams and the liner notes admonish me to "always watch your back," (which is good advice) so I'm going to suspend any disbelief and just assume that these guys are serious. Which is pretty cool because a lot of the genre is dorky nu-metal dudes trying to stay "relevant" or whatever. The riffs are heavy, fist-pumping chugs for the shirtless mosher dudes and the lyrics are about killing anything that these guys don't like, which is a lot. It's tough and not nice, from people who brought you CROWBAR and HENCHMEN. (BL)
(No Fucking Labels / RSR)

BEAST – "Devil's Throat" EP

This EP is like a holy relic for all ye hard rocker punx and heavy partiers out there. If you're a fan of MOTÖRHEAD, GIRLSCHOOL and INEPSY this record will complete your life. To be a true hard rocker and to die without hearing this gem from Stockholm, Sweden is to live a life incomplete. BEAST is female fronted and tough. There is direct power derived from the viscera of their singer whether it's from whiskey or simply not giving a fuck—she kills it. The entire band brings you the most complete rocker 7" this year. I am obsessed—listen to this and catch BEAST fever. (AE)
(Gaphals)

BING SELFISH – "Selfish Works" EP

Another slice of reissued mutant pop from the people who brought you the HOMOSEXUALS and AMOS AND SARA and apparently THIS HEAT (!?)… If you are already in the market for UKDIY distortions of the shambling Messthetics variety this will please you greatly. It is not really *punk*, but emerged from the possibilities that the early '80s post-punk squat/DIY scene offered and is strange and otherworldly pop music. My favorite songs contain lyrics that refer to the singer losing his girl to a Spanish dictator on the first number, and by the last song his dog and cat are the ones abandoning ship… (LG)
(El Frenzy, no info / Hyped2Death)

BIZARROS – "Complete Collection 1976-1980" 2LP

Rad! Man, BIZARROS is such a tough nut to crack. I've always loved their late '70s Mercury records debut LP, always want to push it on my friends, but am always at a loss for words how to describe them. They put out an even better *half* of a record a couple years before that, a split LP with local Akron contemporaries RUBBER CITY REBELS on the prolific local Clone label. And actually, lately I think I prefer their very first record, a four-song 7" EP from 1976; I've been spinning their drumbeat heavy "Lady Dubonette" a bunch lately, alongside some of my '60s-'70s psychedelic funk faves. Lucky for y'all, you can hear all of it here and decide for yourself! If forced to put it all into words, I would probably describe them as pre-punk, post-VELVETs, weirdo Midwestern '70s rockers. None of their songs really bowl you over, it's more just great understated rock'n'roll (plus tuff hot licks) that you can leave on the turntable and know you're set. Highly recommended! (GB)
(Windian)

BLACK FEET – "Back on this Road" EP

While comparisons to TERRIBLE FEELINGS will abound for this Swedish, femme-fronted, straight-ahead soft punk combo, their arrangements aren't quite as elaborate but the groups are certainly kindred spirits. The pining, confessional lyrics are certainly similar but BLACK FEET diverges in the presence of keyboards. The keys don't assert themselves much on the A-side but "Deny" on the flip uses ascending scales well to accentuate the yearning, personal story espoused by the vocalist in the surprisingly effective punk ballad. (SL)
(Dirty Faces / Hard-On)

BLACK WINE – "Hollow Earth" LP

This one is tough to pin down. Some of the songs have a pretty straightforward three-chord punk sound with male vocals, but then there are some with no-standard tempos and lady vocals similar to LIZ PHAIR. I guess the best description would be a less predictable, but just as poppy version of label mates the MEASURE (SA). (BD)
(Don Giovanni)

BLOOD RED – "Seize You" LP

Guitar-driven mid tempo punk. Heavy hitting and off-putting, this gives off a vibe not unlike fellow Pittsburghian KIM PHUC. The guitars manage to give off simultaneous early thrash metal and NYHC vibes, even while the band is bashing out noisy and powerful mosh-inducing noisy punk. Vocals are a bizarre (and likely accidental) John Joesph/Coc Dart hybrid, a combination that suits the band's mission perfectly. This one was a total surprise and demands subsequent listens—one-sided screened wax with a killer package to boot. Recommended. (WN)
(BHF Recordings)

BLOWBACK – "Greed Runs the Clock" EP

'80s hardcore reinterpreted through a 2012 filter, but somehow hopelessly mired in the melodic mid '90s scene. Confusing? Yes, it is. While being vaguely political and having their hearts in the right place, the execution comes off as sounding kind of hokey and reminiscent of bar rock. The vocals flip flop between a raspy growl and a grating sing-song-y cadence. While I can't say that I enjoy this in the least, I respect the fact that this band plays their songs in the streets at anti-globalization protests and rallies. (GH)
(String Break)

BLUE CROSS – "I am Death" LP

Dark and gothy tunes to bring me down from an episode of no-slow-raging punk madness! This is the chill and cooling side of punk. This record picks my brain and I can hear this sound pulling from an enormous catalogue of dark-punk deliciousness. My one complaint is that the vocals need to come up; they are buried in the mix. Good songs and worth a listen, "Despair, Don't Care" is a winner track. Who is going

to bring back the pet-rat-on-the-shoulder thing at shows? Hmmm, I wonder… (MS)
(Noxious Noize)

BORN LOOSE – "Move Along" EP

BORN LOOSE is LARRY MAY of CANDY SNATCHERS latest band. So you know what to expect vocally—wild screeching and yelping in May's manic style, always very cool. If I weren't such a fan of Candy Snatchers MATTHEW ODIETUS' guitar playing I probably wouldn't even think twice about the music on this. It is fast, punchy, messy rock'n'roll—also very cool. Unfortunately, I want this to have Odietus' amazing guitar sound, but that's all that is missing. The B-side is a cover of Norfolk, VA's M-80S. (CK)
(Black Lung)

BURIED IN LEATHER / THE TENAFLY VIPERS – split EP

Has anyone pinpointed the "rawk" gene yet? Any scientists reading this? As we all know, the split 7" EP is the key, the tipping point, the moment where glory, riches and rock'n'roll dreams are realized, right? Right? Both of these bands have to be operating under that assumption, otherwise they wouldn't subject us to this bland as fuck Guitar Center bullshit. Take every imaginable hard rock cliché, pretend it's actually punk and then package in a sleeve depicting a fleet of B-52's dropping shot-glass-shaped bombs on the sun. OK, ya got me: the sleeve rules. (MC)
(Vile Sewage)

CHEMICAL THREAT – "System Error" CD

Really generic political hardcore made by grown-ups. It's got fast and short songs with lyrics that read like political chants. Poetry is not their vocalist's strong suit, but the politics are in the right place, that's for sure. In reference to their album cover: it's funny how in modern pictures of riots, you can always see a few douchebags taking pictures with their camera phones. Welcome to the future. (FS)
(self-released)

CHOOSE YOUR POISON / SMD– split EP

SMD have been slinging this shit for 20+ years at this point and they haven't mellowed (or changed) one fukkn bit. Lightning fast, drunk as shit, filled to the brim with crank and don't give a fukk, like early SUICIDAL after a few too many lines of shitty crank. Appleton, Wisconsin is a world away from East LA, but CHOOSE YOUR POISON have been dishing out their own brand of rage since the early '00s and they easily hold their own on this split. Metallic crust/HC with anti-god, pro-getting fukkd up lyrics delivered by their dual vocal attack. For those who do not prefer the nuanced approach. (WN)
(Active Rebellion / Beer Demon / Give Praise / King Of Drunk)

CLAW TOE – LP

CLAW TOE is an interesting and odd band. Their music is cold and robotic. The vocals are overdramatic and stiff. The result is unlike anything else I am reviewing this month. They sound as if the FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS decided to do an art punk album. The songs are well done and the attitude is way too serious, but also very goofy. One of the songs is called "Geriatric Stalker" which I can't help but picture as a comedy routine. But I don't mind. I could listen to this all day. (CK)
(Criminal IQ)

THE COLTRANES – "I've Got Heaven in my Smile" LP

The music is just kinda cool basic punk rock riffs, like a FANG 45 played at 33 rpm. It's mid-paced and kinda grungy. The singer is a ringer for DANZIG, only higher pitched (if you're really into the MISFITS or PERSONALITY CRISIS this could be worth checking out for the vocals alone). It's cool stuff but it's hard to totally vibe on because the lyrics are so dramatic. Ostensibly weird, kinda rockin, but a little too pretentious. (P$)
(Shogun)

COMITY – "The Journey is Over Now" CD

This French four-piece must practice like fuck to play this music. I'd call it a heavy math/indie freakout, with some elements of crust and black metal. This disc is four songs in 52 minutes, but it could be a hundred songs or one, because they are playing different crazy shit every few seconds, so it seems pretty arbitrary where they start and end these pieces. I can enjoy a good cacophonous freakout, but I'm not so much for the Hydra Head-esque math style—it's just too in control. These dudes have both aspects going on. This is a crazy and challenging CD (a 2x12" version is available as well). I don't regret having heard it, but I'd never play it again. (JM)
(Throatruiner)

COMMIE COWBOYS – "Complications" EP

First off, the insert to this looks so much like the back cover of the THE WAR GOES ON EP that I thought they might be connected somehow. Also, both bands are from Copenhagen, but the similarities stop there. Getting to the music, COMMIE COWBOYS play straightforward mid-tempo punk that appears to be inspired by equal parts MOTÖRHEAD, ZERO BOYS and maybe even some ANNIHILATION TIME. The lyrics get pretty dumb at times (i.e. "Just Sex"), but COMMIE COWBOYS manage to blast out six quality punk songs on one little EP. They aren't quite as top notch as some of their K-Town contemporaries, but that's a difficult legacy to live up to. COMMIE COWBOYS stand on their own, leaning heavily on the long tradition of mid '80s American punk and hardcore. (GH)
(Gummopunx)

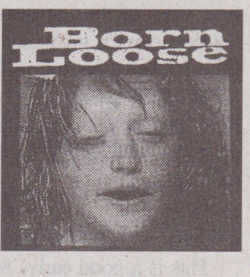
CONFINES – "Some Sick Joke" EP

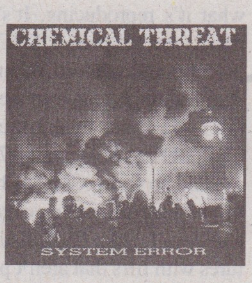
Three missives on the destructive wake left by this eternal, so-called "war for peace" wrapped in a sickeningly oppressive blanket of crisp guitars, pounding drums, and taut anxious rhythms. The sonic similarities to BL'AST are impossible to ignore, but I'll just leave it at that 'cause this sophomore EP is the perfect logical progression from the last 7" and from the drawn out, dirg-y opening salvo of "Some Sick Joke" to the closing controlled flailing of "Mission Creep," this record gets progressively faster as it moves through. Worth your time. (JU)
(Labor of Love / Side Two)

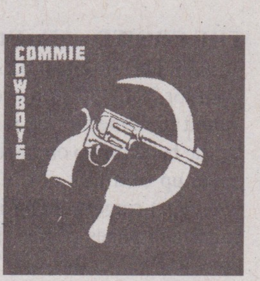
CONTRAST ATTITUDE – "Black or White" EP

I can't believe there are many people out there who don't know what they're in for when they pick up a CONTRAST ATTITUDE record these days, but a quick look at the classic Clay records rip center labels will tell you a lot about where these guys stand. Unabashed in their endorsement of DISCHARGE by way of DISCLOSE noize, with heavy solos and some of the most frenetic D-beat drumming in the

BING SELFISH







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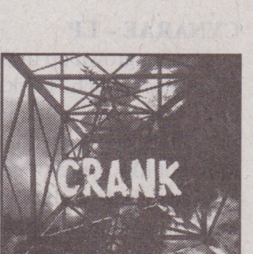
BLACK OR WHITE



world. I've had my own copy of this record for a couple months now and it has yet to get old. If anything, I'm actually enjoying it more over time. Of course, I have yet to be disappointed by a CONTRAST ATTITUDE release, and this is yet another link in their chain of absolutely superlative releases. (AU)
(Black Seeds)

CRANK – CD

Intricately crafted, snake-like guitar lines define most of the songs on this release. They're paired up with growling vocals that cause it to sound like a heavy, mid '90s AmRep record. Most of the songs stick to a slow-to-mid-tempo pace that sounds plodding and deliberate, but also like '90s college radio. (GH)
(self-released)

CRISIS ALERT – "Disconnected" EP

This is a good early '80s style hardcore record that's heavy on the retro factor, yet competent in what it's reproducing. It's more in line with generic, second-pick USHC that would've come out of some random suburb or been on a Mystic comp, though less teenage snot and more "thinking" à la some hypothetical band who loved the CLITBOYS, SOA, early 7 SECONDS, STALAG 13, and so forth. Cymbal-heavy, primitive 1-2-1-2 drumming, drill-style yet earnest vocals that sound a helluva lot like Pat Dubar, and simple song structures with riffs that aren't played out. Cool. (DG)
(Resist)

THE CROWD – "No Other" EP

Ick! The original BEACH BLVD brats are back for 2012. I haven't really kept up with their output from the last, er, *twenty years*, but judging by the band photo on the insert, they're currently made up of a mix of old original members and young(er) ringers filling in. I remember reading pages and pages of Rev. Norb waxing poetic on the CROWD in this very rag some decades ago, and one thing I remember him saying is that the CROWD were way ahead of their time, proto-pop-punk from the wee early '80s. Well, what sounded groundbreaking in 1982 sounds pretty damn conventional in 2012. The production is too good and too contemporary which kills it for me, might as well be the HIVES' cover band playing a couple originals. But they got the name and the local cred and the tight chops to keep the OC bros happy, so more power to 'em. This copy is on stamped and numbered blue wax. (GB)
(Hostage)

CYNARAE – LP

Having grown up in the Northwest, I endured entirely too much "hardcore" as shorthair metal, often backed by little more than poetry shouted by well-toned men with mall clothes and bad tattoos, but like the reformed Catholic who still appreciates certain select aspects of their otherwise torrid upbringing (such as a fondness for stained glass art or something), I'm simultaneously disgusted by the vast majority of this style, yet can't entirely discount bands who do the style with talent, genuine creativity and a relatively unique approach, and CYNARAE fall into the this camp. Rather than simply offering up a well-groomed riff salad, they write interesting, dynamic songs that (intentionally or not) paint an accurate musical picture of the gloomy shithole that is Washington state. Pounding at times and brooding at others, the riffs are always unique, the drumming is dynamic without being flashy and the vocalist alternates between screaming and grunting, adjusting his voice to fit the music well. This record also has a great, full recording that has just the right amount of grit and is nowhere near being too polished. It's undoubtedly influenced by '90s metalcore bands that I've never heard, but likely draws from the early HIS HERO IS GONE, early FROM ASHES RISE camp too. This is functionally a one-sided LP, as the second side is the first side backmasked, which is sort of pretentious, but I'll let it slide. (DG)
(A389)

DAMAGE / MINDLESS VIOLENCE – split EP

MINDLESS VIOLENCE sing in Macedonian and play super slick, crunchy metallic hardcore that's too fast to be considered metalcore, but the production (albeit "budget slick"), compression, instrument tones, guitar wanking and abundance of palm muting are pretty indistinguishable. The vocals are surprisingly thin by comparison and relatively sparse, and there's noting really memorable about these songs, even if your taste is more in line with what's reviewed on, say, Aversionline or whatever. DAMAGE from Sweden are more or less the same thing with modern youth crew vocals and lyrics and '90s youth crew riffs. I'm actually a bit more into their side by the final song, but will probably never listen to it again. (DG)
(self-released)

DEAD IN THE WOODS – "The Sign of the Son of Man" LP

A metallic/atmospheric crust record that's sort of all over the place, but not in a good way. Admittedly, the instrumentation throughout is excellent; these guys utilize many different guitar tones and textures (including a flanger), there are some effects thrown in to keep things semi-interesting and some of the riffs are really good. However, after hearing any riff over and over again, it's going to sound stale in a hurry. It sounds like they can't decide if they want to be MORNE or ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE, and that indecisiveness translates into an overly long record that I find incredibly boring. Lyrics are of the ridiculous mountain metal variety, which certainly doesn't help. Genre fans might be into this album, but I can't get into it at all. (KM)
(Dirty Apparatus / Viral Age)

DEVIATED INSTINCT – "Liberty Crawls... to the Sanctuary of Slaves" LP

To be honest, I was kind of prepared to not like this long-awaited record much, but I suppose there is a reason why this band is all venerable and respected (influential, etc.) because they won me over by the end of the first song. The metallic crust riffs are relentless and the tone and production give the playing a gnarly and oppressive feel. Vocals are growling and brutal, but sparse enough that they complement the guitars rather than drawing attention away from them. The pacing of the songs is always aggressive without being necessarily fast, the focus is always on heaviness. It's working well for them. (BL)
(Profane Existence)

DIPERS – "Fuck Technology" EP

A fitting name for a band who, if the record cover and insert are any indication, likes shit and shit imagery as much as Beavis and Butt-head. Musically, it sounds like rough, hate-filled hardcore with shouted vocals ala CÜLO or early FUCKED UP to a lesser degree, but the irreverent and often self-referential lyrics read like CRUCIAL UNIT or UZI SUICIDE after they stopped being vegan and got more jaded. Song topics include bodega revenge, huge sandwiches in Astoria, smegma, moshing dogs,and one song whose lyrics are simply "courtesy flush/courtesy flush/courtesy flush/poop flush/wipe flush" repeated a few times. Goofy, yes, but the songs are good enough to elevate this record past joke band or gimmick territory and I bet they're fun live. (DG)
(Eat The Life)

D.O.A. – "We Come In Peace" CD

D.O.A. have not only been doing it since '77 or so, but can claim, with some veracity, to have invented hardcore. With their first two albums, they certainly helped define, shape, and popularize it. Singer/guitarist/songwriter Joe Keithley has one of the most distinctive voices in punk and has continued to turn out records with a remarkably consistent quality. Hence I'm always excited to get a new effort and this doesn't disappoint. Like the CLASH, early on D.O.A. incorporated reggae rockers into their sound and a couple of these, particularly the "Bankrobber"-esque "Walk Through This World," provide the highlights for me. A certain Jello Biafra joins 'em on one song, bringing to mind the glory days of their last collaboration (probably the best of all of Biafra's post DEAD KENNEDY's effort, "Last Scream Of The Missing Neighbors" with D.O.A., is the highpoint of his 'solo' efforts). Not sure if the music hall 'acoustic' version of "General Strike" does justice to the original, but for sure, no complaints overall. The masters are back, doing what they do best, with considerable aplomb. Take note. (RK)
(Sudden Death)

DOOM GHOST / WAR PARTY – split EP

Alright kids, bring on some proto/early punk influenced madness with this pair of Ft. Worth

bands. DOOM GHOST kicks things off with a sound that recalls to me a lil' bit of ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS mixed with some DEVIL DOGS and perhaps a lil' Greg Graffin warble in the vocals. WAR PARTY reminds me of this Ron Asheston of the STOOGES solo disc I had back in the nineties. You know, that classic proto punk sound, but with a more modern edge. (JF)
(Lo-Life / Turkey Baster)

DRAPETOMANIA – "El Mundo Te Komera" EP

I thought this LA band's demo was mediocre at best, but this new EP is a marked improvement in every department. DRAPETOMANIA play fairly straightforward Latino punk that's somewhere between ILEGAL and RAYOS X with a little bit of an Oi! influence is present as well. The parts that really make this record work are the simple guitar leads and backing vocals that ensure each song is memorable. There're no wasted tracks on this one and the last song ("A") is particularly awesome. This is a rad record that's well worth picking up, particularly if you're a fan of the other Latino bands from SoCal that are killing it at the moment. (KM)
(Silenzio Statico / Todo Destruido)

DREAM DECAY – "Fern" LP

One sole nineteen-plus-minute track of pulsing, throbbing, noisy repetition that is impossible to put in a reviewer box. It's cold, yet comfortable; stuck but advancing; obtuse but calculating. I'll just say leave it at that before I start trying to be a "writer" 'cause I like this record a lot. (JU)
(self-released)

THE ELECTRIC MESS – "Falling Off the Face Of the Earth" CD

Wearing a bunch of various '60s influences on their vintage suit sleeves (garage, psychedelic, British invasion, you get the picture…), these New Yorkers are all right. If you're looking for a reinvention of the wheel, perhaps look elsewhere. But if you were a garage turkey, you'd surely enjoy this band over a beverage. I bet there are a lot of girls wearing Bumpits at their shows. (GG).
(self-released)

ELWAY – "Hence my Optimism" EP

This is some super polished upbeat poppy punk that sounds a hell of a lot like the MENZINGERS crossed with OFF WITH THEIR HEADS. There was a time where I probably would have been all over this, but there has been so much music made in the last ten years that sounds exactly like this, I just can't get down. But that's just me. If your idea of a perfect weekend is spent at The Fest or any of the other big pop fests around, you're most likely going to dig this. (BD)
(Red Scare)

EMBERS – "Shadows" 2xLP

I was going to say that I'd kid of like this record if it didn't have any vocals, but that thought occurred to me roughly *six* hours ago when I dropped the needle on this album. Holy fucking shitballs is this record long. EMBERS play epic crust and boy is it epic. You could do your taxes, take a nap, bake a cake, and this fucking album would still be playing. Honestly, the music isn't bad (aside from the endless tremolo picking); the band as a whole has a good melodic aesthetic that borders on black metal, but two LPs worth of this stuff is enough to make even the most coked-out Mission hipster sleepy. The vocals also suck; they have two singers, and you guessed it, one is of the deep, guttural, cookie monster variety and the other is a high-pitched horror movie villain. I wish bands like this would cease to exist, whatever happened to short, fast and loud? (KM)
(Iconoclast)

ENABLER – "All Hail the Void" LP

Total '90s throwback-core here, chugging along in the depths of a mine that was nearly stripped by the likes of COALESCE and (especially) UNDYING years ago. That being said, I've always stood by the claim that originality is overrated and these guys are pretty good at what they do. There are some pretty catchy riffs here, though others venture a bit too far into DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN circus-style frippery and the drumming is solid, if way over-produced. If you've got a hankering for a bit of a metal-core nostalgia or you just like to go hard in the pit you'd probably dig this band. (AU)
(Creator Destructor / Halo of Flies)

THE EVIL EYES – "Honey Please" EP

Yeah, I like the way this sounds. The first song "Honey Please" starts off with this nasty sounding, fuzzed-out guitar riff. So I am hooked right away. Unfortunately that sound gets toned down a bit on the other three songs, but the vocals get better so that makes up for it. This is '90s-esque garage punk with catchy melodies, a dirty sound and a bad attitude. Cool stuff. (CK)
(BamaLama)

FAILURE FACE – "Discography 1993-1996" LP

Man, I gave this band a revisit about a year back and I didn't feel then that FAILURE FACE held up too after all this time, but right now I'm going back on that thought. During the years that you can see right there in the title of this LP, this Florida band played bare bones, frustrated, "I've had it" hardcore that not a lot of bands were doing in the good ole' U.S. of A. At times FAILURE FACE would slug along in a thick moshing NYHC-styled ditch, but in an instant could switch over to a blast beat for the remainder of the song. Perfect music for bad moods, especially with lyrics like, "Everyday that I don't eat the gun, I won, I won." (JU)
(Give Praise)

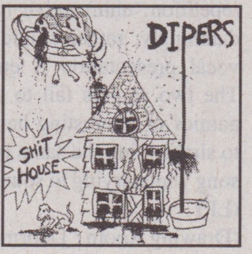
FAITHREAT – "Thrashing With the Stars" EP

Thrash, thrash and more thrash from Volos, Greece. The sound is someplace between DRI and MUNICIPAL WASTE. The tracks are short, lots of samples and a sense of humor. The title of this EP gives a clue to the content of more than half the tracks. There are tracks about Steven Seagal, Mitch Buchannon, Chuck Norris, Conan and Robocop. You can see you're going to get some silliness with your thrash. The tracks are fast and really tight. I enjoyed this a good bit but have to admit this sound has been overdone a bit lately. (MH)
(Scarecrow / Screaming Victims / True To The Game / World's Appreciated Kitsch)

FAMILY CURSE / WHITE MURDER – split EP

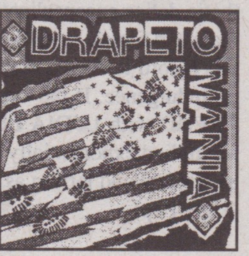
Two vaguely post punk bands deliver one overlong and repetitive song apiece. FAMILY CURSE starts things off

CRISIS
ALERT



D.O.A.
WE COME IN PEACE

Introducing...
DOOM GHOST | WAR PARTY



THE EVIL EYES

with stompingly paced "Middle Age America," the winner on this record by a slight margin. All in all, it's a simple punk song that lambastes the aged of this country with appropriate snot. Still, the song is about twice what it should be in length. Kudos for stumping me on any kind of comparison—maybe a bit like a non-hardcore PANZRAM? WHITE MURDER's "Breakdown" rounds out the B-side. They sound a bit like post punk GO-GOS. The song starts off somewhat promising, but again, suffers from reliance on repetition, uninventive musicianship and, most damningly, rather stupid lyrics. Moreover, the vocal presentation is entirely underwhelming. The two singers fail to utilize any kind of dynamics or interesting harmonies, opting instead to simply sing the same lyrics together the entire song whilst trying to sound as similar as possible. (LP)
(Drawing Room / Doormat)

FERGUS & GERONIMO – "Funky was the State Of Affairs" CD

I've got to be honest, I was slightly confused by the English accent on the first track of this album, especially as I know these guys are from Texas. But as I listen on, this album displays an interesting mix of influences that are drawn from a lot of different places—'60s garage, disjointed proto-punk, soul and modern day psychedelia. Not necessarily an easy listen, but a very interesting one that displays impressive and mature musicianship for a couple of dudes in their 20s. Good job. (GG)
(Hardly Art)

THE FILTHY GAZE OF EUROPE – "Domestic Accidents/On Fire"

Any number of references can be made to begin describing this record, but none of them do the absolute negativity of this music justice. The drum machines evoke APHEX TWIN remixing SUICIDE while the peripheral keyboard noise recall the good moments of early COIL albums. Furthermore, the absolutely deranged guitar aesthetic defies encapsulization, but it's the dueling male and female vocal performance that elevates this record to such a realized pinnacle of nihilistic indulgence. If the vocals of BLATZ and NO TREND with LYDIA LUNCH were added and multiplied exponentially it would begin to sound as visceral and jarring as this EP. (SL)
(Ugly Pop)

FLIP SHIT – "Outgoing Rockers" EP

This is some pretty raging hardcore from Rochester. Scummy vocals and ill shredding all over this thing. Sounds like these dudes were jamming ANNIHILATION TIME and WARKRIME on the reg. I could be wrong though. Regardless, this is a solid punk EP with some cool riffs and the production is fucking cool. Good job. (TM)
(Reel Time)

THE FLUID – "It's Cold Outside/Tell me Things"

This record is a benefit for the twin boys of Rick Kulwicki who passed away last year as a single father. This 45 was originally released in 1988. This record defies the common trappings of slightly hot rockin' punk from Southern California at the time, with its good production and tasteful call and response choruses whose repetition becomes endearing rather than banal. It's easy to imagine the FLUID opening for *Neurotica* era REDD KROSS. (SL)
(Blitzkrieg)

FORWARD – "Just Go Forward to Death" LP

Want epic hardcore? This is for you. And I stress the word "epic", because every track is just that. For the first time in over a decade, this important rerelease is hot off the press courtesy of PRANK. The roaring bass and powerful riffage attack keep your attention track after track, wondering what massive hooks and big leads will be coming next. One of the only bands that can use a harmonica in their songs and somehow it still sounds appropriate, awesome and tough as fuck. The undeniable intensity FORWARD brings to the forefront of hardcore pulls you in and punches you in the face, making sure you don't forget what you just heard. From the first click, off to the last note held out, this is a solid piece of wax from start to finish. This band's live performance delivers just as hard and aggressively as this record always has—without a doubt a modern classic, and what a treat that my own band got to open for them when they played here. "We are Japanese!" Yes, you are, and you fucking rule. (KR)
(Prank)

FORWARD – "What's the Meaning of Love?: Singles Collection" LP

A long overdue singles collection for this legendary band! This LP contains songs off the *Act Then Decide* EP, *The Core of Self* EP, *What Are You Gonna Get?* EP, live song from the Tribute to Masami show, songs off the *Hard Core Ball* compilation, *We Need The Truth*, and Fukushima compilation. FORWARD is a powerful hardcore punk force that is not to be reckoned with due to Souichi's amazing guitar solos and Ishiya's trademark vocals. Do you like DEATH SIDE? Do you like JUDGEMENT? Does the Burning Spirits sect of Japanese punk capture your heart? Pick up this perfect consolidated package of classic FORWARD singles now! There is no disappointment in here. Good job, Prank records. (AE)
(Prank)

FUTURO – "Sair de Mim" EP

This record came as a nice surprise, as I tend not to go for contemporary poppy, melodic punk—but after this 7" was on my turntable for the last week, I will be actively seeking it and welcoming the indie sound to my ears. There is a definite rawness to this band that really resonated with me, it almost sounds messy but at the same time extremely well composed. The crazed, melodic guitar and the high-pitched passionate vocals are reminders of bands like X and GORILLA ANGREB, and the catchy change-ups remind me of the BRAT. The third song is my favorite of the three tracks, the most 'punk' sounding to me, but the first track has been stuck on rotation in my brain since first listen. I am not complaining. With screen-printed covers, in either red or blue, you should definitely seek out this piece of wax. (KR)
(Nada Nada Discos / Spicoli Discos)

GHASTLY SPATS – "We're Breaking Through the Hymen!" EP

Repetitive post-punk dirges with one foot firmly in the early FALL camp. Similar in places to fellow Aussies UV RACE, with chiming guitars and the kind of slack yet pissed off vocals that our antipodean cousins do so well. This wears a bit over the course of the five songs, but there's something about it that makes you want to keep listening. In fact, I turned it over and played it again immediately. (AM)
(Heinous Anus)

GOUM – "Noisesap" CD

Some truly strange and progressive female-fronted hardcore punk from Japan, this took me a little while to warm up to but now I must admit I'm quite into it. This very modern-sounding album has a definite 'everything and the kitchen sink' approach, bouncing between stoney FLOWER TRAVELLIN' BAND worship, rock'n'roll-y hardcore, and even some very '90s dream pop/shoegaze without feeling incoherent and/or watered-down as genre-hopping experiments so often do. Certain parts could be compared to the poppy side of BORIS and the final instrumental 'Still You Say It's Safe?' is one such high point, doing the post-metal thing better than 97% of the bands in that safest of heavy genres. While the lyrics for 'Rotten Apple' are undeniably sketchy ("Those women that desire to be treated equally to men easily get carried away / Selfish cunts taking advantage of their femininity"), the broader context makes it unclear if they're intended as dark satire or merely reactionary anti-feminism. One thing is for sure, this album isn't about easy answers. I for one can't quite get it out of my mind. (WB)
(Narm Discos)

GREBER / PROLETAR – split EP

The three tracks from Jarkarta's PROLETAR from Indonesia, take their time to warm up, lumbering through an intro and slow build ups, before exploding into a full grind assault with sick screamed vocals alternating with throaty deep growls over a resoundingly tough burl of metal-anchored grind with thick riffs. On the flip, Canada's GREBER bass/drums/noise duo also wander up slowly with a groove that's not exactly heavy, not really sludge but slowly pounding

and experimental with smart, jazzy drumming and crust-ish harsh vocals, like if you cut FROM ASHES RISE in half and sent them down a MAN IS THE BASTARD *Sum of the Men* path and freed up the drummer a bit more. A nice complementary split of bands that warrant further exploration (both would benefit from more playing time), with insane pen and ink scribblings of an abattoir of anatomy, flesh and skulls on the cover (KS)
(Selfish Satan)

GRG – "Hound" LP

This Oklahoma City three-piece churns out a 45 rpm 12" of earth quaking powerviolence-flavored hardcore. Admittedly, this not a style I listen to much, but I want to give due credit to these guys for doing a 12" that can hold my attention! Side A moves along quickly with six dynamic scorchers treading everything in between IRON LUNG and HIS HERO IS GONE. Side B loses me a bit with much more sludge and noise—but the tension builds for a couple minutes and then fucking explodes out the last two tracks, and then winds down at the end. The accompanying note offers the LP for $12 ppd. Crazy shit! (MA)
(Komarov)

GRINDING HALT / SUFFERING QUOTA – split EP

Two bands from the same place; Groningen, Netherlands. The two bands also share some members. GRINDING HALT have a unique sound. When I dropped the needle I heard blistering grindcore. Then on their next track they slowed down and had a doomy sound that even sounded a little jammy. There were also moments of emo and powerviolence. They pull of mixing up these sounds flawlessly. SUFFERING QUOTA play grindcore. It's a modern grindcore sound without any techie playing. I'm assuming they got their name from the ASSUCK track of the same name and there is a slight ASSUCK influence. ASSUCK plus some burley hardcore moments. I love this split. (MH)
(De Graanrepubliek)

HOAX – "Discipline" EP

Third 7" from the band on everyone's lips that continues the attack of simple-as-it-gets, mid-paced, violent smashings. Ugly, *ugly* music for (and from) ugly minds. (JU)
(Painkiller)

THE HOLY MESS – "Cande Ru las Degas" CD

Never heard nothing about these chaps before (which of course, probably says more about me, than them). They're on Red Scare, which is a good start. Hoodies and beards in the band photo. Unsurprisingly, they tend to the 'emo' and the lyrics appear profound, but incomprehensible, as befits the genre...After a bad semi-acoustic start, fortunately the lads rapidly swing into top gear and produce a steady diet of anthemic rockers that would make DILLINGER FOUR and HOT WATER MUSIC proud. Works for me. (RK)
(Red Scare)

HOMEWRECKER – "Worms and Dirt" LP

Dark and negative heavy hardcore, from Ohio that definitely carries the torch of classic INTEGRITY, RINGWORM, Cleveland sound. *Lots* of terrifying chugga-chugga mosh here, but also a good amount of grinding blasts. If you're a fan of what this label usually puts out, I'm sure you won't be disappointed. (JU)
(A389)

HORROR VACUI – "Can You See Reality?" EP

The newest installment of the dark wave punk resurgence washing over current punk and it is a good one. These two tracks are in the death rock vein with dual guitars easy on the flange, that create a really amazing full sound and play off one another beautifully. The parts are not distracting or busy, but driving and fucking rockin' without the need of wank-a-thon shit. The drumming is solid and straight ahead with power to the drums…the beat is heavy here not slight to keep time. The bass is right in line with the drums to provide power. The vocals might not be for everyone, but I dig it and they are perfect for this type of music—deep and sung with a bit of an off kilter sound, but the dude has pipes and he is comfortable with singing… Sure there're hints of BAUHAUS in here, but WTF? That's the easiest comparison and this is fucking good! Interesting insert with dark and politically minded lyrics and explanations of the tracks and an introduction to what the mindset of the band was when writing the songs and the motivation for the record. This is the better of this genre of late and definitely punkest of the lot. I am into it! (MB).
(Legion of the Dead)

HUMAN ERROR – "Bloody History Bloody Today" CD

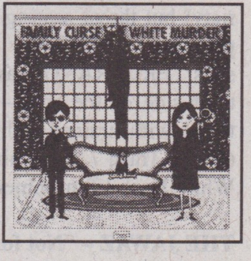
Black and white images of homeless war victims and decaying bodies adorn the cover, lyrics are translated into English (which is a plus) and in total you'll find 22 tracks of hard hitting, raging, political grindcore crust from Budapest, Hungary. They've been going since 1996, I assume their name is from the EXTREME NOISE TERROR song and you'll dig this if you like bands such as the ARSON PROJECT, WARCOLLAPSE or PASSIV DÖDSHJÄLP. The lyrics delve into your classic anarchogrind/crust topics, like bombs and war, deceiving the masses, robo-cops, censorship, the online "Napolean Complex," a cover of DOOM's "Police Bastard" plus a song called "Anarchofascist," which I found interesting, as it condemns a situation often found in anarchists circles: extreme allegiance to anarchist rules, and conviction of anyone who does not pledge as such, ultimately "leads to a way of laws," as the lyrics say. The ripped vocals go from screeches to throaty growls, the guitars cover pretty much every aspect of the 'core spectrum—machine-gun riffs, metallic breakdowns, sheering solos, no-bullshit hooks—the bass is suitably heavy and distorted and metal-sounding production details on the drums. While the composition canon isn't entirely new or innovative, these tracks are sure to get you pumped with grind power and hardcore rage, ideal for those days when you're too mad to even speak! (LA)
(Total Addiction / Total Punk / Trismus / XMXD, no info)

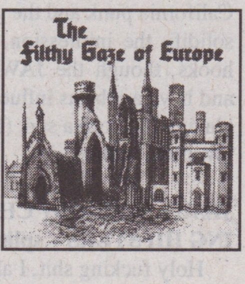
INOCENTES – "Miseria e Fome" EP

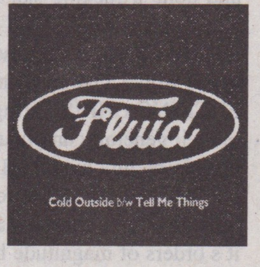
Hands down! The best Latin American Punk single ever! Collector snobs out there, you can discuss and disagree if you'd like, I don't give a fuck. This is a legit re-issue of this 1983 EP out of Brazil and to this day, it gives me goose bumps. A relentless guitar and bass attack with drums that won't let up. Insanely awesome and anyone out there that calls themselves punk, crust, raw-punk, chaos punk, slut-punk, or whatever the hell you're all claiming these days, you need to have this, listen and learn! (MS)
(Nada Nada Discos / Spicoli)

JAGERNAUT / TERLARANG – split EP

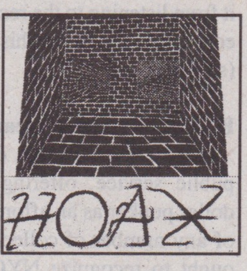
Low-end hardcore crust from Greece's JAGERNAUT. Heavy D-Beat influence (leaning on the modern Euro va-




The Filthy Gaze of Europe


Fluid
Cold Outside b/w Tell Me Things

GRINDING HALT
SUFFERING QUOTA



HUMAN ERROR

riety) but throat searing vocals and a relentless pace keep the intensity level sky high. Malaysia's TERLARANG blast through five tunes on their side of the split—ripping bassless grind/thrash with strained high-end vocals. (WN)
(Black Trash / Screaming Victims / Suburban White Trash / Tenzenmen)

THE JAWAZ – "Not for Me" EP

There's a snarl in the singer's voice that demands instant comparisons to '80s Southern California punk and the guitar lines only serve to solidify the impression. ADOLESCENTS-style hooks, though the JAWAZ are notably slower and have a vibe as influenced by dark bars as by blazing California sun. (RC)
(Wolf On A Bridge)

JESUS FUCKING CHRIST / STAR FUCKING HIPSTERS – split EP

Holy fucking shit, I already didn't like STAR FUCKING HIPSTERS and now they've gone and done a fucking ska version of my favorite RUDIMENTARY PENI song. Seriously, fuck this band forever. The hardcore is bad and the ska is worse. One million thumbs down. JESUS FUCKING CHRIST brings a couple more tracks of their generally unremarkable hardcore. It's not terrible by any means—I just think they tend to come off a little lethargic on record, though the bass playing is spectacular as always. If nothing it's orders of magnitude better than the flip side. (AU)
(Inimical)

KALTE LUST – "Somewhere Outside the Circle" LP

This is an awesome record. French post-punk with heavy goth influences. On their faster songs they sound like a punk SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES. On their slower songs they add keyboard and go whole hog into goth/deathrock territory—spooky, dark, killer. A handwritten note with the record tells us a member of GASMASK TERROR is in this band, but you wouldn't think it from listening to the record. If you're into punk-cold-wave, check out this record! (FS)
(self-released)

KNOTS – "Action/Heartbreaker"

Last Laugh records continues their monthly public service, offering up yet another high-dollar punker as an affordable reissue. Followers of any number of collectible punk compilations ought to recognize NYC's Knots, whose "Action" has been covered by a whole slew of notable acts of more recent vintage. It's an obvious choice though: up-front, cock-centric punk rock that's impossible to improve upon. The lesser-known "Heartbreaker" takes junkie punk into the '80s (see the keyboard intro) and nary a complaint is heard from the purists. Essential. (MC)
(Ideal / Last Laugh)

KONTRASOSIAL / WARSTRUCK – split CD

I listened to this the other day and thought it was good, but now that I'm sitting down to write, I happen to be in a pissed off mood and this record fucking kills. KONTRASOSIAL are one of the premier crust bands out of Indonesia, at least of bands that a white dude sitting in a room across the globe has been exposed to. They do the Scandi-crust sound better than most bands that actually come from northern Europe. WARSTRUCK is actually from Sweden and are pretty good at the Scandi-crust thing too. I'm not sure how this is the first I've heard from this band, but I dig them. They do ripping and slightly blackened crust with trade-off vocals, I'm pretty sure it's a male/female duo. It's definitely a bracing contrast and there are some headbanger riffs in these songs. This is a good record, I don't know if there is a vinyl release of it, but I know plenty who would buy a copy. (BL)
(Black Seeds)

LIGHTBEARER / NORTHLESS – split LP

Most split records with two tracks per band are EPs, but not when you're dwelling in a sludgy "post" swamp it's not, so don't be alarmed to find four slow-burners on this dark and mystical *concept* 12". Slow-developing, heavy post-hardcore from Milwaukee's NORTHLESS, apparently their side is "the first chronicle by the Luciferian followers, who document the struggle for Lucifer to enlighten the universe of the false god's true nature." Guitar layering and composition ideas that bring to mind ISIS circa *Celestial* and *Oceanic*, with some minimal GODFLESH chugging and techier touches à la KNUT on their second track "For As Long As You Shall Walk the Earth, Your Blood Will Reek of Failure", which then stairwells into a MASTODON-esque stomp-drift, stomp-drift guitar trip, then pummels on at a steady stoner pace before adding the mandatory 'pretty' riff to come to a close. The LIGHTBEARER side was a little more powerful on the first track "Celestium Apocrypha," the way FALL OF EFRAFA were on *Owsla* (which shouldn't surprise you, as it's basically them since the three-record concept band of FALL OF EFRAFA is now over), with soundscaping riffs that remind me of early CULT OF LUNA, the overall sound swimming into ISIS waters circa *Panopticon,* then posting-out on a grand and gradual closure MONO/ENVY style. If you have no interest in any of the bands previously mentioned—or weed—then you're obviously nothing like me and should give this a pass. If you want something deep and heavy while you slay behemoths at AD&D, or get high and meditate, or make love, or write your epic anarchist novel or whatever, then yes, this has got all the staple post-hardcore elements you need. However, if you, like me, have maintained a steady level of depression this last decade by listening to the better contributors of this epic genre, which ever-gains popularity thanks to countless bands rediscovering the power of the almighty riff as first unearthed by NEUROSIS, then you might as well go listen to any of your NEUROSIS records released between 1993 and 2004, because that's where this is all fucking coming from. (LA)
(Alerta Antifascista / Halo of Flies / Moment of Collapse)

LOST CHERREES – "Hung Drawn and Quartered" EP

With, I believe, their third vocalist and many other line-up changes, for some reason this band still feels inclined to keep the name LOST CHERREES. Let me describe the aesthetics of this record before I touch on the music itself. The cover is a pixelated collage of what appears to be Queen Elizabeth and, next to the "A" they have always used, there is a logo for *The X-Factor*... really? Based on appearance alone, I would never even consider listening to this. However, the music is not bad, it's cheesy, but not bad. It starts off with the classic tribal floor tom beat, but as soon as the guitar and vocals start in... it's clear this is not the same band. The guitar is punchier and poppier than the older, more lo-fi material, and the vocals are clearer with questionable sincerity or passion behind them. Really lacking a lot of the sound this band is well known for. Although they were known to "push the limits" of the anarcho sound, after a seventeen year hiatus and clearly a completely different musical approach, I wish they would have started a new band. The last track is sung in Finnish. Random. (KR)
(Anti-Society, no info)

LOST SOUNDS – "Lost Lost" LP and EP

What to say first about this band? That they are one of my all time favourites? That their records (all of them) contain some of the darkest, most enchanting, twisted, self-obsessed post-apocalyptic, sociopathic garage anthems of the previous decade? That no other band can conjure up such creepy, devilish, morbid and downright resonant gloom and doom in one song? Their sound is too close to my aching heart to be objective about it, but this LP and EP do a good job of summarizing what LOST SOUNDS were all about: noise, distortion, obsession, lots and lots of echo, psychosis, saturnine desire (oh vicious desire!) and expansive planes of fuzz, to somehow crush that anguishing burden of thy self. The tracks on this LP are what the title says, so expect to find an assortment of a couple classics (apocalyptica-dance-fever on "Total Destruction," mental nausea on "Black Coats/Whitefear," lamenting in stunned horror on "Glue to the Screen"), some 'sounds' and retakes ("Throw Away" a masterpiece of denunciation, claiming "If this is an endless circle I would rather walk the line/I'm the scum of the USA/I am just a throw away" and "No One Killer" which is timeless LOST SOUNDS), a couple cover tracks ("I Cannot Lie" originally by a band from the *No No No* garage comp and a 'slaughtering of a wonderful CRYSTALS song' called "Frankenstein Twist"), as well as some which were never "officially" released, like the vintage/'60s-sounding lonely-cowboy reject track "No Count".

They've always had an air of cosmic destruction about them, a feeling of tormented pursuit; chasing mania, then hunted by dread, and their keyboards, lyrics, arrangements, themes and overall *sound* is pure ecstasy to me. Alicja has "a way like a serenade" and her voice gives me goosebumps (Lucifer has indeed fallen down and I am your servant now), while Jay is obviously the Pied Piper of Hamelin, luring us like rats to a sonic death. Oh rapturous synth bliss, "it's my dream." Yet listening to these tracks now, after Retard's death, whose influence was undoubtedly audible in everything he created, I'm not surprised that some of them almost predict the ending this truly unique band would imminently have in 2005. "You will never seem me again/ So I wave goodbye" on "A Foreign Play," track titles like "I Didn't Mean to Lose You," or the wishful thinking on "Die Alone (Promise Me)" ("I will die alone/you will cry alone"), a bleak-as-death and cold-as-stone track found on the complimentary EP, all ring like bad omens. The EP in itself is fucking brilliant, with a rawer version of their epic, escape-from-reality opus "I Get Nervous," plus an equally epic, thundering and emotionally charged masterpiece called "Look at Me," which oddly enough reminds me of the energy summoned by GODSPEED YOU BLACK EMPEROR on "East Hastings," that spine-chilling composition used on the OST to *28 Days Later*. "Look at me/and don't you turn away/look at me/and don't you cry/look at me/and don't you be afraid/look at me/up in the sky" seems to loom like a ghostlike farewell, as this is apparently the last track Retard and Alicja ever recorded together.

This may be a collection of "rarities" (albeit without a lyrics/info sheet which was a shame) but this is as compelling to the uninitiated listener, as it is to the LOST SOUNDS completist. What's most depressing is that this is probably the last we shall ever hear of this band ever again, unless more hidden gems are unearthed in the future in some sick Retard second coming. The LOST SOUNDS are dead. Long live the LOST SOUNDS! (LA)
(Goner)

LOVE CANAL – "The Rotten Ones" EP

A return from Southern California's LOVE CANAL, the '80s beach punk legends…or also-rans. You pick. "The Rotten Ones" is classically punk (classical punk?) and genuine in its preaching of a "Wild In The Streets" worldview. I can imagine a roomful of assholes losing their shit to this tune if it were played with more enthusiasm. The flip is a BIG BOYS cover delivered with equal gusto (not much). Not a total turd, but not a world-beater either. (MC)
(Hostage)

MAD JUDY – "What Jill Says" CD

Ah the kids these days. This quartet of youngsters has turned out a remarkably accomplished seven tracks (three studio and a quartet recorded live on community radio). Not sure what this would have been called back in the vinyl days—a mini LP? Regardless, it sounds fucking fantastic. I'm guessing they have an appreciation for some of the glorious sounds of the past (and not just because the drummer is sporting a RAMONES shirt). They've managed to distill the energy, tunes and driving melody of the early '80s American melodic hardcore bands (a la MAD PARADE and ARTICLES OF FAITH) into a more than acceptable slice of rock (excellent lead guitar), with a dash of '90s college rock (think DINOSAUR JR) for good measure. An unexpected treat. If I'm not mistaken, it's the *Clangers* on the CD cover, which is almost as impressive as their songs. (RK)
(Hella Mad)

MALATESTA – "Abwesend" EP

Hailing from Munich and named after a 19th-century champion of insurrectionary anarchism, MALATESTA specialize in brooding melodic crust with the occasional hint of metal. Not all that gritty for a crust record, the combination of epic D-beats, forceful chugging and melancholic guitar work here recalls bands like ÖROKU minus the cello, while the obscure, washed out production adds several layers of screamotional depth. The vocal range on this record is simply fantastic and really ties the whole thing together. A record to be listened to with pinkies raised, this is totally worth your time. (WB)
(self-released)

MARY CHRIST – "Too Many Questions" EP

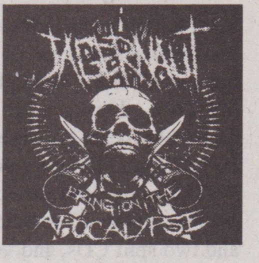
Just this side of melodic and anthemic but shrouded over with a dark roughness that keeps it interesting. The riffs are fuzzed out and have moments of getting maybe a little too happy and shiny, but then every lyric is shouted out in a thick desperate exhaustion. Through this the songs become the sound of a frightened triumph. The simple pain of living through every day. (MM)
(Hesitation Wound)

MASKED INTRUDER – CD

The internet has been buzzing about these masked men from Madison, WI for a while. Here in my music dork chair in San Francisco I have been saying to myself "Yeah whatever, the masked thing has been done to perfection by both the FUCKERS and RIPOFFS (okay technically that was stockings over the face), so here is just another band trying to redo that two decades later. When I received this CD to review, I looked at the cover and saw that they wore different color masks and my expectations sank just a little bit. Of course I still had to do the part of the reviewing thing where I accidentally put the CD in and listen to it. Well in the goes the disc and for once I can tell you that the internet isn't lying when they call this record one of the best pop punk releases in a long time. We have thirteen pure pop ditties that recall CHIXDIGGIT, RIVERDALES and *Love Songs for the Retarded* era QUEERS. The production is a lil' slick at time for such a criminal inspired band, but that production works when the '60s girl-group-inspired group harmonies kick in. Really my only real problem with this record is that people will see it and treat it like a convicted criminal looking for a job, and not even bother to give it a chance. Year-end top 10 in my book. (JF)
(Red Scare)

MEATMIST – "Smut" LP

Ugly, sludgy noise punk shit from the Midwest. Totally fucked up FLIPPER-style dirge played by hardcore dudes. Slow ass riffs, hella feedback and really ugly vibes all around. Reminds me of shit like TOTAL ABUSE or SHAVED WOMEN at times. Cool record, but I would hate to see this type of shit live. Just sounds like a bad time to me. That's probably the point though. (TM)
(XO Press)



95
The Jawaz

WARSTRUCK
KONTRASOSIAL

Mary Christ

MINDLESS VIOLENCE - DAMAGE

METRALLETA – LP

"Submachine gun" is a fitting name for this Basque Country band, firing fifteen tracks of overdrive thrash, with semi-automatic snare drum blastbeats as shredded vocals push the higher octave limits of destroyed vocals chords. Tightly wound and proficiently delivered, this is the bands first 12" release since 2001 after a 10" and two split CDs, and vocally is reminiscent of LOS CRUDOS *Canciones Para*… with a similar kind of dedicated attack overcoming the obvious strains on the screaming. Except for the speed and grind diehards whose launch pad for excitement is this point. The combination of drum driven grind-ish hardcore and the sharp edges of these types of vocals is pretty difficult navigation to make work in a way that has you reaching for the volume knob and not the one that just turns the stereo off, and the band is only so successful here, despite some excellent playing and a good solid recording that centers on the drum attack. There're a few pop punk-ish and other innovative moments that hint that even the band realizes they need a breather between the torrent of abrasive thrashing and a full listen was pretty challenging. The Catalan lyrics are translated and are poetic and political about Israeli government policy, Spain's role in NATO, sexism and more. (KS)
(Chaos666 / Zaratazarautz)

MIASMAL – LP

This is some sick Swedish death metal with enough D-beat to be reviewable. Old school in its core and part of the new wave of old school death metal sect. If you're a fan of more recent bands like ACEPHALIX or just simply classic death metal, this LP is for you. This record contains killer tracks on both sides. It's all pure head bangin' dark times. First side has some shredding guitar solos. Second side is simply epic. I apologize for my lack of eloquence, but my death metal parlance has grown rather crusty over the years. Thank you Agipunk for repressing this 2011 release. (AE)
(Agipunk)

MODERN PETS / P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. – split EP

Germany's MODERN PETS turn in two songs of upbeat powerpop with quirky, snotty vocals that remind me of Howard Devoto (a good thing). Guitars twist and chime around the melodies, and both songs sport the kind of catchy choruses you can't get out of your head (one of the reasons I love to hate the BRIEFS). Portland, Oregon scene vets P.R.O.B.L.E.M.S. lose multiple points for making me type their name out that way. While many bands from the Northwest in recent times have turned to the WIPERS for inspiration, this band plays riff-heavy hardcore in the vein of POISON IDEA; not quite as intense (how could they be?), but with a healthy dose of metallic vitriol nonetheless. On the whole this is a great split with two very different bands that somehow work well together. (AM)
(Doomtown Sounds)

MORDECAI – "Drag Town/Waste"

If there was a Flying Nun label on the back of this record and it said recorded in the winter of 1983 (not 2010) you could have totally fooled me. The A-side is an up-tempo, noisy, lo-fi pop song with poorly recorded acoustic guitar (all string sound), sloppy electric guitar, minimal drums and lazy, snotty vocals. It's like in the documentary *Friends of the Enemy*, when the journalist, Roy Colbert says about the CLEAN that when they first started as a band "they started writing songs that were quite good but they didn't play them very well." The point being that the sloppy, minimal aspects of the song are what make it so much more interesting than an overproduced pop song. The B-side is a slower tune with a more garage feel. It has a more full drum and guitar sound and even lazier vocals delivered in a very LOU REED style. This is one of the cooler records to cross my desk in a while. (PA)
(Wäntage)

M.O.T.O. – "Bolt!" LP

Assholes like me caught wind of MASTERS OF THE OBVIOUS around the time their *Kill M.O.T.O.* album was released in the early 2000s. Unknown to me then, there were nearly twenty years and a thousand other tunes in the band's history. I found a copy of some strange Euro-pressing of *Bolt!* around that same time too and I listened to it so much that I thought I could go the rest of my life without ever hearing it again. Wrong, I guess, at least according to Rerun records. Along with their singles collection, *Bolt!* is a true highlight of M.O.T.O.'s career. Its totally homemade no-fi sound matches the exceedingly, painfully, ridiculously catchy songs perfectly. If you've heard them before, you know what you are going to get. But you get it really good on this LP. If you haven't yet been exposed, this is the doorway to obsession. Warning: this is over 40 minutes of M.O.T.O., keeping well in line with their "leave 'em wanting less" philosophy. Approach with caution/stupidity. Key points of interest here include the inexplicably ridiculous examination of race relations known as "I Brake For Spades" (un-fucking-real), "Month Of Sundays" and the obligatory "Dick About It," which will be stuck in your head until the day you die. (MC)
(Rerun)

M.O.T.O. – "E Pluribus M.O.T.O." LP

I guess y'all heard of M.O.T.O. by now? I think it's funny 'cause I was growing up going to shows in the Western Suburbs of Chicago way back when he was starting out in the early '90s, but I am pretty sure this is the first time I've ever (knowingly) listened to MASTERS OF THE OBVIOUS. This was a tape release from 1993, apparently a bit of a cult classic for the deepest M.O.T.O. nerds, but now it is lovingly pressed onto vinyl for less deep M.O.T.O. nerds. He's got a real homemade lo-fi basement sound, the drum machine and early '90s cassette production gives it all a real unique vibe, intricately crafted bedroom pop (punk?) with vocals that are just a tad too excited to keep things really awkward. Yeah. (GB)
(Rerun)

MOUTHBREATHERS – "Die Alone/Validation"

Second single from this promising Kansas outfit. "Die Alone" clocks in at over five minutes, starting with a serious dirge that eventually gives way to great, fuzz-guitar punk rock. A tune like this will either bring a band's faults to the forefront or surprise the listener by exceeding expectations. MOUTHBREATHERS win out big time here, so much so that the flip, a more traditional yet still effective tune, seriously pales in comparison. Still, no sophomore jinx here… best out of them yet. More, please. (MC)
(Replay)

MUTANT GENES – "Straight to Hell" EP

Angst-ridden, catchy, melodic hardcore punk, in the vain of AUTISTIC YOUTH and NO HOPE FOR THE KIDS, rooted in early BLACK FLAG urgency and ADOLESCENTS mania. Five tracks of late-night street fighting, pit-diving punk, with a mischievous no-hope attitude and straight no-frills sound. Frustrated vocals, brisk drumming and aggravated story lines are carried by convincing pick-work and slick solos; all rounded off with a production that's suitably basement-sounding and organic. This EP is a very pleasant new introduction and even though they aren't exactly reinventing the wheel, their approach sounds candid. I hope they kill it live, because there's definitely fertile ground here for something memorable. A cool EP, I can see "Straight to Hell" becoming a hit with the kids. (LA)
(Vomit Comit)

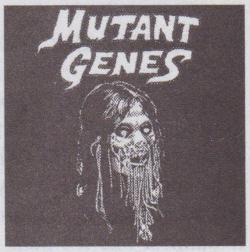
NA GATHAN / OI POLLOI – split EP

The Gaelic renaissance receives another 7" for the canon. NA GATHAN contributes a pair of pleasant rock-ish pop songs, with charmingly poor singing (in the technical sense—fine for punk), with a layer of distorted guitar over the top of the second one. Amateurish early punk, not something I would play at home, but it would be fine on a mix tape for a long drive. The venerable OI POLLOI contributes two well-produced, mid-tempo tracks with chant-along choruses and one 30-second DISCHARGE song (written by OI POLLOI, not DISCHARGE). As mentioned, both bands sing and provide lyrics in Gaelic, while OI POLLOI provide English translations. The booklet provides advice as to how to study Gaelic for best results. This is a tour EP with 350 copies issued, this one being on piss-yellow vinyl. (JM)
(Problem?)

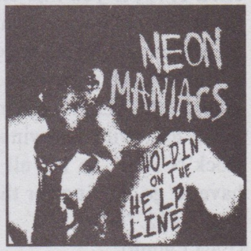
NAILBITER – "The Bait" 12"

It's been a while since I've heard from these English Japan-worshippers, but this 12" slab is

mouthbreather
die alone
validation



N.E.K.
DEKAVERMES



NOISE
COMPLAINT
FUCK OFF AND THRASH
N.C

SPECIAL
GUEST
&
NOT
HALF BAD

an excellent return to form. Metallic '80s Japanese influenced hardcore with apocalyptic snarls, this record leans more on the metal and less on the blatant Burning Spirits aping, but they are so damn good at both, that I don't really care which path they choose to follow. Huge recording this time around, totally captures the band better than most of their previous releases…get amongst it, kids. (WN)
(La Vida Es Un Mus)

NEGATIVE REINFORCEMENT – "Dog" LP

Heavy and bleak dual-vocal punishment from Western Australia, NEGATIVE REINFORCEMENT offer up an enticing combo of sludge, powerviolence and hardcore snarl that can't help but impress. A song cycle about mental illness and alienation accompanied by some fantastically schizoid artwork, words like *discomfort*, *shame* and *fffuuuuuiuck* are but a few brought to mind by this release. Never resting on a particular sound for too long, the band manifests an appropriately oppressive atmosphere throughout, to maddening effect. This is what they call a "total package". Get on it. (WB)
(Coffin Cut)

NEIGHBOURHOOD GOUT – "Is That You Brother?" EP

Ahhh, music to this auld bastart's ears… New noisy music from Glasgow, Scotland that sounds fresh, spontaneous and immediate, at the same time as it reminds me of so much that came before. The GOUT are in the sonic lineage of SUBLIMINAL GIRLS, WHIRLING PIG DERVISH and BADGEWEARER, but if you'd never heard any of those bands (let's face it, most of you reading this haven't) this is still a corker of a seven incher. I've listened to it four times in a row already. (AM)
(Bossed Causes, no info / Winning Sperm Party)

N.E.K. – "Dekavermes" EP

With all the derivative thrash bands out there it's refreshing to listen to this EP from N.E.K. They create their own thrash sound and pull ideas from all over the thrash map. Hell, when I dropped the needle I heard what sounded like early TESTAMENT but that quickly changed into speed metal. There were tracks that sounded like DRI mosh parts and other tracks that were super fast. I was fooled (in a good way) a number of times. At one point I thought, oh, this reminds me of CRYPTIC SLAUGHTER, then it quickly turned into straight ahead fast hardcore. Fuck yeah! Get this! (MH)
(Give Praise / Karasu Killer / Too Circle)

NEON MANIACS – "Holdin' on the Help Line" EP

Has an '80s English feel, with a clear influence from EMPIRE. From what I can fathom this is an older, now defunct band that are actually American. Well either way, I clearly don't know shit about this band other that it isn't bad. If you like a bleak, '80s British punk sound, then check this out. (GG)
(Puke N Vomit)

NOISE COMPLAINT – "Fuck Off and Thrash" EP

From London, England, this is pretty average basement thrash. They sound like a local band that would play early, their friends would use cheap drugs and slam for the first three songs. I'm not into dissin' "fags," expressing power through rape or (post-'01) MUNICIPAL WASTE-style lyrics, so this was a downer for me. At least the cover is hella unimaginative, so it's unlikely you'd buy it by mistake. (JM)
(Anarchotic / A World We Never Made / Plastic Fact / Suburban White Trash)

NERVOUS IMPULSE – LP

I suppose this was bound to happen. After the early eighties hardcore fad died down a bit, people started mining the rest of the decade; later BLACK FLAG (in style, if not attitude), the international D-beat sound, even DINOSAUR JR. and their indie-rock ilk. So, why shouldn't there be a band that sounds like (a slightly less metallic) mid-period DR. KNOW? Tell me right now exactly what is wrong with having that awful late-'80s RKL bass tone? And the singer! Besides DR. KNOW, the singer on this bad boy brings to mind some of the more melodic moments on "Age of Quarrel." The lyrics are even dead-on for the time these guys unintentionally (wait make that *hopefully*) mine; there're a few mentions of sex (not in a weird way though) and a song that could either be about methadone or our globalized economy. This record might actually be fantastic in a sort of idiot way (the best way) if the guitarist was better and the bassist didn't sound like he was on loan from PENNYWISE. Also the labels on this record look almost exactly like those from the first DIRECT CONTROL 12". Now, who the hell knows what *that* means? (BB)
(Undercurrent)

NITAD – "Rastlös Och Vild" CD

This is tight—ugly weirdo "mysterious" without the pretension hardcore, with guitar leads that veer from menacing, driving to weird, high end and eerily melodic. The vocals are nasty high-pitched spewed anger. Brutal drums coupled with distorted sludgy bass. The guitar is Hardcore with a capital "H," with piercing parts that have the technicality of metal without sounding "metallic" or overly dick stroking. This is solid as fuck, fast as shit hardcore. There is a slower jam on here that didn't sell me at first, but this is cool. Lyrics are in Swedish. This band has been around for a while and I think this is their best stuff yet—creative, unique and mean. There is a lot of precision but a lot more abandon. Nothing to lose, everything to gain here—good shit. Oh, and the artwork is so fucking rad! (MB)
(Mourningwood)

NO STATIK – "Everywhere You Aren't Looking" LP

Hopefully everyone reading this is at least passing familiar with NO STATIK's blend of top-notch raging hardcore and bold sonic experimentation, since they've been writing and touring machines since virtually day one of their existence (as befitting a gang of total hardcore veterans!). They've made a very interesting choice by reversing the approach of their last 12" and putting a long noise track on the A-side of this LP. I am far from a noise aficionado and I really can't tell you if this is influenced or sounds like one particular artist, but it is engaging enough that it didn't occur to me to cut it halfway through to get to the hardcore. There is a forlorn piano, back-masked vocals, lots of feedback, ominous drums and a slow but steady coalescing of all these elements into a driving, chaotic climax as the hardcore finally kicks in heavy and desperate only to fade away into a graceful collapse. Side b is all go, of course. Ruby's got some of the most vicious vocals in the business, the drumming is hectic with blasts that never overwhelm or

seem out of place and if every bass player in the world had Robert's sound and chops the hardcore scene would be a better place. What I like most about NO STATIK's approach to songwriting is that they can be a "traditional" four-piece hardcore band without ever relying on throwback or cliché parts. I doubt anyone was expecting this to be a let down, but it is absolutely a must-have for people who are interested in the present and future of hardcore. (AU)
(Prank)

NOT HALF BAD / SPECIAL GUEST – split CD

A split disc from two bands from Texas, more specifically Dallas/Ft.Forth. SPECIAL GUEST is absolutely horrible. They try to do the stupid punk thing but the lyrics are so dumb and the vocals are so bad and off key it's painful. It's almost like it's punk that's meant to be really shitty on purpose. They aren't kids either. NOT HALF BAD couldn't possibly be worse, although I question their judgment for partaking in this split. They are better at the snotty punk thing. Decent for what they are trying to do. Very mid '90s with a rougher SCREECHING WEASEL feel. (RL)
(self-released)

THE NUBS – Dogs/I Don't Need You (Cause I Got Me)" EP

LOLers. It is literally insane this got reissued. New Hampshire's *second* finest export circa 1979, if you like early period GG ALLIN (as in before he was smearing the poo poo) these NUBS are sick. Well, the one side. The other side is dumb keyboard wave. Well, actually, early-period GG ALLIN got into the keyboard-wave game too, with his winsome radio hit "1980's Rock'N'Roll" so it's all good. Now you don't have to go hunting for the groove on Killed By Death #12. (GB)
(Last Laugh)

ORDEN MUNDIAL – LP

A fantastic LP of hardcore from Spain, drenched in guitar distortion and howling vocals, reminiscent of primeval hardcore from the earliest part of the 1980s, where slow dirge would hold equal weight with fast bursts of hardcore, as strict definition hadn't clamped to the point that a wild guitar solo couldn't drop in at any moment—there's some fantastic micro solos here, gnarled by distortion—and the influence of listening beyond strictly hardcore would enable the band to ignite some fantastic turns into rock choruses and song structures. A quick 45 rpm ten-song LP with rapid fire sequencing; with one song on top of the next, despite this band's debt to the '80s, that doesn't sound particularly dated. The conscious lo-fi that's not quite lo-fi makes this sound contemporary more than dated. Urgently yelled in Spanish, the provided lyric translations are basic punk punk punk about war, the future, misspent youth, politics and more. The large lyrics fold out does owe a debt to DISCHARGE and ARTIFICIAL PEACE, but the cover is a great, screened, basic cryptic and iconic punk look à la recent Spanish records INVASION, DESTINO FINAL. Get this! (KS)
(Discos Basura)

OUT OF TUNE – "House Of Lies" CD

From the first song you can tell these guys really love AGNOSTIC FRONT "Victim In Pain" which isn't a bad thing in my book as long as you're gonna add something new to it. They do it well and the songs rock but I just feel like putting on aforementioned record now. Looks like they're from here and they'd probably be a blast to see live. Hopefully they're for real and have been through the shit and aren't fucking computer programmers or something. (RO)
(Kings Of Drunk)

PANIC BEATS – "Strike Again" LP

It's pop punk with a horror theme (with an opening line like that, there are probably only three people on earth who will continue reading this review), so imagine if JAY REATARD discovered that *Teen Punks in Heat* was his favorite album. And then wrote an album with the intent of trying to impress ROB ZOMBIE. But it's disappointing; with all this content dedicated to murder and strangling, there isn't a single reference to worshiping Satan. I guess something to work on for next time fellas. (FS)
(Night Fighter)

PARALASIS INFANTIL – "Demo '87" EP

This is a vinyl release of a '87 demo of this Argentinean punk band. There have been a bunch of vinyl releases of demos of the past lately, but this is every bit as good as you would expect and well worthy of vinyl release. Fuzzy guitars playing straight punk with some street punk and angry sung vocals with some moments of utter chaotic patterns. The sound is older than '87, but has some more timely hints with melody and faster HC-informed parts. "Dios Salve a Romay" is more of a hardcore jam with a TORREROS AFTER OLE vibe crossed with some of the faster more chaotic classic Peruvian punk. Think ESCUELA CERRADA, ALERTA ROJA and, yes, if you like ESKORBUTO, you will like this. Whether you are a South American punk enthusiast or a punk who likes knowing your history, this is something you should have. I'm sure that internet dorkdom will create some sorta obscurity glaze and ownership regarding prior knowledge of this band, but don't be fooled—this is solid punk that proves that punk is and always was international. The insert includes all the lyrics plus an article about the use of punk and graffiti in the years that this band existed and how they both truly were a vehicle for protest and change during the military dictatorship strangling the country. So fucking good! Get it! (MB)
(Canal 9 / Discos Es Conocimiento)

PARIS IN THE MAKING – "Origins" CD

These guys are from Singapore. I guess you would call this screamo because of the vocals but musically this is very prog and pretty sounding. A weird mix of swirling synth, intricate guitar and tight musical chops. If you took away the vocals, this could pass for COLDPLAY at times. I guess a THURSDAY comparison wouldn't be far fetched but the vocals here are all rasp and scream with long instrumental breaks. Interesting to say the least. (RL)
(self-released)

THE PENETRATORS – "Rock'N'Roll Face/ Teenage Lifestyle"

I love the cover of this 7" so much simply because of the attitude of the stare coming at me from JACK PENETRATOR. It is too fuckin' cool. This reissue consists of two excellent songs from 1979 by Syracuse, NY's PENETRATORS. "Teenage Lifestyle" is a classic punk tune. It is frantic, wild and catchy with funny lyrics about the things kids are concerned with. "I wanna stay out at least to eleven." "Rock 'N 'Roll Face" is a bit slower, but still has the same great style plus the lyrics are spit at you. Both are really fun punk rock songs. This is such great record. Buy it. (CK)
(Windian)

PHARAOH – "This House is Doomed" EP

Slow, big, doomy hardcore from New Jersey. The NEUROSIS influence is obvious but this also doesn't sound like NEUROSIS. There aren't the dynamics NEUROSIS had. These tracks have more relentlessness to their slowed hardcore. This two track EP starts off a bit slow. The first half of the title track is just boring but then the track adds a patient guitar chug, some guitar wailing and ends with feedback. "Waste" has a bleak sound and the track twists and turns through a couple tiny guitar parts leaving you waiting for the explosion. There is something terribly uncomfortable about this track and I mean that in a good way. The explosion never happens but the guitars chug away. I really like this track. (MH)
(A389)

PIG EYES – "Total Destruction of the Present Moment" 12"

I have a feeling that we are seeing the fruits of what FUCKED UP have sown. I guess some would call it "mysterious guy hardcore." This PIG EYES record features five long songs, with "epic" structures rooted in hardcore but with multi-tracked guitars and diversions into prog territory. The lyrics are verbose and complex, and appear to contain references to medieval history and magic. I don't want to give the impression that they are just a FUCKED UP rip off or anything; musically they don't really sound alike, I think I'm just responding to their ambition to do something *beyond* hardcore (whatever that means). All in all this is actually a pretty

great record and one that will probably bear repeated listening. (AM)
(DeNihil)

PIZZAHIFIVE / POWERCUP – split 10"

A 25-song split between two grind duos, Ohio's PIZZAHIFIVE and Montreal's POWERCUP. PIZZAHIFIVE deliver brutal slices of grind snippets with throttling snare drums, topped with deep-dished vocals and garbled screaming over the top, covering a base of densely heavy riffs. Lyrics are about weed, the punk scene, a false life lead online and more. Solid grind blasts! On the flip, the POWERCUP drills somewhat thinner and a little less jarring, in its quick turns to blast beats as a more cohesive whole turns destructively in a bit more unison. Still severe in thrashing intensity and with deeper gurgling vocals, alternating with more sporadic high pitch screams, the lyrics are a more puzzling mix about Pablo Escobar and home renovation. Grind freaks this is one sick split! (KS)
(Acid Redux / Adamant Blasts / APH / Beer Demon / Coffee Grinder / Feel Good Grind Tapes / Give Praise / Hurts to Hear / Insides Music / Insurgency / Rad Girlfriend / Riotous Outburst / Sit & Spin / Witch Bukkake)

PLASTIC CROSS – "Grayscale Rainbows" LP

The production here is full, strong and polished, but a little rough edge remains. These New Jersey miscreants likewise have a touch of polish to their dirty hardcore sound. They sound experienced as they go back and forth between a tradition fast style and the musicianship they use in mixing it up some. The songwriting isn't crucial all the way through and the straight-ahead parts tend to be better. "Philosophy Student Action Figure" is a good example, with the main being a swinging, pounding diatribe and the few deviations taking away from the overall effect. The lyrics are great, creative and pointed—though you can tell someone went to college. With eighteen tracks, there's plenty to explore. Overall this is a cool record, but in almost every song something detracts. (JM)
(Don Giovanni)

PLEASANT LIVING – "All I Ever Loved" EP

Baltimore's PLEASANT LIVING is a five piece playing melodic hardcore/street punk with a distinct Boston tinge to it. Song topics are pretty standard for the ilk: drinking, fighting, depression and loss. If you're all about fighting off the sorrows with cheap beer (preferably the ol' Natty Boh), friends, and perhaps a little violence, this one is for you. (BD)
(A389)

POINT OF VIEW – "Sideshow Years" CD

So these guys are from NorCal apparently. They sound a lot like GOLDFINGER and BAD RELIGION at times. This is a release of old recordings. This isn't bad for such a low-key release. The production is pretty good and the material although in a beaten' to death genre is pretty good. The Warped kids will eat this up in time. (RL)
(self-released)

POLISKITZO – "Dulce del Systema" EP

Definitely one of the poppiest, more old style punk'n'roll bands associated with the Silenzio Statico label. Sorta comparable to ESKORBUTO. I liked their demo tape a little better but this aint no slouch for sure. I picture kids dancing their asses off, drinking ill-gotten hootch in some hot Los Angeles back yard with nothing but smiles. Buy it. (RO)
(Todo Destruido)

PORCHARITAS – "Get Wasted with the Porcharitas" EP

This rules! Total throwaway girls in the garage genius that sounds like it could be on a *Killed by Death* comp or at least sold at the Bomp! record store… Songs about getting wasted, pillow fights and the clap may clue you into the true nature of this band's philosophy, they achieve the perfect mix of bubblegum and venom… The A-Side contains all the jams; these Alabama girls (and boy) are gonna be fixtures of future mixtapes made by me for a while! I think the song "The Clap" contains some amazing lyrical concepts and the creepy farfisa organ adds to the fear! The eternal sound of fun and goofy times with an undercurrent of wanton destruction! (LG)
(Vertical House)

POST TEENS – "The Heat" EP

I've liked and ordered a lot of records from No Idea; stuff they've put out and stuff from the distro, especially between 2004-2006. While I have picked up some of the stuff they've put out, I'm going to forego picking this one up. Nothing stands out as being fully awesome with the exception of the drumming. Whoever drummed on this totally killed it! This sounds a lot like OFF! but with maybe some pop punk influence (MARKED MEN) in the riffage. While the drumming really stands out, the guitars, bass and vocals all kind of blend together in a way that's not totally memorable. I'm not getting a whole lot of hooks or cool guitar leads... but I could go for some drum solos. (P$)
(No Idea)

POTTY MOUTH – "Sun Damage" LP

Ack! I love this band! Their band name may clue you in somewhat to their deal, yes they are named after a (classic!) BRATMOBILE record, and the plaintive simple guitar is definitely reminiscent of the brat-sound, but they have their own distinct and charming viciousness that comes maybe from making a band with your best girls in a small town in Western Mass. The music is ridiculously catchy, it's got a looseness to it but is still somehow urgent and powerful, two guitars play off each other in a manner that reminded me of CASUAL DOTS style, underscored with a real ear for melody and dissonance. Abby's vocals are really cool and matter of fact, and as soon as I heard the first note I furiously attempted to get their earlier tapes, which are equally great (you can listen to them for free online too and I advise it if you want sounds like the FRUMPIES playing early B52's). POTTY MOUTH falls somewhere between the sickest grrrl sound and early punk snot, like BUZZCOCKS "Boredom" meets "Cool Schmool" which is to say, they are amazing! (LG)
(Feeble Minds / Puzzle Pieces / Feeble Minds)

PUTAS MIERDAS – "Extinción" EP

I saw this band about five years ago in Guadalajara and I recall them being much rawer than this three-song 7". These tracks are upbeat, catchy, and full of energy. It really reminds me of PELIGRO SOCIAL in the vocal department and the hooky guitar riffs. The title track is the winner here—great bass lines and fist pumping chorus: "Nooooo nooooo *extinction*!" My only gripe is that the drums sound electronic or something. But this EP still kills and I'm stoked that this

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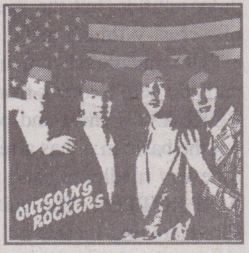
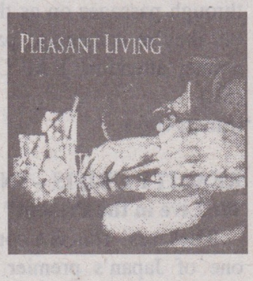
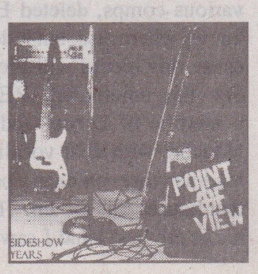


OUT OF TUNE
HOUSE OF LIES

PARALISIS INFANTIL
DEMO 87





band is still at it. Get it! (MA)
(Crust as Fuck / Metadona / Trabuc)

PYROKLAST – "The Madness Confounds" LP

These guys nail the sound they're going for and it's catchy as shit at points, but to be honest I'm having trouble caring about what PYROKLAST have to offer here. These guys play no-bullshit, straight-ahead hardcore punk complete with the most cookie-cutter of left-wing punx politics, but the overall vibe here is more like crust-y thrash metal. There's some nods to NYHC and thrashcore in there too, and those parts do help to break from the monotony of PYROKLAST's meat-and-potatoes shreddy punk, but the basic m.o. has already been done to death by every mediocre band formed in the wake of AUS ROTTEN. The guitar players *are* fuckin' shredders and there's no denying the hooks are simply lying all over this record, but in the end it makes me think about beer bongs way more than I generally like my hardcore to. There're thousands of punks all over the world who would eat this right up, but sadly I ain't one of them. Oh well. (WB)
(Agipunk)

RAT COLUMNS – "Sceptre Hole" LP

David West, who also sings for San Francisco's post-punk outfit RANK/XEROX, fronts RAT COLUMNS. This LP is in a similar vein to RAT COLUMNS' first single on Smart Guy records but it benefits from clearer recording and mastering. Ostensibly, West pens introspective bedroom pop, but on this LP the songs are injected with a distinctly post-punk tension and druggy ambivalence. The vocals are wispy and understated but West seems to have enlisted performers with more aggressive approaches to propel the music into a more captivating listen than the first 7". Before, RAT COLUMNS suffered a little bit from the understatement and introspection. Now the same feelings rest upon a sturdier foundation. Keyboards atmospherically dawdle through passages on as they did on the first 7", but they're isolated to particular passages with greater attention. RAT COLUMNS are classy. (SL)
(Smart Guy)

REALITY CRISIS – "Not Bound by the Past, We Live in the Present" LP

Fuck yes! This is a compilation of sorts from one of Japan's premier hardcore outfits. The tracks on this LP are re-recordings of songs from various comps, deleted EP's and who the fuck knows where else, but it doesn't really matter because this record will blow your fucking mind. For the uninitiated, REALITY CRISIS play a mixture of D-beat and *Burning Spirits* style hardcore with dual vocalists; both of whom are madmen that can barely be contained by the wax that houses this album. These guys were one of, if not *the* best band I saw at Chaos in Tejas this year, and this album is just as ripping as their live show. I'm a pretty apathetic grouch about most of the stuff that comes through *MRR* for review, but bands like this keep me stoked on punk. I love the choruses on this record with turns of phrase that sort of get lost in translation, but still make me want to mosh everything in sight. "*Rise again! Make you burning*!" What the fuck does that mean? Who cares! It's fucking awesome! "*Smash it up! Extra pride*!" So good! This is an essential record. Get it, now. (KM)
(MCR / Prank)

REPLICA – flexi

"Never turn your back on fear. It should always be in front of you, like a thing that might have to be killed"—Hunter S. Thompson. Do not be fooled by this simple-looking piece of thin wax! This is five (yes, five) tracks of menacing, evil hardcore from this Bay area quartet of wrath. This is so good I want it to be my alarm clock tune every morning, because this grabs you by the neck, slaps you in the face and says "Listen you piece of *shit*, this is *your* life, don't let anyone else but *you* fuck it up! Now *fuck* off!" That's the kind of motivation I need to make it through the day and this is my ideal soundtrack! This flexi encompasses everything I like about hardcore. It's heavy without being sluggish, riff-infested without being rotten, pissed off and hungry, like a rabid hyena on a serious quest for a juicy dose of hardcore madness. This has guts and brains, lyrics that are pensive and passionate, riddled with fear and loathing, self-destruction and misanthropy. Juliana is a colossal riff maniac, delivering tense, racing riff attacks drawing from old school thrash to '90s hardcore, complemented by Alicia's thick and heavy bass lines that crawl up and down the spine of each track like a venomous tarantula. B (of NO STATIK) expels ferocious, dynamic and tight-as-fuck drumming, with D-beat pounding, ecstatic and tribal thumping on "Becky's Rite," crashing cymbals and steady snare beatings to make your ears bleed! Dharma is a vicious necromancer and I feel she carries a primordial anger only few people can experience, as if she somehow channels the anger of aeons past, spitting in the face of authority, laughing at convention, screaming the truth because that's all that makes sense, then lighting up a bloody cigarette after beating your ass in the pit. A-class stuff, released by Bay area's dynamic duo Radical Punx Never Die! This was already sold out within a month of its release, so send love letters to the band and label and demand they reprint this! (LA)
(Radical Punx Never Die!)

RIPFACE INVASION – CD

This is some straight up friendly thrash/crossover hardcore with goofy vocals and lyrics about mutants and that whole deal. More of an old man punk vibe, than your typical MUNICPAL WASTE novelty "pizza thrash" style look. As it turns out, the guitar player in this band is Ken Pescatore of E TOWN CONCRETE. How do you go from *Time 2 Shine* (favorite hardcore record ever) to *this*??? Bummer. (TM)
(A.M.P. / IDK MUSIC LLC / Subcore Music)

RIPFACE INVASION – "The Last One on Earth" EP

Metallic mall punk? Polished, copyrighted, sterile sounding old dude club-scene hardcore from New Jersey. To their merit, these two tracks are super tight and fast and the singer has tons of energy. However, punks, I think this is a big fat stinker. Limited to 200. (MA)
(AMP / IDK MUSIC LLC / Subcore Music)

RIPFACE INVASION – "To Not Give In" CD

This three-track CD EP is a very well-produced assortment of heavily thrash-metal informed punk with metallic hardcore breakdowns. It alternates between shredding, grumbling and plodding. The vocals are standard issue, relentlessly machismo yelling and obligatory guitar solos abound. (SL)
(Scorpion)

RIPPERS – "Fire Tractaät" CD

RIPPERS is apparently a very common band name. This one is a heavy rock, grunge-y band from Spain who has been around for seventeen years. Deep, screeching, metallic vocals over intricate math rock. Intense and, I assume, angry. (CK)
(B Core)

THE ROOKS – "I Can't, I Won't, Give Up" CD

Pop punk from New Orleans. A release that mixes it up sound-wise. Some speedy pop punk, a ska punk tune and some melodic hardcore too, all done decently. Not the greatest band in the world but they seem young and seem to be having fun. Not a bad band or release for the locals. (RL)
(Community)

RSO – "Awl" EP

It seems RSO stands for Ryan ____ Owens. Judging by the music he makes the S could stand for sludgy or sluggish or slow or strained. RSO's music is slow, distorted, bluesy rock with the vocals spoke-sang over it. RSO drawls out the words while sliding his fingers down and up the neck of the guitar. I hope he has some serious demons that need expunging. Otherwise he might feel better playing something more upbeat. (CK)
(self-released)

SAILBOATS ARE WHITE – "Turbo II" EP

This is mildly noisy hardcore with screaming vocals, simple power chord riffs, a drum machine and some keyboards. The inherent problem with a drum machine in hardcore is that when you program it to sound like something an actual hardcore drummer would play it just sounds plain bad. You'll never be able to pass it off as the

real thing and so what's the point? The better song on here is the one in which the band still plays some typical hardcore but it's a bit heavier on the keyboards and the drum machine plays a sort of dance beat that is way too fast to dance to (well, for me at least). (PA)
(Schizophrenic)

SCHEISSE MINNELLI – "Exist to Get Piss't" LP

Fast hardcore with some skate punk vibes. Most, if not all of the songs are about getting loaded, and the overall vibe of this record reminds me of seeing a lot of old man punk bands at Burnt Ramen when I was a young edgeman (and sure enough, OPPRESSED LOGIC is in the thanks list). I think this band/record is old 'cause one of the dudes is sporting a SNAPCASE hood in the insert. There're also a lot of baggy shorts and one dude rocking a wallet chain. That's cool. So yeah, if you were into the SCURVY DOGS or some shit like that, this is probably your vibe. You probably push moshed to this band at the Cocodrie in the mid '90s or something. Not my thing, but to each their own. Reissue. (TM)
(Dirty Faces / Give Praise)

SCHOOL DAMAGE – CD

I Googled this band (I like to be informed, in the most lazy of ways) and the first thing that came up was "SCHOOL DAMAGE are opening for DANNY VAPID tonight…" Enough said. Not sure what that means? QUEERS, SCREECHING WEASEL, GRISWALDS, RIVERDALES, METHADONES. (GG)
(My Finger! My Brain!)

SEVEN SISTERS OF SLEEP – "Sundown" EP

From the appropriately hellish wasteland of Orange County, this is dark hardcore for the Satan/weed set, pretty fucking good stuff. The requisite A389 mid-tempo pummel is in full effect, thick metallic hardcore a la XIBALBA punctuated by murky black metal and spot-on sludgecore breakdowns that had me headbanging impulsively. Sisters of SLEEP indeed, you can tell these guys have spent plenty of time on a certain *Holy Mountain* and they're particularly indebted to Chris Hiakus' rightfully-legendary cymbal-plod. No complaints here. This single 7" comes in a gatefold sleeve just so it can contain the accompanying bonus CD, poster, download card and embroidered patch that come with it. This, in turn, begs several questions. Like, why does one need a download card if a CD copy is included? And, more importantly, who wants to pay $13 for a 3-song EP? Fucking ridiculous. (WB)
(A389)

SEX BUNKER – "Elephant Skill" EP

SEX BUNKER recalls later, noodling BLACK FLAG sound one moment, then moves to twitchy, bearded post-hardcore the next. It's all homegrown and heartfelt, but confused as fuck. That goes for the lyrics too, which mangle various political stances into gibberish. It's everything-at-once with these guys, but nothing sticks. Also, they're called SEX BUNKER. (MC)
(self-released)

SHORT CHANGED – "We Will Bury You" LP

The music is fast melodic hardcore punk, driven by powerful one two one two drums and solid punk guitar. Female fronted vocals that have a lot to say are pissed, but lack eloquence and substance. The intellect level is totally high school, but there is genuine feeling behind the music. I wish this band stood for something substantial besides criticizing others' lifestyle choices, being a victim and criticizing the current punk scene. The punk spirit is there, but the content is not. I personally can't stand contrived punk rock, but I'm sure there's a whole gaggle of kids in high school who think these guys are really cool at Gilman. SHORTCHANGED are pro-DIY, but seem to go about it in really catty ways whether it's proclaiming their involvement back in the day and criticizing the scene now. This LP is co-released by a member of TOXIC NARCOTIC, so you know you're getting played out unoriginal punk. Songs about getting fired, being broke, smoking weed, songs about wanting newborns to have S.I.D.S…I'll leave you with these lyrics "Kids these days don't even try/Their scene sucks and they wonder why/Things have gotten lame to me/Everyone mimics TRAGEDY." Yeah because TRAGEDY doesn't suck, you do. (AE)
(Rodent Popsicle / Goat Power Recreation)

SHORT CHANGED – "We Will Bury You" LP

This record isn't ground breaking, but it's not bad either. It's a '90s thrash sound with out the metal mixed with the thrashy SXE stuff from the late '80s before shit got chugga chugga. The double bass is totally unnecessary, but the music overall is straight-ahead, played tight and well. The vocals are what make it here. This girl has a sloppy, throaty and aggressive style with really great screamed moments. If she ever starts another band with a slightly different style, she will kill it. I personally like songs about weed and hanging out, but the call for scene unity is gonna fall on deaf ears when bands you hang with like to use words like ni**er a bunch. I wouldn't listen to this record again, but I would def see this live. (MB)
(Rodent Popsicle / Goat Power Recreation)

SIAMESE TWINS – "In a Box/Stutter"

A heavy study in everything 4AD. Guitar lifted from CURE records with vocals that layer and fold over each other. Goth dream pop born out of the ocean and into the mists. Featuring members of AMPERE and LIBYANS. (MM)
(Labor of Love)

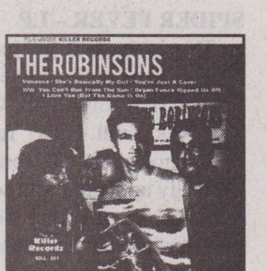
SNOB VALUE – "Whiteout" LP

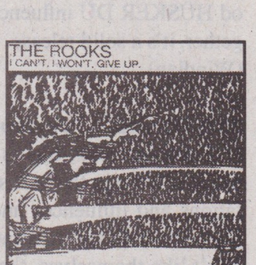
Let me start by saying that these boys have been busy busy busy, with their kicking and punching first tape, aptly named *Keep It Short and Simple – K.I.S.S.* in 2009, then *another* killer tape in 2010, which I also friggin' loved, so I have anticipated this for quite a while! I can tell that they've definitely worked on this LP and these tracks are doused in indignation, antisocial aggression and contempt for humanity—I can relate, "I don't give a shit about what you did, when you were my age in 1986," "sometimes I wish I were deaf, I would have peace at last." Yes, antisocial hardcore for angry people, reminiscent of USHC classics, like the CIRCLE JERKS, DEAD KENNEDYS, MINOR THREAT and more contemporary outfits such as the REGULATIONS and BRUTAL KNIGHTS. The compositions are still tight and catchy, but the band has developed them more, with slower, groovier hooks, slower intros, meaner guitar interludes and solos, layers and the ever-present, spiteful vocals; the kind of spite discovered in late adulthood, when you realize adulthood sucks and your peers are a joke!

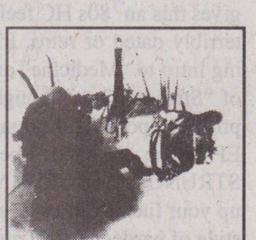
While SNOB VALUE's work has never lacked lyrical aggression or sonic force, these tracks have a more polished production, which makes conventional sense for a debut LP I suppose, though they don't entirely lack that seedy subversive sound. Also, the artwork is quite minimal ("contrast

RIPFACE INVASION
THE LAST ONE ON EARTH

PUTAS MIERDAS
EXTINCIÓN




THE ROOKS
I CAN'T, I WON'T, GIVE UP.



STRONG INTENTION

reduction, disappeared horizon") and while it's handmade and still looks good, it doesn't compare to their previous punk-ass designs. "1986," "Hammer & Öl" and the self-titled "Whiteout" are stand out tracks for me; the first is dark, honest, ballsy and foaming at the mouth (their pièce de résistance for this album if you ask me), the second is sung in (their native) German and of course sounds all the more menacing for it and the third is SNOB VALUE essential: short and simple, fast, effective, mind-pounding. I'm already flipping this faster than I can keep track of and, while I do appreciate the more serious take they seem to have taken on this release, I honestly hope they keep some distortion and dirt intact. It's that blunt frustration that makes 'em so great! Minor detail: I love it when bands have little messages scratched onto the wax; on ether side of this white 12" was: World peace can be fun—Anarchy's a blast. Fuck yes! (LA)
(Crapoulet / Prügelprinz / Spastic Fantastic)

SPIDER FEVER – LP

This is the first full-length offering from the band fronted by longtime drummer Mario Rubalcaba (HOT SNAKES, OFF! etc.) The stuff is very rock'n'roll. Punk? Yes, but very rock'n'roll, like Detroit in the '70s sort of punk. The songs are generally up-tempo with solid drumming, straight forward rock riffs and plenty of guitar solos all played with a certain intensity that comes through pretty well on the record. The cooler songs (like "Done Wrong") are the ones in which a mid-period HÜSKER DÜ influence comes through. Altogether, it's a solid release. (PA)
(Windian)

STRESSORS – "Psychotic Break" EP

Fuuuuuuccccк, this is *good*. Meat-and-potatoes hardcore in the best sense, stripped of affectations and influences and intended only to express the hate and frustration of four dudes who don't like themselves, the world around them or you. Nasty high-pitched vocals compliment razor sharp riffs while the barely distorted bass sound gives this an '80s HC feel without ever sounding terribly dated or retro. I love the creepy crawling intro to "Medicine" and the classic mosh riff of "Stressed Out," though "Psychotic Break" is probably pound-for-pound the best song on the EP. If you dig bands like DIRECT CONTROL, STRUNG UP or URBAN BLIGHT this is right up your fucking alley. It's not even my preferred style of hardcore and I already know this will be getting heavy play back at my place. An excellent, excellent record. (AU)
(Warthog Speak)

STRONG INTENTION – "Razorblade Express" EP

I like this record, but it's not quite what I'm going to be really excited about. The band is doing a good job at sludgy powerviolence riffage, but when they try to chug up the fast parts to make it more grindish, the production level is a little too slick to make it sound like non-metalcore—not sounding like a metalcore band is pretty much always a good idea. I like the fast riffs that they do which are more in a hardcore/PV vein and there are guest vocals on a couple songs from Mike Williams from EYEHATEGOD who, all personality defects aside, has a voice that I really dig. Fans of this band won't be disappointed by the record, but I wish it was a little more raw. (BL)
(Patac)

SUDOR – "Cruce de Cables" EP

Drop the needle on this fucker and step back. All killer on this little slab, perfect production and the songwriting is dead on. I won't waste any space on comparing this to anything, it stands on its own and is simply great! Comes with a cool cartoon sleeve, #13 of *Amigo Blas* comics. (MS)
(Beat Generation / Solo Para Punk)

THE SUICIDE NOTES – "Beach Song/Suicide Note"

This two-songer displays a range of influences from surf to pop to punk delivered in a lofi, bubblegum wrapper. Feels kind of confused in direction, but its melodic enough to be forgiven. (GG)
(Hover Craft)

SUPER FRISKY – "For…Buddy" LP

This is cool! Formerly BUCK WHEAT, this is female fronted Japanese mid tempo '90s sounding hardcore with two dudes and two ladies that take more inspiration from MOTÖRHEAD than PAINTBOX—but they are both heard. Lyrics are in Japanese and English with full English translations. These are great lyrics that have more imagery than literal messages, which I love. There are lots of chorus vocals to go along with this sung yet desperate sounding female vox, accompanied from time to time with gravelly male vocals. The drums are pretty straight ahead, but solid. There are lots of hard rock moments and solos with the guitar work, but there is enough hardcore in here to keep me interested. An LP is a little much for me and every song is an epic rocker here, but some songs are better than others and those jams are worth the record. If you don't like rock'n'roll in your punk, you won't understand this, but if you do, you will dig it as much as I do. Good stuff. (MB)
(Buraicore)

SWARM – "Born to Ruin/Santiago"

I was in full-on headbang mode a minute into this record when it started to get weird enough to throw me off and make me give this a more detailed listen. At first the band crushes out some heavy and dark stoner riffs with a hardcore sensibility that I was digging on and then they switch up to spacey, delayed vocal-harmony hooks that I didn't like at first, but grew on me once I realized that this is not a crust record (which is kind of a bummer considering the band's pedigree: DISFEAR and VICTIMS, not to mention ENTOMBED for the metalheads). There are weird noisy phaser effects and foot stomping riffs even when the vocals get their most atonally droning. Taken as a whole, the recording is a rich collection of heaviness, varied enough to jar you out of your stoner nod, but will lull you back into rhythm by the end. (BL)
(De:Nihil)

TESTORS – "Time is Mine/Together"

Alright, so the way we put together the reviews section is that we either have to label a record an "EP," "LP" or "10" (and this is of course the kiss of death for anyone who knows anything at all); it doesn't matter if a record is just barely seven inches big and only has one song on one side, it's still an EP—you can figure out how it goes. Anyway, so *please* forgive me if I mislabeled this reissue of the classic (only) TESTORS release ever vomited forth upon this gnarled wasteland, during their short stint here on Terra. Golly, I sound just like Walt Whitman, don't I? What do the TESTORS sound like? *A great fucking band*. What does this record sound like? The beginning of a real class career for our hero Sonny Vincent, who recently toured with EX HUMANS (the ones from NY) as his back boys. Bonus track alert! Long live Sonny Vincent/Barger. (BB)
(Windian)

THEM MARTYRS – "Wretched" LP

Formerly LES CHRISTPUNCHERS, this Galway Ireland band plays Epi-metalo-crustish-prog-metal…. Being in the "post hardcore" vein, we have mostly metallic composition here with moments of TRAGI-crust sections and vocals to indicate the same mixing throaty screams with SABBATH-era OZZY chorused singing. You get some chugga-chugga here, some mathy moments and there with some epic melodic guitar work that is truly pretty, all with a clean tone that truly works with this crisp recording. There is no commitment to one genre here, but this flies just under the radar into punk. It is pretty borderline for *MRR*, but there is some definite genre mixing here, so WTF? If your heavier tastes veer into shit like DYSTOPIA to the SWORD, you might like this. No info in the record and no lyrics on this recording which is a bummer. While I can't really say that most of this is punk, I can say that the song "Sleep Away Days" is a jammer. Well played, interesting stuff, but not for everyone. (MB)
(Champion Edition / Girth / Randall)

TOTAL TERROR DECAY – "Amanhã Vai Ter Troco!" CD

Killer, low-end crust madness. This is the shit that made hardcore/crust awesome, before it was co-opted by all that melody and shit, just abrasive brutality with devastating guitars and searing vocals that will make you stand back from the speakers and make sure you are safe before you continue listening. Blistering assaults rooted in early '00s Brazilian HC (TOTAL TERROR DECAY feature original SICK TERROR vocal-

ist Nenê) are met with crushing down tuned hardcore. This came out of nowhere and kicked my ass. (WN)
(Teenager In A Box)

TRUNCHEONS – "Stuck on the Block" EP

The intro to this 45 is great, it's gloomy bass-line, accented by howling-noise guitar, gives the listener a great taste of what this record is all about. Hailing from Montreal, TRUNCHEONS deliver a raw approach to D-beat style punk. Although I would not classify this record as "D-beat," but more as raw, catchy, powerful hardcore with noisy guitar and some of the best vocals ever to accompany this racket. It has, soundwise and imagewise, a very DISORDER-y feel. It's chaotic, noisy and the harsh, desperate vocals really take this piece of wax to a different level of "raw punk." There are different sounds captured on this 45; I hear some definite Japanese influence, as well as some of our favorite Scandi hardcore and of course the underlying UK hardcore pogo feel that's inevitable. Mixed well, all instruments are heard clearly, with raw noise elements still intact. Highly recommended. (KR)
(Distort Reality)

THE TWERPS – "I'm Stupid" EP

These guys definitely have an appropriate band name. The TWERPS from Western Mass play fantastically snotty and trashy punk'n'roll. East Coast garage garbage meets West Coast hardcore and it's all really fucking good. I bet if I saw these guys live I'd be soaked in beer and there'd be someone bleeding by the end of the set. They play the type of misanthropic punk that will never go out of style. Lyrics are of the introspective/self-loathing variety with hints of juvenile humor that definitely put on a smile on my face. An excellent record that left me wanting more. (KM)
(Karmic Swamp / Feeble Minds)

VENENO LENTO – "Eu Não Quero!" EP

I'm probably not the best person to review a straight edge band from Brazil especially since I just had two shots and I'm drinking and smoking as I type this. I'd be fucking too, but my significant other isn't home. Straight edge always equals jocks in my head just from past experience but this isn't a bad record. There are some SKREWDRIVER riffs and JOHNNY THUNDERS guitar licks lifted, which is pretty damn funny. A little to clean cut and nice for me but it's catchy. (RO)
(Nada Nada / Pilantra, no info)

VIBRAM 94 – "You'll Never Take Us" EP

Unreleased (until now) EP from this NY Oi! band recorded in, you guessed it, 1994. This EP sees Phil and Carl TEMPLAR filling in on drums and bass and if it wasn't stated, it would be instantly recognizable by the playing and tones. Three and a half tracks of standard 1-2-1-2 American Oi!, reminiscent of the era and platters like *Poor Knights of Acre,* PATRIOT, STORMWATCH, and the first couple BRUISERS EPs. (JU)
(Sta-Press / United Riot)

VIBROMATICS – "Rock'n'Roll Crime" CD

Yes. I say twenty to life or death by hanging or something more painful for this *Rock'n'Roll Crime*. What a load of horseshit. We need to keep this sort of thing happening to the world again. It's for the kids. Horrible, unoriginal hard rock with no balls. (RO)
(Vibrotones)

VIRGIN WHORES – "Whiskey Girl" EP

Poppy as shit, Oi!-ish sounding shit by spikey punks with expensive looking punk garb and hair cuts. It's better than you'd think from the really crappy cover. Very hanging out with your mates, drinking, singing about girls kinda music from Minnesota. "Outta Control" is the best song. Nothing to write home about but worth a spin. (RO)
(Two-Bit, no info)

WAR//PLAGUE – "On a Darker Dawn" LP

This is a welcomed pallet cleanser for the last two pop records I just listened to. Hailing from my hometown of Minneapolis, WAR//PLAGUE plays heavy crushing crust with metallic guitars, hard-hitting drums and a super guttural vocal delivery. It would be impossible to write this without mentioning MISERY, as that's primarily what they sound like, but I'd also add that I can hear the likes of AMEBIX, ANTI-PRODUCT and even a hint of DESTROY. Fuck yeah. (BD)
(Profane Existence)

WARTORN – "Aftermath of a Severed World: 2004-2010" LP

This LP collects 22 tracks from their previous releases. WARTORN plays powerful metallic hardcore crust reminding me of TRAGEDY (I know, I know, sorry, but it does) and the like. Their lyrics are really thoughtful and powerful and their songs are packed with tons of full, layered guitar parts and machine-gun drum fills, and I have to say that WARTORN does this style better than most, But you probably already know this. If ya don't, get this. (MA)
(Active Rebellion / Bruised / Crimes Against Humanity / Dead Rodent / Profane Existence / Threat to Existence)

WATCH YOUR BACK – "Last Man Standing" EP

Yo, this band is hard as fuck. This is total metallic skinhead hardcore from Finland. Vocals sound mean as fuck and there are some *ill* riffs/mosh breaks on here. Super violent, burly hardcore. Great look! Being from the Bay Area, I sometimes forget what hardcore is supposed to sound like, so props to this band for reminding me. (TM)
(self-released)

WATER TORTURE – "Shellfire!" EP

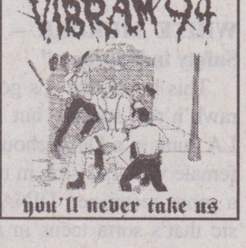
Fuck yes. I have kind of a thing for bass-and-drum two-piece powerviolence bands but, honestly, they usually kind of suck. Or they outright fucking suck. Not so with these dudes, this band is so far away from the sucking side of the spectrum that this disc might make the cut as a necessary listen to have a qualified opinion on stoner violence records this year. The fast parts are fierce and blistering with a perfect stripped-down quality. The sludgy parts are registered proof that you don't really need a guitar player to be heavy as fuck. And I like the vocalist's high-pitched hardcore yell and depressive, nihilistic lyrics. The temptation to resort to cookie monster grunts has apparently been pretty strong in a lot of the bands coming up lately and this dude's style is refreshing and provides a good balance to the low-end instrumentation. Seriously, I just listened to this shit three times, official endorsement. (BL)
(Diseased Audio)

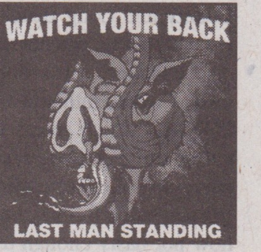
WHIFF – "Left at Princess/Warm"

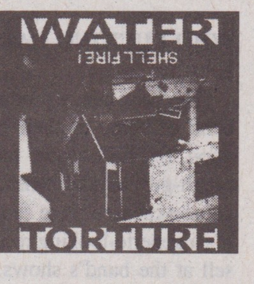
This subgenera of American power-pop is certainly one that I don't fully understand. Mainly, I have no idea why

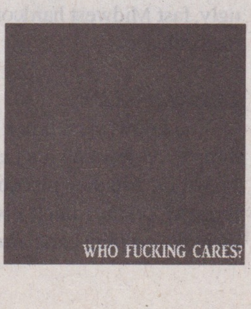
TOGETHER
TESTORS
TIME IS MINE

THM
THE HOLY MESS








WHO FUCKING CARES?

the MARKED MEN are as popular as they are. I'm pretty sure that they just wrote the same four songs over and over again for the entirety of their discography (spanning four LPs, plus an amount of 7" I could not even guess at). Yet they, and a host of other bands treading similar territory, persist as popular forces in punk. On this 7" WHIFF throws their hat into the ring with two tunes that march down the aforementioned highways and byways. The A-side is an incredibly brief affair, more dead ahead pop punk, very anonymous and brief. The B-side is slightly more expansive and brings in more opportunities for one off guitars to do a bunch of leads and some keyboards. Of the two, this was the one I liked more, but it still felt like a punk version of the HOLD STEADY and that just really doesn't do it for me. However, if you are a genera person and already own every MARKED MEN record, you might check this out as they may help fill that void in your life that the techno track on the new MIND SPIDERS record left. (LP)
(SP / Wallride)

WHITE MURDER – "Real Tough Chicks/ Safety in Numbers"

This looks like it's gonna be a dollar bin bar rawk'n'roll special, but the music is very early LA punk in a Dangerhouse records fashion. Two female vocalists sing in unison, bringing to mind a more restrained DINAH CANCER over music that's sorta teens in a graveyard with musical equipment bought from Sears circa 1965. The band all hail from various parts of LA, Orange County and Long Beach and this information is not surprising considering the sounds that this disc contains… It's not the best thing ever, I mean I would rather just listen to CASTRATION SQUAD, which seems like the feeling they are going for, but there's something missing; is it energy/passion/destruction!? Maybe this woulda got played on Rodney on the ROQ, but it's somehow not nasty enough to stay with you after it's finished spinning. (LG)
(self-released)

WHO FUCKING CARES? – "Safety Dance" EP

The bass-heavy production on this 7" robs the band of some of their power. They play pretty good INFEST-esque fast hardcore with some tough-guy breakdowns. As with the production, some expenses were spared in the packaging, so it's a generic-looking record with no insert. It will sell at the band's shows, I would think, and it's something to investigate if you're keeping up with ugly, fast Midwest hardcore circa 2012. (JM)
(self-released)

ZEBRAS – LP

You know, sometimes you get assigned something to review and it's just like, why the fuck did I get this? Are they just doing this to see how I rip it apart? Do they think I would like this? Oh god, there are rapping parts. *Rapping parts*. This is like the incredibly embarrassing child of MINDLESS SELF INDULGENCE. The lyrics are terrible. There is a lyric sheet. I mean, is this serious? This is such a fucking glaring example of "why be normal". One of the lyrics is "nihilist fart". And with that... (MM)
(Secret)

ZULUS – CD

Self-styled "post-garage" band from Brooklyn. I don't know what that means, but I do know this CD contains eight tracks of heavy, distorted noise rock from someone who used to be in the Bay Area band BATTLESHIP. Sludgy and spacey, emphasis on repetition and echo. Distorted bass and piercing guitar riffs in dissonant union, while yawping vox skitter across the surface. Imagine a cross between the BIRTHDAY PARTY and early PUBLIC IMAGE LIMITED via an '80s-'90s Touch and Go filter. Good stuff. I imagine this is fun live. (AM)
(Aagoo)

V/A – "Capitalist War Holocaust" CD

This is the kind of thing I love to see. Three Malay bands and one Singaporean band, all bringing heavy crusty/metal attacks, with a meaty four tracks apiece. Singapore's EXKORIATOR are total throwback thrash metal, all pinch harmonics and double-kick fury, but with enough of a punk backbone that it never veers into triteness. ANGKARA play simple metallic crust, with catchy riffs, a touch of anthemic melody and some inspired soloing. Johor City's DISKANGKÜNG play raw primitive crusty hardcore, the kind of shit I can't get enough of. Very DOOM/BATTLE OF DISARM influenced to these ears, with some nice Scandi-style two-note leads. Finally GEEN NAAM drops some heavy anti-war crust core, with impassioned vocals, sweeping riffs that recall "Absolut"-era ANTI-CIMEX and some marching mid-tempo parts. Every band here seems to have their hearts and their politics in the right place, and overall this is a great opportunity to hear some really excellent bands you may never get an opportunity to check out otherwise. (AU)
(Black Seeds / Blood of War / Sukma / Larkin Terror)

V/A – "Desperation On the Cusp of Madness" CD

The best thing about this comp/sampler is the cover. It features art (in pixilated form) that depicts Obama as some sort of evil, mystical overlord presiding over a faceless congregation. It's terrible but yet I couldn't stop looking at it when I first got this CD. The actual compilation isn't very good however. All the bands are on Rigid records, a long-running, semi-active label that focuses mainly on hardcore of the metallic/crusty variety. MAN IS THE BASTARD, ANARCHUS, PINK LINCOLNS, ASSUCK, PAINEATER, G-ANX, and AGATHOCLES are the acts in question and honestly G-ANX and MITB are the only bands of the lot that I kinda like. MITB's tracks on here are rad and prompted me to unearth a couple of their records that had been collecting dust in my room. They're still one of the only punk bands without guitar parts that I can tolerate. Otherwise, this is a pretty forgettable comp, but it's probably super cheap (if not free), so that's something. (KM)
(Rigid / Shitloads of Fuckall)

V/A – "Destroy Music: Start Your Own Band" LP

This comp from Hamilton, Ontario acts as a tribute to Imants Krumins, an avid collector of DIY punk and hardcore, who passed away last year. He was known for recording punk shows on his handheld tape recorder and for being a walking, talking encyclopedia of local (and beyond) punk. Between the varied styles of punk featured on this compilation, there's "field recordings" from the files of Mr. Krumins, which are some of my favorite parts of the record. Like I said, the styles of punk are all over the place on this LP and provide a good cross-section of the scene in Hamilton. There's mid-tempo, melodic punk from SKULL SERVANT, growling hardcore from HAYMAKER, garage-punk from TV FREAKS, straightforward fucking punk from BORN WRONG and everything in between. There's nothing on here that immediately jumps out at me and destroys everything, but it really works in a "greater than the sum of its parts" kind of way. It comes with an entertaining and informative booklet chronicling the impact of Imants and the current state of punk in Hamilton. (GH)
(Hammer City / Schizophrenic)

V/A – "Tor Johnson Records Ten Year Anniversary Omnibus" EP

I can't confess to any real familiarity with the Tor aside from their D-list namesake and the THEY AND THE CHILDREN CD they put out years ago (props), but this little nugget makes about as compelling of a case for checking out their back catalogue as I can imagine. The first track is probably my favorite, a previously unreleased dose of crushing German-style metallic crust by Providence's SAINT JUDE. NOW DENIAL add a lo-fi pop-punk feel to their nonetheless super-legit take on the MISFITS' "We Bite," while the PRETTY FACES manage to integrate some pretty killer toy piano melodies into their enjoyable mélange of screamo, post-hardcore and NIRVANA-influenced alt-rock guitar. Finally, the awesomely-named A FINE BOAT, THAT COFFIN round things out with some fairly glitchy electronica, paired with hardcore vocals. DIY as fuck right down to the recycled covers (mine came from a DIONNE WARWICK LP!), this rules, ok? (WB)
(Tor Johnson)

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Doomtown Sounds: www.doomtownsounds.com
Doormat: 14 East 4th St #823, New York, NY 10012, www.drawingroomrecords.com
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Electric Mess: www.theelectricmess.com
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Gaphals: gaphals.bandcamp.com, gaphals.se
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Helvetet: www.helvetetrecords.com
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Hurts to Hear: www.hurtstohear.com
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Labor of Love: www.laboroflove.tumblr.com
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Last Laugh: www.lastlaughrecords.us
La Vida Es Un Mus: www.lavidaesunmus.com
Legion of the Dead: facebook.com/lotdcongregation
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MCR: www.dance.ne.jp/~MCR/
Metadona: www.metadonarecords.com
Mindless Violence: facebook.com/mindless.violence.skopje
Mourningwood: www. mourningwoodrec.com
My Finger! My Brain!: myfingersmybrain.com
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Narm Discos: 5-29-14-201 Chuo, Nakano, Tokyo 164-0011, JAPAN, info@narmdiscos.com
Nervous Impulse: nervousimpluse.bandcamp.com
Night Fighter: PO Box 160, Clawson, MI 48017, www.nightfighterrecords.com
No Fucking Labels: www.globaldarkness.com/csmd/label.htm
Not Half Bad: nothalfbad.bandcamp.com
No Idea: www.noidearecords.com
Noxious Noize: www.noxiousnoize.bigcartel.com
Painkiller: www.painkillerrecords.com
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Riotous Outbursts: riotousoutburstrecs@yahoo.com, www.sites.google.com/site/riotousoutburstrecs
Ripface Invasion: www.ripfaceinvasion.com
Rodent Popsicle: PO Box 1143, Allston, MA 02134, www.rodentpopsicle.com
RSO: r-s-o.bandcamp.com
RSR: c/o Sandro Gessner, Strasse des Friedens 45 07819, Mittelpoellnitz, GERMANY, skrupel@web.de, www.myspace.com/rsrec
Scarecrow: www.scarecrow.gr, distro@scarecrow.gr
Schizophrenic: www.schizophrenicrex.com
Scorpion: www.scorpionrecords.com
Screaming Victims: screamingvictims.blogspot.com, screamingvictims@hotmail.com
Secret: www.myspace.com/secretrecordsmadison
Selfish Satan: www.selfishsatanrecordings.com
Senapunk: c/o Zafran, 4 Lorong Wangsa Budi 5A, Wangsa Melwati, 53300 Kuala Lumpur, MALAYSIA
Sex Bunker: www.sexbunker.bandcamp.com
Shithawk Punks: shithawkpunks.blogspot.com
Shitloads of Fuckall: myspace.com/shitloadsoffuckall
Shogun: shogunrecordings.pagesperso-orange.fr
Side Two: www.side-two.com
Silenzio Statico: staticopunx@gmail.com
Sit & Spin: sitandspinrecords.blogspot.com
Smart Guy: www.smartguyrecords.com
Solo Para Punks: www.soloparapunks.es
SP: www.sp-records.com
Spastic Fantastic: spasticfantastic.de
Spicoli Discos: www.myspace.com/spicolidiscos
Sta-Press: 1311 Auburn Ave. #2, Cleveland, OH 44131
String Break: 3054 36th Ave SW, Seattle, WA. 98126. www.stringbreak.com
Suburban White Trash: PO Box 270594, Fort Collins, CO 80527, suburbanwhitetrashrecords.com
Sudden Death: www.suddendeath.com
Sukma: www.myspace.com/sukmarecords
Tenzenmen: www.tenzenmen.com
Threat to Existence: myspace.com/threattoexistence
Throatruiner: www.throatruinerrecords.com
Todo Destruido: tododestruido@gmail.com
Total Punk: soundcloud.com/totalpunkrecords
Too Circle: 221-3 Hi-home kodaira, 510 Nakamachi Kodaira-city #187-0042 Tokyo, JAPAN, toocir@xd5.so-net.ne.jp
Tor Johnson: PO Box 1556, Providence, RI 02901, www.torjohnsonrecords.com
Total Addiction: www.facebook.com/pages/Total-Addiction-Records/172072076221144
Trabuc: www.nodo50.org/trabucrecords
Trismus: www.myspace.com/trismusrecords
True To The Game: www.facebook.com/pages/TRUE-TO-THE-GAME-records/174386109304167
Turkey Baster: www.turkeybasterrecords.com
Ugly Pop: www.uglypopvinyl.tumblr.com
United Riot: www.unitedriotrecords.com
Urinal Cake: www.urinalcake.com
Vertical House: verticalhouse@gmail.com
Vibrotones: www.thevibrotones.com
Viral Age: viralagerecords.blogspot.com
Virgin Whores: www.myspace.com/virginwhores
Vomit Comit: vomitcomit@gmail.com
Wallride: www.wallriderecords.com
Wantage: PO Box 8681, Missoula, MT 59807, wantageusa.com
Wardance NYC: www.wardancerecords.com
Warthog Speak: 2745 16th St., San Francisco, CA 94103, hearthekingwarthogspeak@gmail.com
White Murder: whitemurdr@gmail.com
Who Fucking Cares?: thelung@att.com
Witch Bukkake: www.myspace.com/witchbukkake, www.witchbukkakerecords.blogspot.com
Windian: 1849 Calvert St. NW, Washington, DC 20009, www.windianrecords.com
Winning Sperm Party: www.winningspermparty.com
Wolf On A Bridge: thejawaz@gmail.com
World's Appreciated Kitsch: wakhc.blogspot.com, hxf_prodaxionz@yahoo.com
A World We Never Made: listn.to/aworldwenevermade
XO Press: www.xopress.bandcamp.com
ZarataZarautz: www.zaratazarautz.net

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Matt Badenhop, Robert Collins, Amelia Eakins, Juliana Ferreira, Greg Harvester, Kevin Manion, Heath Row and Mike Wilson.

THE 86ERS – *Carry The Fire* – So when the first thing I see is that there's a cover of R.K.L.'s "Drink Positive" included, I figure that a band's decision to include a version of this classic is probably a good indication. I also figure that their presentation of said classic will be a good barometer for the quality of the rest of the disc, so I skip straight to track eleven…and it's pretty whatever. Technically proficient, but it sounds like a later-era Epitaph version of R.K.L. covering themselves. Hesitant, I start at the beginning and I'm treated to a whole different band—just as proficient, but this is fist waving street punk delivered to near perfection. Like fellow Rose City residents, DEFIANCE, the 86ERS keep within a rather strict construct but do so perfectly and avoid being boring even while they are playing a style that's been done to death (there's even a song about walking the streets of the only city he's ever known). Super harsh vocals, machine gun snare drum and lead guitar melodies that soar over nearly every song. This band has been kicking around for well over a decade and the experience shows—they are a machine. (Robert) (22-song CD-R, no lyrics, $10ppd % E. Rodriguez, 5705 NE 31st Ave., Portland, OR, exile66@mail.com)

ANTIMOB – This is an absolutely crushing effort by this long running Greek hardcore band. The songs on this tape seem to flow as some kind of continuous hardcore journey or something—it just keeps moving, never letting up. No copycatting, gimmicks, trend following or tribute bullshit on this tape. Just pure, honest, passionate hardcore punk with galloping drums, tense/memorable riffs, a gritty and convincing vocal attack and an underlying darkness lurking throughout every song. There is nothing pretentious or superficial here. If you are looking for some generic D-beat, noise-not-music "raw" punk, goth/darkwave throwback, INFEST worship, bands singing in languages they don't know just 'cause their favorite bands sing in it, "anarcho" bands who aren't anarchists, or any of the other stale overdone sub-genera of punk, look elsewhere. As I understand it, this is a demo recording of their upcoming LP. Judging by the sound of this tape, I predict that the ANTIMOB LP will be the best hardcore record of 2012. I'm so fucking tired of trendy sounds and images. Give me more ANTIMOB! Yamas, boys! (Matt) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, antimob.net)

ANTIMOB – Second demo from this Greek powerhouse, ANTIMOB blow the Eurocrust paradigm out of the water. Definitely rooted in modern melodic heavy hardcore/crust, but with healthy nods towards raised Japanese fists, this is a short teaser before their forthcoming full length. Raging from start to finish, this is nothing short of pure excellence—if they were from Japan or the States, the band's name would be on the tip of everyone's tongue. Mandatory. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, antimob2009@gmail.com)

APOLOGIST – Atonal mid paced grinding hardcore with shrieked female vox. Generous doses of weird riffing keep this demo interesting while never descending into some crappy tech/grind shit—this is still basically face melting hardcore with healthy doses of mosh parts. Recording is rough but plenty to get the idea and make you want more…if you are into having your face melted, of course. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, apologistband.bandcamp.com, apologist.yyc@gmail.com)

ATOWN SLUTS – Titles like "Hookers and Drugs," "Choke on It" and "Rape Party" repel me. These are song titles from this demo and it's sloppy, misogynistic garbage. Not Interested. (Matt) (9-song CD-R, no lyrics [thankfully], myspace.com/allentownsluts)

BAD COP/BAD COP – *Get Rad* – Ebullient garage rock from these four Los Angeles-area women who make the bold claim of "San Pedro's finest." The dual guitarists' vocals mix sweet and savory, making the sound more TILT and BUCK than CUB. Song subjects include rock'n'roll, breaking up, drugs and hindsight. "BaBaBadCop" is clearly the anthem, but "Moving On"—with its line "It's not enough to name my heart"—and "Joey Lawrence" stand out with their sing-along choruses and moderately less bad-girl subject, material. The production isn't as strong as their live shows, which are awesome, spazzy jumping times, but the CD-R is strong enough to carry you through the in-between. (Heath) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.bcbcmusic.com, badcopbadcopband@gmail.com)

BIG BOX – Fuzzed-out, grungy hardcore from Iowa (which earns them at least a thousand punk points). The guitars have a deep, guttural tone that reminds me of FEEDTIME, but the riffs are kind of jazzy and random à la Greg Ginn. I hear a lot of *King of Jeans*-era PISSED JEANS, mixed with the MEN's early material. The songwriting is always interesting; they never seem content with repetition and often transition into slower, sludgier passages, or occasionally speedier metal-tinged parts. This tape is a demo version of their upcoming LP and it's really fucking good. (Kevin) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, adamluksetich@gmail.com, bigbox.bandcamp.com)

BLUE RIBBON BOYS – *Wild Pups* – What if the RIFFS didn't really practice and recorded in a garbage can? Yeah, exactly. There might be potential here, but the vocals are treated to some unnecessary tweaking that leads me to believe that the singer just doesn't have the chops to pull off this NY DOLLS-styled punk rock'n'roll and the music is basically lazy and subdued. Keep the attitude and get strung out on speed and we'll talk. Not cocaine. Methamphetamines. They make you sound dirty and tend to make you play faster… you're on your own in the song department. (Robert) (10-song CD-R, lyrics included, facebook.com/BlueRibbonBoys)

THE BUDGET – *Is in The Pits!*– Super catchy pissed off punk from Asheville, North Carolina. Musically they are all over but influenced only by the best. I'd say the demo starts off very DIRT and AUS-ROTTEN but can get BOBBY SOXX at times. The vocals and the overall catchiness have the feel of the DICKS. The vocals are wild, sincere and pissed off. The BUDGET are often super bass heavy in a 1980s British way, thus the guitar is drowned out at times on this recording. The riffs range from punk at its simplest to some dark surf, to the brilliance of KBD type bands. Judging from the energy of this tape, their shows probably rule really hard. It's not polished and they're not hipster punk—the BUDGET are real deal punk and highly recommended. (Amelia) (8-track demo, lyric foldout included, 4 Lufty Avenue, Asheville, NC 28806, thebudgetpunk@gmail.com)

CALIFORNIA X – Soaring guitar rock, sounds like the early '90s to me. Vocals are sung rather than shouted, guitars crank out SUPERCHUNK melodies with a distorted, shoegazing flare. Pretty darn good. (Robert) (2-song cassette, no lyrics, www.damagerecords.net)

COLOSTOMY BAGUETTE – Mostly nothing but weird samples from movies or something. In between the samples are bits of weird, crazy, digital grindcore and experimental noise stuff. No semblance of music, really. The noise parts, as well as the samples, are all very creepy, which is their intention I assume. This is a very weird thing that I'll never listen to again, mostly because it's too scary... I do, however, appreciate the eeriness of this "thing". (Mike) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics, colostomybaguette@gmail.com)

COTTAGING – Mysterious and chaotic hollow punk dirges recorded live at some place called Menthol Cream Ballroom. Heavy on the low-end, damaged art punk meets JESUS LIZARD guitars and monotonous vocals alternately shouted and spoken over the carnage. A studio recording would definitely be a better introduction to COTTAGING, but I am intrigued. (Robert) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, 4$ppd % 3899 Washington St. #2, Boston, MA 0213)

CRITIC – New Bay Area band doing their take on '90s screamo with a punk slant. WATERSHED and SWING KIDS would be good reference points. The band is definitely tight; the drummer in particular kills it throughout and they get bonus points for incorporating some jazz and prog elements into their sound. Maybe I've just been listening to way too much D-beat lately, but this was a welcome change of pace. I could definitely see genre fans shitting themselves over these guys. (Kevin) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, blackpowderpress.com, critic1.bandcamp.com)

DEAD LIGHTS – At first I got excited thinking that DEAD LIGHTS from Minneapolis actually recorded and released a tape... But, this was a nice surprise, because this particular DEAD LIGHTS hails from Ottawa, Ontario. Simplistic guitar playing with a really cool haunting tone and haunting riffs. Simple and steady drums and bass follow and help maintain the eeriness. Monotone yellings of anti-society and anti-humanity lyrics on top of it all. My particular music tastes would prefer it if the singer had more of a range and maybe tried adding some vocal melodies (there's room for it), but that is clearly not what these guys are going for. Good tape, I would love to hear more from them. (Mike) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd to Maverick, 28 Shannon St, Toronto, Ontario, M6J 2E7, Canada)

DETHWARRANT – *All Things Must Kick Ass* – Slick pop punk from Chicago, with lyrics that teeter on a precarious ledge, threatening to fall from the heights of brilliant comedy to the depths of stupidity. "My Balls (Are Fucking Dangerous)," "Sexual Panther" and "Justice Mountain" should give you a peek into the world of DETHWARRANT, and if you need more: "In the land of the free and the home of the brave/ where condoms are optional with the hottest babes." Catchy as hell, this will appeal to fans of LOVE SONGS, the QUEERS and the like. (Robert) (13-song cassette, lyrics included, www.letspretendrecrods.com, www.nobreaksrecords.com)

DETONATOR – This band reminds me of some melodic stuff like DAG NASTY or IGNITE, with some more modern elements. The recording is really clean and I feel that if it wasn't that clean it would give a little more personality to the recording, but maybe it's just their style. (Juliana) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics, detonatornyc@gmail.com)

DIRTY WOMBS – Anthemic Greek crust, with more obvious nods to TRAGEDY than I've heard in a while. Gang backing vocals conjure images of Japanese hardcore (solidified with the DEATHSIDE cover that closes the demo), but there are more than enough quirks here to keep DIRTY WOMBS from falling between the cracks. Vocals sound more like Eastern European hardcore modern crust and the guitar leads are difficult to fit into any convenient category. They call it a demo, but this cassette release is head and shoulders above most bands' debut—nothing half-assed here. (Robert) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, dirtywombs.blogspot.gr)

DISCOID A – Can you believe this demo has 27 songs? OK, this is something new to me! As the band itself says on the insert, these songs were "recorded with a shitty mic in a fucked up hall through a lame cassette deck," so you know what to expect! Surprisingly the sound is super raw and energetic hardcore and the insert has some really cool punk hand-drawings. (Juliana) (27-song CD-R, lyrics included, Raunch 1119 E 21005, SLC, UT 84106)

DISOBEY – *Human Suffering In Five Movements* – Burly low-end hardcore forged from the HIS HERO IS GONE mold and reared on nihilistic grinding hatred. Relentless, even when the pace slows to a crawl, DISOBEY convey their frustrations with every note and it's not often you get to hear music this angry. The drums are constantly battling to keep this train rolling and the vocals seem to exist entirely at their breaking point. Intense. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, $5/$7 ppd, 509 Heartheron Lane, Hixson, TN 37343, failedrecordings.bigcartel.com)

DOGMATISTS – *Obedience* – Metallic Danish hardcore/crust featuring members of a couple bands I like and one band I think sucks. But whatever they have done in the past ceases to matter when you get punched in the throat by DOGMATIST; torturous and gnarly sounds with vocals straight from fukkn' hell and distorted guitars doing battle with a rumbling rhythm section for the duration of this burner—totally fukkn' great shit, punk as absolute fukk. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, rawbirthrecs@gmail.com)

DOOMED TO EXTINCTION – *Recorded at Raunch records* – Salt Lake City and Raunch records hold a special place in my heart. A special crappy little place maybe, but still endearing and filled with good memories. This band accurately makes me think of Salt Lake City when I hear it. Abrasive crust/black metal/grind with one guy doing the usual high-pitched shrieking demon vocals and then switching off with the other guy who is doing the usual low-pitched barking vocals. Sloppy and poorly recorded, perfectly on a par with their music ability! If you are ever in SLC, make sure you visit Raunch records. (Mike) (8-song CD-R, no lyrics, $3 ppd to PO Box 521174. Salt Lake City, UT 84152)

ELECTRIC JELLYFISH – Meandering college indie rock, heavy on droning guitars and wispy vocals. Like the 64-calorie version of the Homestead roster circa 1987, who are really into the FALL, but aren't all that weird. (Robert) (2-song cassette, no lyrics, twinlakesrecords@gmail.com)

EX-MAGICIANS – *California Grass* – Adult indie rock not too terribly far removed from WEEZER, but with amateurish basement emo guitars that project just enough fuzz to keep it mildly interesting. (Robert) (10-song cassette, lyrics included, garbage-town.com)

EYE GOUGE – *Got It Covered* – This is a very raw practice-space recording of this band playing five cover songs by ANTIDOTE, BLACK FLAG, DYS (two different songs) and SSD. The covers stay pretty true to the originals and it doesn't really sound too exciting. I guess you could pick this up if you're an EYE GOUGE completist. Otherwise, go get a burrito instead. (Greg) (5-song cassette, no lyrics, xbezerkerrecordsx.bigcartel.com)

FADED – *Subconscious Infiltration* – There's a crew who are doing an excellent job ensuring that Tennessee maintains its spot on the crushing hardcore map that it garnered two decades ago. GRAVEBOUND blew me away and that same family is here now with FADED, an inwardly directed HC assault that is both devastatingly heavy and all encompassing in its presentation. "Visions Pt. II" descends into atmosphere not unlike MAJORITY RULE was known to do and it serves as closure to a commanding release. I endorse this. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $5/$7 ppd, 509 Heartheron Lane Hixson, TN 37343, failedrecordings.bigcartel.com)

FOUR HOURS LATER – *Killing The Memories* – The tragic result of readily available recording equipment and effective high school music programs is, unfortunately, discs like this one. One dude playing everything, recording everything, realizing his dream…a dream that is apparently AVENGED SEVENFOLD stripped of all their teeth and hooks, reduced to third rate NOFX covers. I know this is your dream, dude, but I suggest less time practicing your chops and more time listening to records pressed in quantities not measured in the millions. The more I listen, the less constructive criticism I have to offer. (Robert) (14-song CD-R, no lyrics, runningfordaylight.com/fourhourslater)

GRAHAM REPULSKI – *Lineman Poems/ Liquid Pig Heart* – No-fi noise pop with brief spurts of early FLAMING LIPS-esque dirges and throwbacks, to decades old psychedelia. Although the opening track is an acoustic yawner, the rest of this tape (actually two EPs presented in the '80s Saver Series tradition) is jam packed with twisted and subdued guitar driven mania. Shades of lamp-lit rooms strewn with last week's pants and last year's yearning, if your head is wrong in just the right way, then this is perfect. (Robert) (11-song cassette, lyrics included, shorterrecording@gmail.com, grahamrepulski.bandcamp.com)

GRINCHFINGER – *Acid Satan* – Run of the mill grindcore, though I have heard plenty of worse grind out there than this. Decent recording at least—captures their heaviness. Formed by two brothers in Georgia. There seems to be a weird amount of grind bands out there that are formed by brothers, which is awesome. Brothers of Metal! (Mike) (8-song CD-R, no lyrics, 167 Holmes Ave. Macon, GA 31204)

HAL DOLLS – *Bipolaroid* – HAL DOLLS hail from Louisville KY, which is pretty cool to me since I've never been there. These guys remind me a little bit of JACK ACID right off the bat, but not as good. Pretty good though nonetheless. Simple and sloppy garage rockin' punk tunes that aren't overly generic or anything. Kind of sleazy sounding too, like the CRAMPS. I also sense a less beautiful KAMALA AND THE KARNIVORES and X vibe going on. Not bad—I would go see them if they played here! (Mike) (10-song CD, lyrics included, $10 ppd, Noise Pollution PO Box 72189. Louisville, KY 40272)

THE HARLEQUINS – Laid back, mod indie pop with a dreamy vibe. Very reminiscent of '80s college rock, but this time I mean that in a good way. No hard edge to be found anywhere near this tape…the lumbering pace suits the bass lines wonderfully and vocals like this are a tough thing to pull off. Slumberland fans take note. (Robert) (12-song cassette, no lyrics, randomoldrecords.

bigcartel.com)

HUMAN WASTE / YOUR ENEMY – *Bay Area Hate Grind* – The title of this split says it all, right? Five tracks from each band, high/low vocals and breakneck metallic grind/crust from HUMAN WASTE (a substantial improvement over their already excellent first demo) and more primal grind from YOUR ENEMY. If you are still reading then this is your jam. (Robert) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, thrashmouthrex@gmail.com)

INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL – This is the quintessential compilation of INSTINCT OF SURVIVAL in cassette form. Do you like crust? Do you like metal? Do you like blackened crust metal? Do you like stenchcore? Then this German legend of a band is for you. They remind me of the best of HELLBASTARD's *Ripper Crust* LP mixed with HELLHAMMER and AMEBIX. It's pure crust heaven. This contains tracks off their split 7" with GUIDED CRADLE in 2006, *Winter in my Mind* EP and thirteen live songs. Pedja continues to keep punk affordable and accessible worldwide in cassette form. This is a very well done punk compilation tape! Comes with foldout. (Amelia) (19-song cassette, lyrics included, crustcrusader@web.de, Doomed To Extinction records c/o CAPS, PO Box 22449, Oakland, CA 94609)

JOWLS – *Russ, Dan, Jon* – From the minimal repetitive guitar that opens the first song, I thought I was in for some droning soft spoken indie pop. Then came the drums and a chorus of backing vocals and I thought things had taken a turn towards pretentious emo. And then came the rest of the band with a thunderous crash and leveled me with a wall of emoviolence steeped in the chaotic '90s tradition. Only two songs here, both taken from vinyl releases…heavy low end bass rumble, song structures that remind me of MAJORITY RULE and an obvious attention to detail. Searing and excellent. (Robert) (2-song cassette, no lyrics, www.lafayetterecords.com, jowls.tumblr.com)

JUST SAYIN – *Do Something* – Dust off your workout shorts and brush up on your moves, because these Texas boys are about to send you back to school. Total meat and potatoes fast NYHC attack, with mosh parts galore and dogpile friendly singalong vocals…pissed and fed up, but more determined than negative and the intensity shines through every breakdown. This might be by the books (right down to the logo font), but it's fukkn great. (Robert) (6-song cassette, stayalertrecords.storenvy.com, imjustsayin.bandcamp.com)

LIFEFORM – *Fuck You, Dad Get Out of My Life* – America's answer to the VAGINORS with the new wave of old school Japanese fun pogo noise. Glue noise with 1-2-1-2 drums from Portland, Oregon. Tongue in cheek NERVESKADE rip off art complete with 1982 punk humor. For fans of WANKYS, CHAOS UK, GAI, CHAOTIC DISCHORD, and not taking your Scandi band so fucking serious. Have a good time, punk and get this demo. One of the best so far this year- keep it coming and Arse forever. (Amelia) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, LIFEFORM FAN CLUB, 420 SE Grand, Portland, OR 97214, gandalfdagr33n420@gmail.com

LIMBS BAND – Ugly music. Emphasis on the low end, these are short blasts of distorted and disjointed noisy hardcore. The awkward song construction and feedback-laden delivery comes off like art punks drunk on a FLIPPER and noise punk cocktail. This one is over before you have time to process it fully—well worth multiple listens if your tolerance level is high. Mine is and this is great. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, werise.storenvy.com, followmeintothelasereye@gmail.com)

MAKE NO GAINS – *Power* – Here's some good, upbeat, mid-tempo punk from Toronto. OBSERVERS come to mind at first, but MAKE NO GAINS has lots of subtle hooks and guitar/drum parts around every corner, making this a fresh sounding effort. "Wretched State" is the highlight track for me because of the hooky vocal thing they got going on. Good shit. (Matt) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, 259 Lansdowne Ave, Toronto, ON, M6K 2W2, Canada)

THE MANUAL AND THE MACHINE – *Social Services* – "Experimental industrial noise band" is how I choose to describe these guys. There're only two of them and I'm pretty sure there are no instruments here besides guitar and drums, but it almost sounds like there are hammers and power tools being clanked about in the background... Mostly this recording is very chaotic, but there is some semblance of structured parts and riffs here too (which I say is always a good idea with bands like this). Seemingly incoherent yelling, but luckily there is a lyric sheet and the lyrics are my favorite part of this tape. (Mike) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, $2 ppd, 285 Turk St Apt 301, San Francisco, CA 94102)

NEGATIVE QUEEN – NEGATIVE QUEEN is a band from Portland. They aren't an easy band to describe... Down tuned, dark and epic in a NEUROSIS sort of way; heavy, but not metal. Hopelessly depressing lyrics sung in a dreary JOY DIVISION sort of way. I could see a lot of crusties really liking this band, but could also see a lot of crusties hating it. I'm not sure where this band would exactly fit in. Members of some other cool bands, such as PURPLE RHINESTONE EAGLE, NEGATIVE QUEEN is also proudly an openly queer band. This tape is awesome! Three long songs that made me feel sad and really weird, in a good way. (Mike) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd to 6521 N Kerby Ave. Portland, OR 97217)

N.F.F.U. – *Scream Along* – Slick but ferocious political punk along the lines of GLOBAL THREAT or UNSEEN. Well done and I'm stoked to hear this coming out of Idaho, though these tracks were recorded back in '08. (Robert) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.myspace.com/nofutureforus)

OTIS REAPER – Southern sludge with throat searing high-end vocals. Guitars are the highlight, legitimate chops go a long way towards separating OTIS REAPER from the pack, but they really excel when they slow down and concentrate on crushing. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $5/$7 ppd, 509 Heartheron Lane, Hixson, TN 37343, failedrecordings.bigcartel.com)

OUTSIDERS – Comes with a label-generated write up exalting the band's recent tours with OFF WITH THEIR HEADS and AGAINST ME and I think that's a pretty apt musical comparison. This is tuneful indie/punk with mostly friendly melodies and construction punctuated by the (very occasional) crunch of guitars. Layered vocals complete the picture, New Zealand's answer to mid level rock club punk. (Robert) (7-song CD-R, undercomm.com)

PAST PRESENT FUTURE NOW aka ADAM VOID – *131 Fires* – Childish, keyboard-driven elementary school art/punk/noise creations. Twenty minutes of madness that are a trying listen, even for those well versed in the world of schizophrenic sound. Lurches devoid of anything remotely resembling a steady tempo are punctuated with electronic blips and whirrs and general digital mindfukkery. I am presuming that these sounds are presented under the guise of "art" instead of music since they were created by street artist AVOID, but regardless of intent, the sounds are compelling. (Robert) (?-song cassette, no lyrics, undergroundeditions.bigcartel.com)

PONIES – *Winter Formal* – Weird keyboard punk from Arizona. Spastic fast, slow fast, slow with weird changes all around. I almost always hate keyboards but it's only mildly annoying on this recording. Of course it would be better with no keyboard, but the band is pretty cool besides that and have lots of weird parts and the drums, bass and guitars all sound really good. (Mike) (8-song CD-R, no lyrics, killtheponies@hotmail.com)

PROFESSOR – *Corientation* – Less poppy, darker version of KID DYNAMITE. Poppier, not as dark a version of ARTIMUS PYLE. Really boring, generic artwork printed poorly. Some gang vocals... Kinda crusty, kinda youth crew. Fairly predictable and generic, but still with some cool riffs and transitions. For fans of heavy hardcore. (Mike) (8-song CD-R, no lyrics, www.scumbrosrecords@yahoo.com)

SAD BOYS – Apparently hailing from Pogo-City, Punksville, SAD BOYS crank out adolescent spiky haired jams without a shred of irony. These riffs could be lifted directly from a child's cartoon about kindergarten punkers, each song is bouncy and infectious and the shrill female lead vocals pierce through the thin, distorted guitar. WANKYS, SCREECHING WEASEL and Evo-Stik. (Robert) (12-song cassette, no lyrics, mhillerson@gmail.com)

SECTARIAN VIOLENCE – *Conflict of Interest Demo 2012* – This is one of those bands comprised of members separated by oceans—music recorded in UK, vocals recorded in Baltimore and mixing done in Sweden! Oh, technology…So SECTARIAN VIOLENCE are a really fast hardcore band who apparently toured the U$A in June. Tight, thrashy hardcore, with the exception of "No End To The Violence," which completes the tape up with a slow circle mosh dirge. The lyrics are harshly critical of the US government and its foreign policies, prison system, immigration laws, etc. Solid tape. Oh, they thank "THE STRAIGHT EDGE" too. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, sectarianxviolence.blogspot.com)

SHITTISH ITZ – *Objects In The Mirror* – BAD RELIGION and Fat Wreck, and far better than average ska/punk meets vocal stylings, akin to LOVE SONGS/YOUR MOTHER (not surprising considering that man's affinity for SHITTISH ITZ's home state of Idaho). Witty, catchy, well written and slick as hell, bands of this nature surely exist in virtually every out-of-the-way hamlet in the USA, but they are rarely as good as this. (Robert) (8-song CD-R, lyrics included, facebook.com/SKiTTiSHiTZ

STOIC VIOLENCE – A total *rager* in the purest sense. After a painfully brief slash of feedback, these Southern California punks charge out of the gate with full speed hardcore pegged in the red and only let up for a brief breakdown and one teaser intro in the last song before calling it a day. '80s Boston meets anguished Midwest teen vocals snarls and in about four minutes you'll be scrambling for the rewind button to start it all over again. Searing raw hardcore at maximum intensity; killer. (3-song cassette, lyrics included, stoicviolence.bandcamp.com)

STRAWBERRY HERITAGE – Mellow acoustic indie pop, not at all unlike the poetic musings of John K. Samson. Obviously this isn't as instantly addictive as our favorite Manitoban export (Winnipeg Jets notwithstanding, of course), but still suitable for those melancholy evenings alone. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, www.lafayetterecords.com)

SUFFERING LUNA – *Blood Filled Bong* – Southern California veterans SUFFERING LUNA continue to confuse. After a head-scratching, minutes-long intro, we are treated to a concept recording about smoking weed through a bong filled with the blood of demons and it sounds as weird as it sounds like it sounds. Psychedelic treatments take their otherwise punishing hardcore/powerviolence assault to another dimension, while moments of melodic modern hardcore (even some of the commercial sounding stuff that the punks steer clear of) serve to solidify their place in the shadows of the underground. Dystopian lamentations, confusing presentations. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics, tolivealie.com)

SYSTEM DEFECTOR – Very EPILEPTICS, with crude vocals, simple riffs, steady drums and an anarcho message. These guys aren't just '80s-resurgence in the fashion sense, but are continuing the tradition of a real punk message CONFLICT-style. Within their lyrics sheet, there is this message: "We feel that a lot of this new "raw noise punk" as much as we like it, is often more style than substance, more music than ideas/politics. This is for all those who keep punk the no-talent-required sound of protest and resistance worldwide. A DIY network of friends, not just another commodity or business model." A powerful statement from a straightforward, no frills modern day punk band. This tape was recorded in Brighton, England in August 2011. Think of the last recent punk band that was political that you actually believed that they believed what they were saying…yeah, SYSTEM DEFECTOR is one of the few. Apparently they already broke up, but their memory lives on. (Amelia) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, System Defector Tapes, received this via Alta Intensidaz Tapes but also available via La Vida Es Un Mus)

TIGER HELICIDE – *Fight For Your Riot* – Plodding punk rock from Alabama. I want them to speed up just a little bit, but they don't. I'm guessing these are adults weaned on GG and MISFITS, and I wish Greg had taken this to give it a little Alabama context because my Oklahoma upbringing isn't helping me help TIGER HELICIDE. The weird stuff at the end of "Dinosore" is super cool, but this is mostly just grown up shit punk to get wasted to. (Robert) (14-song CD-R, lyrics included, $7 ppd, 207 Mary Lou Circle, Gadsden, AL 35904)

TOMB AND THIRST – Dark and ugly, bass heavy dirges with blast of chaotic blast. Their slow approach is devastating, like powerviolence meets NEUROSIS, atmospheric without compromising the sinister ugly side of their sound. Far be it from me to try to convince a band to stop playing fast, but with the absence of guitar TOMB AND THIRST lose a bit of intensity when they ramp up the pace. It's cool though, because the bulk of this release is more than intense enough to make up for it. (Robert) (10-song cassette, no lyrics, $3ppd % 54 Lawrence St. Apt. 1, New Haven, CT 06511)

TOTAL WAR – Great artwork with a silk-screened cardboard paper envelope. Their sound is a well-recorded pop-rock, with a little bit of HOT WATER MUSIC and REPLACEMENTS, but with some wider influences—reggae-like parts and keyboards. (Juliana) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, totalwarmusic.com)

TRIPLE CROSSED – *Trapped Like Rats* – TRIPLE CROSSED throw down fourteen songs of hardcore-tinged skate-thrash that'll make you flip up the brim of your hat and start the fuckin' pit. Their singer's voice falls somewhere between Ray Cappo and Devon Morf of WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? Fans of no-slow-all-go hardcore will be really into this. (Greg) (14-song cassette, no lyrics, xbezerkerrecordsx.bigcartel.com)

UPINATEM – *Democracide* – Someone has been listening to a lot of PROPAGANDHI, but fortunately they've been listening to the second and third records, steering clear of the blatant Fat Wreck sound and stopping short of ill-advised attempts at helping melodic punk progress into the world of adult music. Catchy and probably too slick for some readers of this rag, but Boise's UPINATEM crank out twelve songs packed with energy and more fight than most studded slogan-wearers can muster. Shamelessly (and fiercely) political and all energy all the time—top notch melodic hardcore. (Robert) (12-song CD-R, lyrics included, upinatem@gmail.com)

VIOLENT REACTION – …is a one-man hardcore project from Liverpool by guy named Tom. These four songs are straightforward and tough sounding. There's a breakdown or two, but just really quick, before returning to full force fast hardcore. Pissed, straight-edge, straight ahead hardcore punk in a handsome package. Keep an eye out for a vinyl in the near future. (Matt) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, merseyshore@hotmail.co.uk)

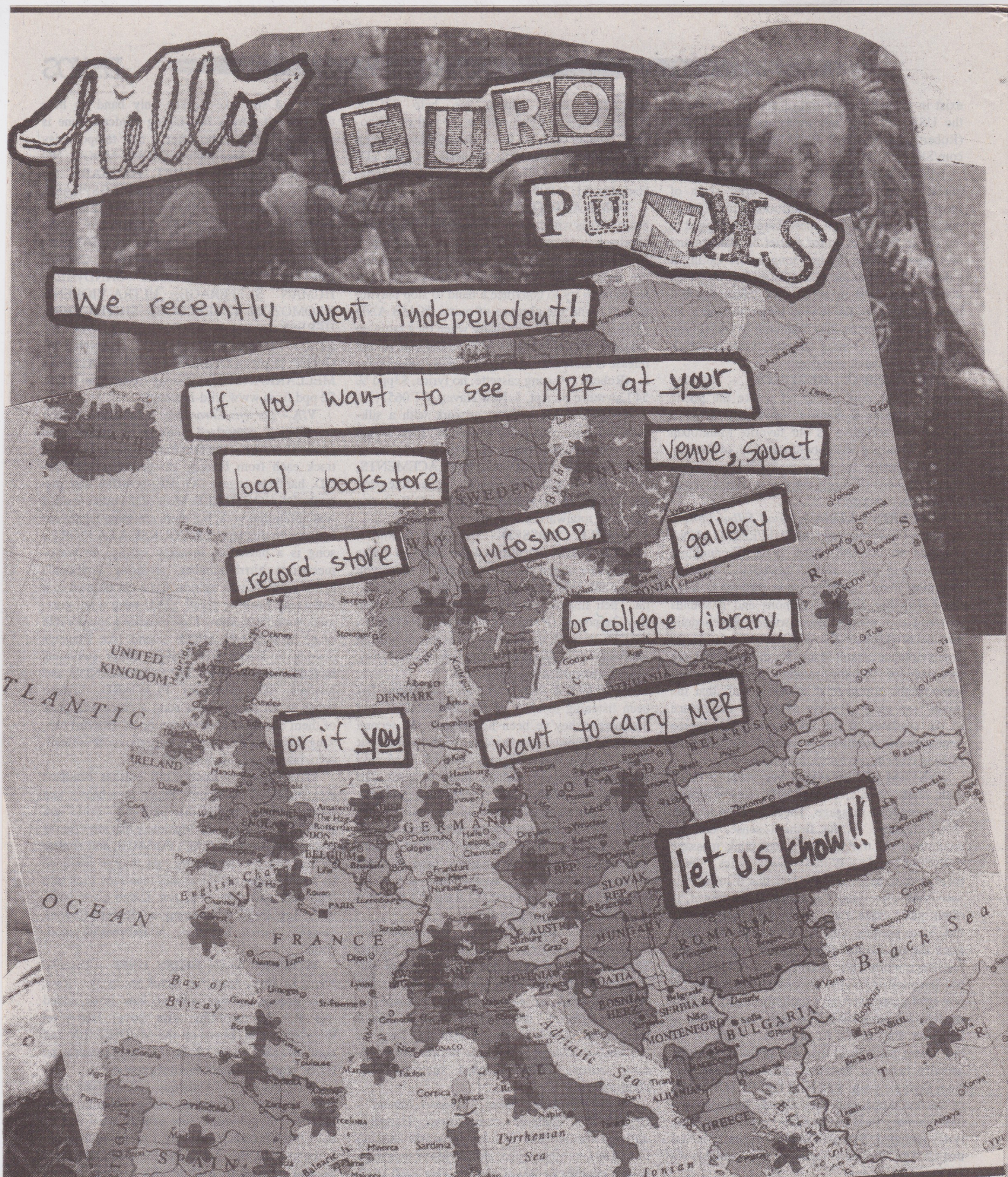
V/A – *Discharge From A Deeper Wound* – Brutal '80s hardcore compilation. Thirtyfive different bands from all over the world existing from 1982 to 1988. Nice, simple insert lists each band's country of origin and the year each track was recorded. I had only ever heard of three of the bands on this tape before, so it was nice getting a crash course on international '80s HC. True '80s hardcore enthusiasts might punch me for this, but most of the bands sounded pretty much the same to me by the end of the tape… But I did still like it. The only band on here that doesn't play a fast raging hardcore tune is called the FIVE, who offer a mid tempo noisy rocker. Bands here include MOPO MOGO, NO CLASS, TERVEET KÄDET, TOZIBABE, the SINYX, OLHO SECO, VORKRIEGSPHASE, WINTERSWIJX, NEOS, NIHILISTICS, DEATHWISH, ELECTRO HIPPIES, the FIVE, UNRULED, HEADCLEANERS, ELECTRIC DEADS, WHITE CROSS, YOUTH KORPS, MAGGOT SANDWICH, HUMAN SUFFERAGE, ULTRA-VIOLENT, KROMOZOM 4, VELLOCET, SHITLICKERS, HERESY, BARN AV REGNBUEN, KUOLEMA, KURO, BASTARDS, U.B.R., BANNLYST, G-ZET, DEEF, CONDEMNED TO DEATH and MELLAKKA. (Mike) (35-song cassette, no lyrics, $2 ppd from www.wild-isle.com)

V/A – *Larsens Chroniques* – Awesome French compilation comprised entirely of bands from Lyon. There are some familiar names on here: one track each from bouncy garage rockers PIZZA OD, hardcore ragers COCHE BOMBA and pop punks DE HØJE HÆLE. Most of the other bands I was unfamiliar with, but there are some legitimate bangers on this tape. LA COURSE A LA MORT's song is a pulsating, insanely catchy, no wave-meets-riot girrrl number, featuring keyboards and a vocalist who sounds like a cat trapped in a bathroom. Fucking great! 12XU have a rad post-punk sound and know how to write a memorable tune. MOMS ON METH sound like France's answer to RAPE REVENGE. Other standouts include synth punkers TELECOMMANDE and juvenile filth merchants PLACARD. Sixteen bands in all contribute a song a piece and most of them are unreleased. Magnifique! (Kevin) (16-song cassette, no lyrics, gopaperboygo@hotmail.com, ratcharge.blogspot.com)

WARTHOG – Rock'n'roll crashes headfirst into breakneck hardcore. Super bass-heavy and feisty, with a vocalist that pulls off "Pride"-era HÜSKER DÜ intensity. Musically this ain't far off from local(ish) kids RAT DAMAGE, and similar in that you get the feeling that they're going to be a mid tempo bulldozer and then they kick into high gear and wipe your ass. Damn good jams, with "Top Shelf" as the standout. (Robert) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, hitandsmash@gmail.com)

WORKIN' MAN NOISE UNIT – *Drinkin' Stella To Make Music To Drink Stella To* – Raw, early grunge stylings with no bass (they added one after this recording, wise move). Heavy on the psychedelia, heavy on the MUDHONEY and emphasis on the beer. (Robert) (6-song cassette, no lyrics, workingmannoiseunit@gmail.com)

WOLF-FACE – Anthemic guitar-driven adult punk. I don't like calling things Region Rock because I'm not really sure exactly what that is, but I think it sounds like this. I prefer adult punk. I like to think that this is Region Rock all grown up and playing in a club with a stage instead of a dirt floor basement in Indiana. Lyrics are legitimately interesting, even with a song called "Pubes On My Face" in the mix. Definitely not my thing, but this is totally good and held my interest throughout. (Robert) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, WolfFace1@gmail.com)



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ZINES

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Reviews by:
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(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(EC) E.Conner
(AE) Amelia Eakins
(FF) Francesca Foglia
(DG) Dan Goetz
(LG) Layla Gibbon
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(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LA) Lydia Phelps
(CR) Casey Ress
(KR) Keith Riley

ARTCORE #29 / $?
8.5 x 11 – printed – 40 pgs
Longtime running hardcore zine…this issue comes inside the fifth installment of the Terminal Decay compilation LP and we apparently didn't review them together. Sorry Mr. Welly! There is a equal distribution of olde bands and current ones in this zine, that appears to be their "thing": Arctic Flowers, Amebix, Night Birds, Agent Orange, Ruidosa Inmundicia, MDC, 1981, the skuzzy art of Dirty Donny and more. There are clearly some stock questions that *Artcore* uses for every interview—and it seems that most of these interviews were conducted electronically. That isn't a problem at all, just becomes a certain style of writing that doesn't allow for the way an in-person interview can be more unique since it can drift away from the planned questions with a more conversational quality. They will always ask what the most important five records influenced the band, what is next on their agenda and what they think of the current state of punk and world affairs. I like the last question, it's important to at least try to engage people with political discussion. Even if the band doesn't dwell on the topic for long, I like to hope that people are informed and trying to pay attention and have opinions on subjects like the Arab Spring, more so than what they think about the impact of the internet on punk, ya know? There is a section that first appears to be ads because everything is a sixth of page photos of bands but I looked closer and realized they were all lyrics. Is this cute? I am intrigued. There is the continuation history lesson, the part II of '80s West German punk, which is awesome! I'm going to check out some of these bands right now…(JB)
www.artcorefanzine.co.uk

PUNK ROCK
ARTCORE
FANZINE | ISSUE No 29 | 2012 AD | EST 1986
AMEBIX | NIGHT BIRDS | ARCTIC FLOWERS | 1981 | RUIDOSA INMUNDICIA | HYGIENE
VAULTAGE
AGENT ORANGE | RAVE UP RECORDS | MDC | ALEC MACKAYE | WEST GERMAN PUNK II
TERMINAL DECAY
THE ART OF DIRTY DONNY

BLACK MAGIC FOR WHITE TRASH
April 2012 / $5 ppd
6 x 5 – printed – 19 pgs
Misspellings, LSD and far out spirituality. These are like Alexandro Jodorowsky short stories and poems in zine form with crude drawings and nasty Xeroxed pictures. Think of a cross between a Hawkwind album and a junkie nod with wordy visuals. This is an underground avant guard art zine at it's finest. "Your body has been illuminated and all of a sudden you've painted the underside of your skin with carrot juice and concealed the sun inside of your closed mouth." This is for fans of William S. Burroughs or the Hunter S. Thompson acid trip visions a la fear and loathing style. Well done pages of subversions, night sweats, dreams and writing that will trigger your own visual memories. It is not dense, but a straightforward and interesting trip of a read. The author is an obviously well traveled, occult educated, drug induced creative Southern man who has been on long journeys and spirit quests. Reading this is like reading Bukowski for the first time—it just makes you want to write, but this makes you want to dream, also. Only 30 made, but get in touch. (AE)
Alec Bruns / 145 Powers Street / Asheville, NC 28804 / Brunsalec@gmail.com

DISTORTION FAITH #1 / ?
5.7 x 8.5 – printed – 10 pgs
A very cool first zine by some of Sweden's finest hardcore labels right now, Krogh of Blindead, Jocke of D-Takt & Råpunk and Björn of SMRT. This first issue includes interviews with hardcore bands that are mainly featured on said labels, but that's fine with me, as most of these interviews are a page or so long, making it easy to read them all in one (toilet) sitting. Namely, we have: Iowa hardcore band Nerv, Japan's Acute, Sweden's Sex Dwarf, UK hardcore Human Power, Bay area punx Effluxus, Japanese tape and disc label Hardcore Survives, Umeå-based radio Sjuka Signaler, Swedish HC act Lögnhalsmottagningen, De:Nihil records and "Fast&Loud," a corner of the zine where Krogh writes whatever he wants, this time covering some reviews, news, a playlist and other tidbits. Cool cut and paste layout, with nice quality paper, some label ads tastefully positioned here and there and the contributors' top ten lists at the end. Like Krogh says in his little editorial intro, "it's nice to do a proper zine with people I can trust—I'd never done that before." Well guys, the work paid off because this looks good and reads well! (LA)
Mathias Krogh / Källgatan 24B / 67130 Arvika / Sweden /
blindeadproductions.com

EARTH FIRST! Number VII / $?
8.5 x 11 – printed – 56 pgs
It certainly has been a while since I've picked up a copy of *EF!*. Little has changed these past few years. The magazine is now being printed out of Lake Worth, Florida. The designed has kept with the times, but retains its lovely crunch. Heartfelt columns and articles help us keep abreast of the struggle and shit that comes with the sickening system. Fuck you dad, I just wanna live in a tree and shit. I mean, really. (EC)
PO Box 964 / Lake Worth, FL 33460

EQUALIZING X DISTORT Vol. 12 Issue 3 / $?
8.5 x 11 – printed – 17 pgs
What a great zine. It seems like the last few issues have been dedicated to covering early '80s Toronto hardcore bands, and

except for a couple of pages of record reviews, this issue is entirely dedicated to an interview with Chronic Submission. The interviewer asks great, informed, in-depth questions that helps make this interview truly memorable: telling the band's story and offering a glimpse into life as a punk in early '80s Toronto (it also mentions Cherry Beach, which is where cops would beat up punks and twenty years later was the subject of a Career Suicide song). There are also a number of reprinted flyers and even original *MRR* reviews of the band's demo as well as a comp on which they appeared. (DG)

21 Foundry Ave Unit 5 / Toronto, ON M6H 4K7 / Canada
equalizingxdistort.blogspot.com

THE FURY #19 / $2
7.5 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
This is the second to last issue of this zine, and definitely the better of the two sent. I get the impression that this zine's main inspiration was the emo scene of the '90s and oughts, due to both content and layout, which is heavy on the found photographs and artwork, rub-on letters of various fonts, and typewriter text of various readability due to a failing ribbon. The subjects of this zine follow no standard format, but the most notable pieces are one on the history of the Fireside Bowl in Chicago that turns into a reflection on the author's relationship with Chicago and '90s midwestern emo and another about the Dill Pickle Club, which was a place in the early 20th century where an assorted cast of intelligent people (both high and lowbrow) would give speeches and debate each other, which the author compares to an internet message board but without anonymity and with a far better connotation. The esoteric record reviews, which I'm guessing are all or mostly recent records, somehow add to this zine being trapped in a former time. Definitely worth picking up and I will absolutely be keeping both of these issues. (DG)

DISTORTION FAITH
#1 // 2012
NERV
Acute
Effluxus
Sex Dwarf
HUMAN POWER
De:Nihil
HARDCORE SURVIVES
Slutka gnajer
LÖGNHALSMOTTAGNINGEN

c/o Mark Novonty / 5413 6th Ave. / Countryside, IL 60525
thefuryzine@hotmail.com

THE FURY #20 / $1
8.5 x 11 – copied – 40 pgs
I had high expectations for this issue after being captivated by #19, and although it's far better than most zines I review, the stripped-down style and less of a range of content left a bit to be desired. Maybe it's because this is the last issue, who knows. This issue consists of short essays on various topics, including "second thoughts on one night stands," pretension (defending it to a certain degree, or at least playing devil's advocate), phonetics, reflecting on a friend who died of melanoma, wondering how the fuck cigarettes came to be a signifier of "cool" and so forth. Without being too "no regrets" nor too soft about it, the writing style is reflective and advocates for learning by making mistakes, which comes off as a lot more honest than knowing it all and hiding one's true self. The layout is considerably more text-heavy, though the pictures used accompany the articles well. (DG)

c/o Mark Novonty / 5413 6th Ave. / Countryside, IL 60525
thefuryzine@hotmail.com

GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD #3 / no price listed
8.5 x 11 – copied – 26 pgs
Mostly consisting of in-person interviews, this is a rad and fun publication. Noise monger Limbs Bin, and harcore punks No Statik, Male Nurses and Creem all get asked interesting, if a bit goofy, questions. There's some photography here and there. The whole thing looks typewritten, cut-and-pasted and cheaply photocopied. I expected more NYC pride than I found, given the zine's name. I would pay money for this. (JM)

Deed Runlea / 138 Scholes St. / Brooklyn, NY 11206 / deedrunlea@gamil.com

HEY DAY COMICS 1#, #2, #3 / $3 each
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 24 pgs
The first issue of *Hey Day Comics* tells the story of Animus, who is a "lost soul with one wealthy possession." Issue two is an illustrated telling of two poems by H.P. Lovecraft "Garden" and "Despair." Issue three picks up the story of Animus again, but they've undergone some changes since we last saw them and to they go by the name Kopelli now. All three of these stories, and their accompanying artwork, impressed me greatly. Elisii clearly conveys the "creeping horror" (to pull a phrase from Lovecraft) of Animus's blind obsession for his one wealthy possession. This, combined with the nonlinear narrative and the metaphysical subject matter, and of course, the Lovecraft issue, make it clear what the artists influences are managing to create a very similar feel in these works. The surreal stories are accompanied by boldly drawn artwork that plays with negative space and coloring and a dynamic, but clean and straightforward layout that keeps the pace moving along quite nicely—great quality work. Alas, I do have a major gripe, one that severely detracted from my enjoyment of the comic. Elisii took the time to put a copyright in the front cover of all three of his zines. That is weird enough on it's own, but to make it even weirder, he limits all reproduction of this work to being "for the purpose of review only." First off, since 1989 you don't even need to write copyrights on a work anymore, all work is automatically copyrighted to its author upon creation. Second, Elisii's copyright is even stricter than the standard one, which is plenty strict enough. Everything about this copyright decision is alienating and kinda...gross to me. Under other circumstances, I'd add Elisii to my list of authors to keep tabs on, but I'm on the fence. I'm not sure I want to give anyone with such politics my money, even if it's only $3. (AR)

Insect Ash / PO Box 30 / Hilltown PA / 18927 / eopoe@aol.com

LIVE THE DREAM LEARN TO DIE #2 / $6 ppd, trades
5.5 x 11 – copied – 40 pgs
This zine chronicles the tale of two travelers' train hopping, ridesharing and walking up and down the West Coast. Each page contains Xeroxed and distorted pictures of graffiti and other sights along their path while gritty typewritten strips of words are sparsely strewn about the pages. The authors seem like experienced travelers. They explain illicit camping etiquette and the unusual dangers of their endeavors. The tone of the writing makes this zine most interesting. It's not elitist, glorifying nor stupid. Its matter of fact and terse which lends it a sense of grimy realism. Visually, the off-white pages, colored cardstock cover and stapled inserts make it appealing as well. (SL)

Avoid / 46 White Pine / Asheville, NC 28805 /www.undergroundeditions.com / undergroundeditions@gmail.com

MODERN BROPAR #9 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 14 pgs

The ninth issue of this Philadelphia punk fanzine consists of two "tour diary" type pieces, both of which detail the writer's experiences as a roadie on two separate tours in the early to mid-2000s. The first of the two involves meeting MDC frontman, Dave Dictor and bonding with him over the fact that they both grew up in the same Long Island town, which leads to Dictor asking him to run the merch table at a few shows in NYC. The second piece takes us to Italy where the writer roadies for the band, "Bones Brigade," sleeping in anarcho-squats and smoking pot with Italian punks. All of the writing is pretty surface-level without any real depth or anything, but it offers some interesting insights into the colorful world of both the New York City and Italian punk-squatting scenes of the last decade. Something that I'd imagine a good number of us missed the boat on. Cool beans. (KR)

Matt.Emmerich@gmail.com/
www.bropar.com

PIT STAINS #1 / $3
4.25 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs

Neat little photo zine documenting a month's worth of shows in and around Indianapolis. There are excellent two-page shots of Hoax, Avon Ladies, Poison Planet, Tenement and many other bands of the DIY variety. The photos in general are surprisingly sharp, especially for a copied zine, but I bet the original 35mm prints look even better. Worth checking out if you're a fan of photo zines. (KM)

638 E. 48th St. / Indianapolis, IN 46205 /
noiinpunk.storenvy.com

PUNK LIFE ZINE #50 June 2012 / $5
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 81 pgs

Punk Life Zine has been "Bringing DC go go and punk to the underground since 1992." It contains interviews, scene reports, record reviews and flyers with photos by Pat Graham. I honestly had a really hard time reading this. It is extremely dense! The format is mostly words that are typed typewriter style without much spacing. There is something in here for everyone from feminist punk to grindcore—you just have to dig and not have attention deficit disorder- this zine takes focus! (AE)

2240 Montevideo Drive / Pittsburg, CA
94565 / punklifezine.blogspot.com

RAZORCAKE #69 / $4
8.5 x 11 – printed – 112 pgs

This issue of Razorcake contains the definitive feature on L.A. by way of Arizona '80s punk band the Consumers. The interviewer seems to have exhausted his resources contacting the pertinent parties and striving to suss out the final word on the Consumers history. Luckily Paul Cutler and Mickey Borens are still very articulate individuals who can make coherent observations on the past without falling prey to bothersome nostalgia or unwarranted dismissing of modern punk. In The Red honcho Larry Hardy is also spoken with regarding the label's archival release of the Consumers' Arizona recordings. Also contained in the magazine is a very extensive review section with various degrees of articulation, flippant slag-offs and biased gushing, all in proper punk zine fashion. Narduwar interviews Ghostface Killah in his column. So Cow, Canadian Rifles and John Wesley Coleman are also featured in revealing interviews. (SL)

PO Box 42129 / Los Angeles, CA 90042 /
www.razorcake.org

ROT #4 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 18 pgs

I liked the look of this zine from the minute I saw it. It had something very honest and organic and sort of (nicely) rough about it. Perhaps it is the fact that the letters spelling out *Rot 4* on the cover have been made to look like fresh ginger roots. Perhaps it's the ink-drawn sketches inside—part-comic part-scribble, frames losing their edges and one picture getting drawn into the other. Perhaps it's the added black and white noise that comes from Xerox machines, or her love for cats, and women, and catwomen. Either way, this is a cool little zine that may not have a solid storyline, but it makes up for that with its hand-written notes, ideas, thoughts, worries and dreams; waste, heat, love, death, shows, cooking, cycling, blowing up the state, fighting convention and normality, trapped in youthful anger, motivated by love… Whoever said understanding comes from order? (LA)

Katrina c/o Witch Club / PO Box 29335 /
Providence, RI 02909 /
avocado@riseup.net

SEVEN INCHES TO FREEDOM
FANZINE
no. 10

RUMPSHAKER #6 / $10 ppd
8.5 x 11 – printed – 146 pgs

Eric Weiss is quite possibly one of the best interviewers in punk. While you may not be a huge fan of NYHC, Bridge Nine Hardcore and the genres of HC surrounding it, if you are punk in any sense of the word you will want to get a copy of this issue of *Rumpshaker*. First, I have to say that it's a beautiful magazine with a thick full-color cover of the NYC skyline. Inside you get bright white pages (oooh…what book stock is that?) with lots of great, large grayscale photos and black text (I just gotta dork out here and say that the text is largely uniform font size and style with justified text. Noice…). The author is vegan, SxE, in his 30s, loves hardcore and every page is informed by this. Spanning from the early 2000s to 2011, the interviews are executed in a master style and while I don't relate to some of the stuff in here, I couldn't put it down. I have reread this zine four times already because the interviews are that good and entertaining. There are interviews with Mike Judge, Ceremony, Punch, Fucked Up, Tim Barry, Limp Wrist, Sick of it All, Bridge Nine records, mother and son interviews with Walter Schreifels, Dan Yemin and Chuck D! Yeah, their moms—proving once again that the toughest dudes are often Momma's boys. Some of my favorite pieces in here aside from the interviews listed, are the interview with Dr. Michael Greger and John Joseph called "A doctor and a Cro-mag on Veganism," which is as entertaining as it is informative, Weiss's stories about NYC in "New York Knives" and his piece "Guts" about his journey through getting comfortable with his body. That piece "Guts" is pretty fucking ballsy and while I know that these particular HC dudes and ladies are very much preoccupied with their physical appearance and well being, as a woman who loves HC but is not even close to being part of this scene, it's interesting to ponder the issues of embodiment and the expectations of HC, it's evolution and the effect of HC subgenres on our personal expectations and perceptions of beauty in this branch of super straight, beefy, mostly

white dude population in punk, but hey… that's me… Great zine, totally worth the dough and totally worth the time. (MB)
www.rupshakerzine.com /
eric@rumpshakerzine.com

SEVEN INCHES TO FREEDOM #10 / $3ppd USA, $6ppd World
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 40 pgs
Latest installment of this brilliant zine out of Florida. Issue #10 is by far the most aesthetically pleasing edition of Seven Inches To Freedom I've seen; it's professionally printed, the cover rules and all the interior pages are done in a really cool shade of maroon. After a brief intro and columns from the creator (Joe) and a couple of his friends, there's a long piece where various punks and zine makers talk about the first record they bought. There's an entertaining interview with Bill Chamberlain (of the Pist, Caustic Christ and others) that deals mostly with his defunct label, Eugene records. Also included is a belated "Best of 2011" list, a literary ode to influential Tennessee punks His Hero Is Gone and a shit ton of book, record and zine reviews. If you've yet to get into this zine, this is a fantastic starting point. (KM)
PO Box 457 / Ft. Myers, FL 33902 /
hiszeroisgone@yahoo.com

SIGNAL #2 / $14.95
5 x 7 – printed – 164 pgs
This impressive collection of political graphic work is made that much more interesting because of its strong international focus with articles and art from Mozambique, Japan, Denmark, Portugal and Oaxaca. The art is well reproduced in vivid color; especially visually striking is the reproductions of anarchist broadsheets for the early twentieth-century newspaper *Freedom*. Included in this issue are a retrospective on the political artist Malangatana Nguenha who played an important role in Mozambique's struggles against colonialism, a review of Oaxacan street art including anti-fascist artists like Leopopldo Méndez and José Posada and the history of the San Francisco Communication Company and their use of pre-digital printing presses. *Signal* is a thorough and tight collection of artistic and political material that should be interesting to folks into graphic arts, resistance politics and the history of both. (CR)
PM Press / PO Box 23912 / Oakland, CA 94623 / www.pmpress.org

SPARE CHANGE #24 / $3 ppd
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 40 pgs
Every page has a haiku and a photocopy of business reply mailers to various businesses (AARP, *National Geographic*, Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, etc…) with snarky replies on them. Maybe I'm lowbrow, but the haikus don't relate to the postal cards and there is no common theme here. I don't get it, but I do agree that the postal system is dying in the US. I wouldn't pay money for this, nor would I read this, but fuck it, it's creative, keep doing what you are doing, dude. (MB)
PO Box 6023 / Chattanooga, TN 37401

STITCHES IN MY HEAD #3 / $2 or $1,5 wholesale
8.2 x 11.7 – copied – 10 pgs
Another zine that caught my attention straight away. Bold simple lettering for the title, dark, Xeroxed, ripped and glued pictures on the cover, an awesome image of a girl laughing satanically in front of a venomous-looking, masked man on the back—*nice*! This music zine hails from Australia (though I couldn't quite identify from where exactly) and the style is black and white, old school cut and paste, with an edgy layout, dark and tight aesthetic and cool pictures and local gig posters dotting the pages between the many interesting interviews. Namely, with Melbourne art rockers Church of Hysteria, '80s hardcore band F (that is still around today), NJ's Little Italy, Oz locals Cuntz, Sydney's Low Life, some history on the Zingers, a cool Australian scene report and an assortment of EP, LP, movie and zine reviews! This reminds me a bit of Shiva's *Accept the Darkness*, which I love, and I see the author praises it in her zine review section, so I know Christina has good taste! A well-made zine, with lots of content and punk visual appeal, ideal if you want to know what's going on in the OZ punk scene as of late—recommended! (LA)
stitchesinmyheadfanzine@gmail.com / stitchesinmyhead.blogspot.com

THE STOWAWAYS #11 / no price listed
8.5 x 11 – copied – 26 pgs
Back and bigger than ever, *The Stowaways* remains a cool zine for this particular (L.A./SoCal) scene. There are plenty of show reviews from a variety of venues and musical styles (well, in the punk/indie continuum) and now there are more, and bigger, photos. There's an in-person interview with SF's Wild Moth, which came out well. Music reviews finish it up. One thing I like here is the amateurish substance-over-style enthusiasm—the bands matter way more than photo resolution, clever layout or even having something on the back cover. (JM)
5082 Wendover Rd / Yorba Linda, CA 92886

SUGAR RUSH #1 / $4
8.5 x 11 – copied – 32 pgs
The guy who does Sugar Rush seems like one of those people who has been drawing comics since he was really young. Well-laid out, clean and whimsical Top-Shelf style panels with what you may expect from the genre: anthropomorphic alien creatures, creepy, misanthropic kids and the "goofy dude" trope. Amusing for sure, though a little too typical for this reviewer's personal taste. Worth checking out if you are into stuff like *Milk & Cheese*, James Kochalka or Jeffrey Brown.
c/o Chad Coleman / 342 Louisa St. / Cornwall, ON / KGH-4R1 / Canada,
rockstarlove76@gmail.com

TAKING THE LANE Vol. 7, July 2012 / $4
4 x 6.5 – printed – 40 pgs
This is the "BikeSexuality" issue containing "true tales of bicycling and desire." I ride a bike in San Francisco, but I do not identify as a "bike person" and have a strong disdain for those flippy caps or bikes that cost more than my rent. My bike is a necessity in my case, not a subculture that is my identity or the community in which I socialize. This zine is geared toward people who identify as a member of the bike community and tend to date within that scene. In regard to this issue's theme, the thesis here that is backed-up throughout this issue is that there is an "overlap between people who embrace bicycles as a mode of transportation and those who play with the standards of sexual expectations." This issue contains cyclist dating short stories from "Why to Date a Cyclist" to "Grinding Gears and Humping Saddles" on bike-sexuality and being a feminist pornographer. Puns like "I love morning rides" and romantic verbiage like "let's hold hands while we track stand at red lights" are frequent. The early part of the zine is filled with mushier, pun filled gag-me-with-a-spoon bike love stories. The end gets way more radical and feminist and awesome. There is something in here for all bike romantics whether identifying as hetero, queer, bikesexual or not identifying at all—there is a story that will be your own in here. If you don't know a single speed from a fixed gear, then I'd pass on this zine! If you are a bike nerd, sexuality radical, or just a romantic—this zine is for you! (AE)
PO Box 14332 / Portland, OR 97214 /
elly@takingthelane.com

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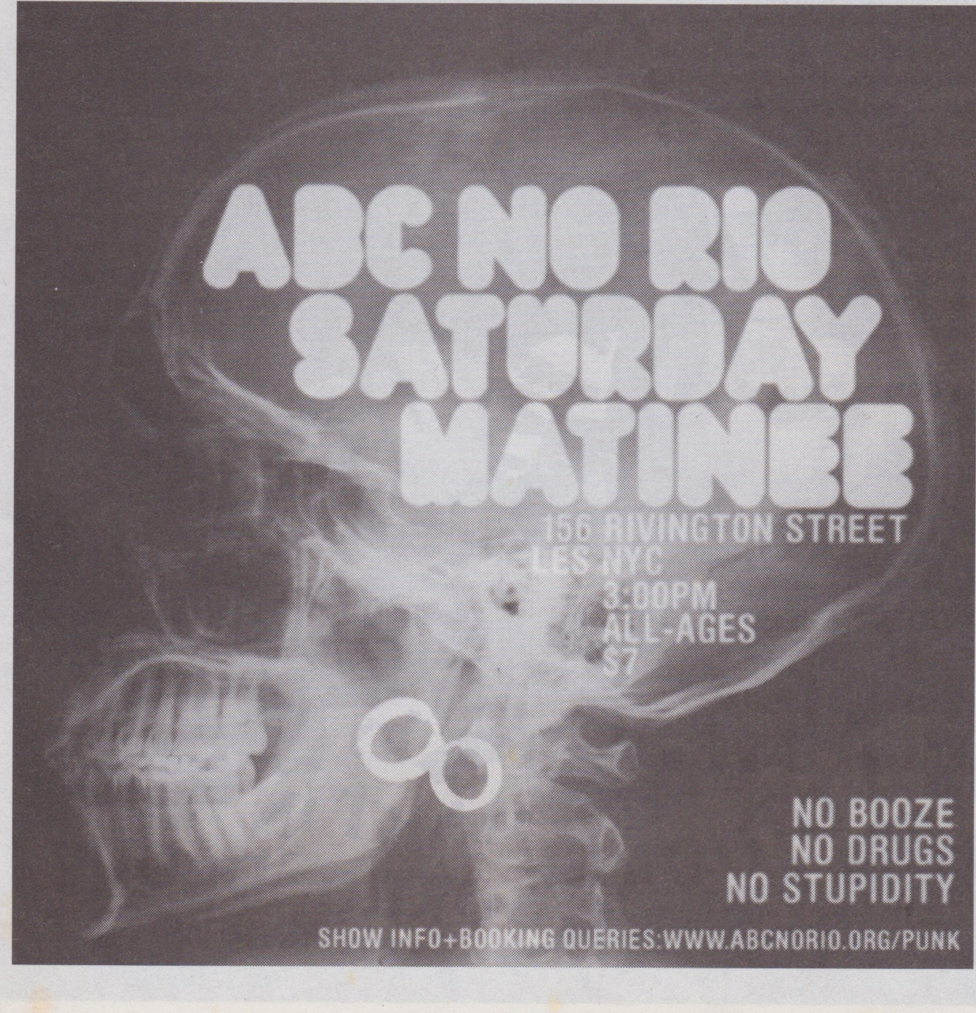
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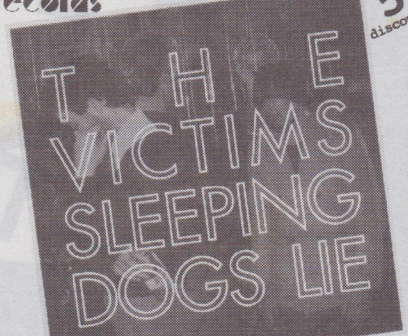
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